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Rest in Work.

BY AELLA GREENE.

Oh, tell me some secluded place,
Where weary with this dull race,
These tired limbs awhile may rest,
These tired eyes with sleep be blest,
This aching heart be freed from care,
From all its agonies and despair,
And breathe there o'er my soul a calm,
Amid the fragrance and the balm.

Yet, if it be not wise to rest,
If calls the race for speed and zest,
Or shine the fields with harvest white,
That must be garnered o'er the night,
My feet shall run, my hands shall toil,
No signs for rest my purpose foil.
To do the work and do it well,
No friends so fair or foes so fell
Shall win or fright me from the task,
Nor lessening of the work I'll ask.

I'll bear a manly part in life,
Nor fret or falter in the strife;
And, spirit crushed or heart depressed,
Yet full of hope, alive with zest,
Protract youth's joys far into age,
Walk royally on pilgrimage;
Be meek, but not a doer nor slave;
Patient in dole, in danger brave;
Till, blossomed white with grief or joy,
I take my bliss without alloy.

But tell me some sweet resting place,
That I may better run the race,
A respite give awhile from pain,
That I the grief may bear again,
Yet, if this boon be still denied,
Oh! Thou to whom none fruitless cried—
Grant me at least one sweet relief;
Since there are ever sorrows left,
Grant me to help them bear their load
And teach to tread the paths I trod;
In sympathy with those who weep,
A respite from my sorrows reap.

—Springfield Republican.

TURNING THE TABLES.

"Mary, your corn-bread is never done! I wonder what is the reason everybody else has things right and we always have things wrong!"

"Why, Joe, I am sure the corn-bread has never been in this state before! You see the fire 'had a fit,' and couldn't be made to burn this morning."

"Oh, yes! you are always ready with an excuse. Now, there is Mrs. Smith; her stove never has fits. And she always has the lightest, sweetest bread, and the nicest cakes and preserves I ever ate. I wish you'd take a pattern from her."

"Well, I am sure, Joe, I do my best, and I think I succeed often than I fail. I wish I could suit you always; but that I suppose, can scarcely be expected; and Mary gave a weary sigh."

Mary Starr had been married about a year, during which time she had found house-keeping rather up-hill work. She was a neat little body, and conscientiously did everything to please her husband; but he, whatever might be the reason, was very hard to please—in fact, seemed determined not to be pleased with anything she did. Perhaps, like the old soldier, in one of Dickens' stories, he had a vital and constant sense that "discipline must be maintained." At any rate, he never allowed Mary to be pleased with herself on any occasion if he could help it.

Mary was an amiable wife, fortunately, and not easily irritated, though to tell the truth, there were times when her forbearance was severely tried. For instance, whenever she and Joe took tea out, or went to a party, or even to church, he seldom allowed the opportunity to pass unimpaired to animadvert on some deficiency in cooking, or manners, or dress, on the part of his wife; and that *pro bono publico*. For instance, it would be:

"Mrs. Jones, what beautiful sponge-cake you make! Mary, take notice how light this cake is. I wonder why you can never have it so puffy!" Or, "Mrs. Brown, you certainly are an adept on entertaining company."

I wish, Mary, that you would try to steal Mrs. Brown's art. "Or, "Mrs. Green, your dress is always most becoming. Your taste is exquisite. I don't see why it is, Mary, that with all I spend for you, you never can reach the *je ne sais quoi* of Mrs. Green."

On these occasions Mary would blush and bite her lips, and be inwardly annoyed, but she was a woman of too much pride and good sense to make a display of her chagrin; and she was really too good natured and Christian a person to let it know her feelings towards Joe, whom she knew to be after all, very fond of her, and a very just man at heart. After a while, too, seeing that the fault was probably curable, she bethought herself how she should proceed in order to break him of his disagreeable habit.

Fortune favored her. One day, a lady, one of her most valued friends and best neighbors, called to invite Joe and Mary to a tea party at her house.

"It will be a small affair," said she, "but very pleasant, I think. You are only wanted to make the circle of harmony complete."

"Well," said Mary, I will come, Mrs. Vane, on one condition."

"Condition! Is it to come to this, that you must make conditions? Well, my dear, make your demand."

"The condition is," said Mary, "that you will allow me to furnish all the refreshments."

"Well, that is an odd idea! Mary, my dear, I hope you don't mean to insinuate that I am getting poor?"

"No, Hattie; thank fortune, she has showered her favors on you quite liberally. But I have a notion for this, which, if you please, I will not divulge, only let me have my way this once, just for the oddity of the thing."

"If anybody but you, Mary, had made such a request of me I certainly should have taken offence. But I never could be angry with you. So, if it will be any satisfaction to you—though for the life of me I can't imagine what your drift is—I will comply with your conditions. When may I expect my supplies?"

"Let me see; tomorrow is my baking day and your tea party is not to be before Thursday. Well, on Wednesday afternoon you shall be supplied with bread, biscuit, cake and all other accessories; and, mind, the only thing I allow you to furnish is butter, which I do not make."

"Very well, it's all settled then, and I will leave you. On the whole, this arrangement suits me; it relieves me of a great responsibility, for your cookery is well known to be particularly nice. So good bye till Thursday."

"Mind you say nothing about this, Hattie, to any one; it is a secret of mine."

"Very well, as you say, I'll keep mum. Good bye again, for you will have your hands full, and I must not interrupt you."

So off Mrs. Vane went, inwardly wondering what crocheted demure little Mary had got into her steady little head.

Everything came off on that baking day as precisely as Mary could have wished. Her bread was light and sweet, and white as snow flake, with just a golden brown line of crust surrounding it; her cakes were perfection; her crullers crisp and delicious. Then she knew that her preserved fruits were nice, and if ever there was sponge-cake more like solidified froth she would like to see it. Everything was sent into Mrs. Vane on Wednesday afternoon, and she had all Thursday to devote to her dress.

Mary looked very pretty that night at the tea-party, for her eyes shone with a purpose, and she had just excitement enough about it to redder her cheeks in a very becoming manner. Add to this that she was dressed with neatness and taste, and you will not be unwilling to believe me when I say that she was quite the belle of the occasion. Joe evidently thought so himself; for, strange to say, he made no remarks on her appearance that night, calculated to lower her self-esteem; but, contrarywise, gazed at her from time to time with the most profound satisfaction.

"But, murder will out." It came out on this occasion, when they sat down to supper. All were delighted; there had not been such an unexceptional "tea" in that neighborhood for a long time. Country people are very fond of their "teas"; they compare one with another with admirable connoisseurship. This one was a triumph.

"Mrs. Vane, you are the perfection of bread makers. Your biscuits are quite beautiful. Were ever such crullers made? How do you manage it, Mrs. Vane? What lovely sponge cake!"

Mrs. Vane and Mary occasionally exchanged glances and smiled, but nobody noticed it.

Joe had been behaving so beautifully all the evening, that Mary began to be afraid her plans had failed. He came out now, however, greatly to Mary's satisfaction.

"This is a feast, indeed," he said. "A fellow is fortunate who has such a wife that can make such bread as this, to say nothing of the sponge-cake, I can't see why it is, Mary; you improve, it is true; I give you credit for that; I don't see why it is all women cannot have the knack that Mrs. Vane has at cooking to perfection. If you could make such bread as this, Mary, your husband would be a happy man."

Mrs. Vane looked at Mary, and Mary at Mrs. Vane. Light had broken upon the mind of the latter. It broke like a flash of lightning, and then there was an explosion—not of thunder, but of laughter.

Joe, looked up, amazed. He was a man who petted his dignity enormously. What did these women mean to laugh so at a sensible remark of his? Particularly, what could Mary mean, to so trifling with the respect she owed to her husband?

He began to grow very red indeed. Mrs. Vane saw it, presently, and came to his aid; Mary's relief; for poor Mary had already begun to be a little frightened at the success of her own scheme. She did not like Joe to be angry, at any rate.

"Mr. Starr," said Mrs. Vane, "I am truly glad that you like this very excellent cookery, for it is all your wife's. By your own showing, you ought to be a very happy man."

Here the whole company caught the infection, and joined in the laugh against Joe. It was no use to get angry with so many people; so, before long, Joe joined in the chorus himself.

And so the tea party broke up with the greatest good nature all round, and Joe went home with a lesson he never forgot; for it was the last time that Mary ever heard any complaints from him. He is now the most easily pleased husband for ten miles around.

Shiftless Christians are a good deal like shiftless farmers—they leave fences and bars down all over the fields; and then worry and fret their lives away chasing temptations out of the crops.

ST. JOHN'S DAY AT WARE.

Dedication of the new Masonic Hall.

We are glad to chronicle the fact that June 24, 1870, will long abide in the memories of our people and especially of the Masonic fraternity, as a red day. Ware never witnessed its equal before, in general enthusiasm and enjoyment. It is also a matter of congratulation that the Masons determined to let the public witness their exercises and thus meet the gaze, criticisms or commendation of the curious.

Eden Lodge F. and A. M. was chartered June 8, 1864, and during its existence has steadily prospered, until its co-workers include the leading business men of the town. Its roll of members shows a large proportion of young men, while the dedication of a new hall marks a new step in its onward career. For a long time, the brethren had been convinced that a more spacious lodge room was requisite to accommodate their increasing membership, as well as to keep up to the times. Hence the movement which secured the ample hall in Sanford's Block, and which culminated last Friday in its dedication according to the usages of the order. Weeks ago it was voted to dedicate it, on June 24, 1870, consecrated to St. John the Baptist, and invitations were extended to all surrounding lodges to participate. The affair was put into the hands of an efficient committee of arrangements consisting of F. D. Richards, John F. Phelps, C. W. Eddy, H. M. Coney, and D. C. Gates. The committee have been indefatigable in their exertions and may congratulate themselves upon the grand success attendant upon their efforts.

The day opened warm, and by noon became excessively hot, yet this did not deter the brethren from appearing in full ranks nor the people of the town and country assembling *en masse*. The latter came in all sorts of conveyances, and thronged the streets. Never before has Ware seen such a motley collection of horse flesh on its streets. The officers of the day were, President, Joseph R. Lawton, Ware; Vice-President, Dr. Silas Ruggles, Palmer; Hon. J. F. Conkey, Amherst; Washington Tufts, Esq., Brookfield; S. W. Longley, Esq., Belcher; Hon. G. M. Buttrick, Barre; Hon. D. B. Gillett, Enfield; Hon. J. L. Reynolds, Monson; L. N. Gilbert, Esq., Ware; Chief Marshal, Geo. Robinson; Committee of Arrangements, F. D. Richards, John F. Phelps, C. W. Eddy, H. M. Coney, D. C. Gates; D. R. Winslow, Trans; Geo. Eddy, Sec.

At 12 o'clock, a special train arrived from Palmer, loaded with passengers, chief of whom were the lodges of Amherst, South Brookfield, Palmer and Warren. Barre sent its Masons in teams and they were here in force. The scene on the cars and at the depot was lively and the members of the various lodges hailed and concealed, in most fraternal mood. The procession, headed by Towne's Cornet Band, proceeded from the depot to the new hall, which was dedicated, in harmony with the following order of exercises.

Invocation—by the Chaplain; Dedication Procession, Marshal, M. M. with Holy Bible, Secretary and Treasurer, J. W. with Pitcher of Corn, S. W. with Pitcher of Wine, W. M. with Pitcher of Oil, Two Stewards with Rods, Lodge uncovered.

DEDICATORY ODE.
Music—"Sterling."

All honor to our Master pay,
Who bade our holy temple rise;
While here we journey on our way,
Our thanks shall reach to furthest skies.

[DEDICATION TO FREE MASONRY.]
We hail our holy patron's name,
Whose bright example guides us still;
His highest honors we proclaim,
While grateful thanks our temple fill.

[DEDICATION TO VIRTUE.]
While thus we seek, in pure desire,
Immortal bliss in realms above,
Our hearts shall kindle at the fire,
Whose light is Universal Love.

[DEDICATION TO UNIVERSAL BENEVOLENCE.]
BENEDICTION.

We cannot refrain in this connection from complimenting the instrumental music, rendered by Bro. E. E. Crane of Boston, who volunteered his services and generously came here to give the accompaniments. The large heartedness of Washington Commandery is typified in this Sir Knight.

From the hall, the line of march was taken to the East Congregational Church. ("The world moves," which was crowded to its utmost capacity. The centre of the house was occupied by the brethren, and more than two hundred spectators remained outside. Bro. Lawton, President of the day, officiated, and after invocation by Rev. Bro. E. D. Daniels and a choral, Rev. Bro. E. D. Winslow of Boston the orator of the day, was introduced. Mr. Winslow is a native of Ware, and well remembered here. His life work thus far has been grandly done and he now holds the responsible position of Publisher of Zion's Herald of Boston, and associate editor of the Daily News, of the same city. He is a young man yet, an earnest Methodist, and while not an impassioned, is a forcible speaker.

The oration opened with a reference to the ancient character of Masonry, to its simplicity and intrinsic beauty. Ancient Masonry was as practical as theoretical, and antedates the christian dispensation. From that antiquity and humble beginning it has progressed to a first rank in the brotherhood of man.

Our Order to-day is not a novelty; it is of the past, it is of the present, it is of the future. It is the steady, silent growth of the ages that now envelops the world. Its spirit is eminently missionary; but it asks no one to enter its portals. No one joins our fraternity except on his own application

and after he has been found on examination to be well approved among his fellows and of good repute. The work of Masonry is self-culture, using the word self as applied to the fraternity. The first duty of a Mason is to be a good man. Very unnecessary that I say so, but they forget that Masonry exists where Christianity does not. They forget that Masonry existed before Christ, and its principles are as old as the world. Masonry leads the newly entered candidates to the altar, where, bending in prayer, they learn the truth that makes us our brothers. After that no man is, or can be, a true Mason who does not in his daily walk and work acknowledge the existence and supremacy of God. Masonry also teaches the grand lesson of universal brotherhood. It would see all men brethren. And wherever hearts are crushed with sorrow, and tears are falling in anguish, or faces pale with fear, the Mason files as a swift-winged messenger of relief. Thus is practically carried out the doctrine of charity and good will to all men.

These thoughts, contained in condensed form, the whole of our principles, for when a man is fully comprehended and acted upon by his duty to God and to his fellow man more has to be learned. What has Masonry accomplished? The harsh and critical may pick out our faulty members; they may find fault with the church, but despite errors of brethren, the Masonic organization in its principles is as pure as the heavens. The relation of Masonry to society are as nearly perfect as any man can read of all men. It mediates with man's faith. It requires no belief, except faith in God; no denominationalism, no creed. It embraces every man of impulse of good. It is essentially and always a peace maker. It in no way interferes with government, except to teach obedience to all rightful law in authority. It asks no man's politics, neither does it conceal crime in a brother. The infamous falsehood should be nullified, that Masonry covers up in its lodge work by which he was ever instructed to secrete villainy. Masonry affords crimes of every nature, and he who covers it by plea of his Masonic principles is false to his heart's better impulse. If a man sins a brother may go to him and urge him to better conduct. Our churches do no less. The true Mason can do no less, nor more, except in direction of reform. Let the public understand that the Fraternity of Masons are not feigned to cover corruption and defeat justice.

Masonry also honors woman, and does not discriminate against her. Who has more thorough idea of the hidden meaning of the words "Mother, wife, sister," than the true Mason?

The address concluded with a brilliant peroration, after which benediction was pronounced by Rev. Bro. John W. Lee. The lodge then marched to the vestry of the Unitarian Church, to do justice to the banquet which was served in *recherche* style, by that prince of caterers, L. H. Horton, of the Ware Hotel. Over 300 sat down to his tables, which were loaded to groaning with every conceivable substantial and delicacy of the season. Space would fail us to detail the bill of fare. The vestry was most elaborately decorated in red and blue, making a fine contrast with the light walls. From each gas jet was suspended a tiny American flag. On the eastern wall stood out the mystic G., in bold relief. At the extremes of the centre table, the walls were heavily draped, the name of the Lodge in evergreen, and the square and compass, peering out from the folds. Everybody was pleased with Landlord Horton's attention, and voted him thanks. The waiters were prompt and there was no hitch in the entire affair.

The Palmer Band were dined at the Ware Hotel. Landlord Horton deputed a large force to wait upon them, and after the meal the boys gave us a brilliant serenade in front of the house, and our Ware folks enjoyed it, hugely. Our musical talent in the brass instrument line was not fully represented. Towne's Cornet Band has an accomplished leader, but his boys, all good fellows, are not so thorough in time, as practise will make them. Their music was good; however, but it is due the Ware Cornet Band to express a regret that they were not also engaged.

The Lodges present numbered 400 masons, with their wives and ladies, from Warren, Palmer, Monson, Amherst, Belcher, town, Barre, and Brookfield. They were fine looking bodies of men and the highest virtue to be ascribed to their cardinal virtue, that not one intoxicated person was seen on the street, or in the ranks.

After the banquet, there remained sufficient food to feed 300 hundred persons more. Landlord Horton remembered the poor with well filled baskets.

The arrival and departure of the trains was saluted by heavy blasts, in a lodge adjacent to the depot. Dennis Towne was the originator of the idea, and his novel cannon made the windows rattle.

At 5 P. M., the steam whistle called the excursionists to the depot and shortly after they left us, and Ware settled down to its wonted quiet.

The dedication was a complete success, the banquet gave entire satisfaction, and Ware never saw its like before.

NOTES STOLEN.—The following notice has been sent to all bankers and brokers on this continent. United States Notes, series of 1869. Two thousand notes, of ten dollars each, from No. H3,530,001, to No. H3,539,000, both inclusive, were stolen from the Treasury. No \$10 notes, of a number higher than H3,236,000 have been issued. Please look out for the stolen notes. A liberal reward will be paid to any person through whose instrumentality the thief may be detected. Hold parties presenting the stolen notes, (if suspicious attach to them) and in any case of presentation notify—

F. E. SPINNER, Treasurer U. S. Washington, June 14, 1870.

A good story is told of a German shoemaker, who, having made a pair of boots for a gentleman of whose financial integrity he had considerable doubt, made the following reply to him when he called for the articles, "Der poats are not done, but der beel isch made out."

Happiness grows at our own fireside, and is not picked up in strange gardens.

A NEW STORY OF TOM CORWIN.

Donn Platt, in one of his Washington letters, relates the following anecdote, illustrating the politeness and humor of the late Tom Corwin, of Ohio:

"He arrived at Dayton, Ohio, late one night, very tired from a long stage ride during the day. The great humorist and statesman retired to bed, observing as he did so that some one occupied another bed in the opposite corner. The Honorable Tom was soon fast asleep, and snoring tremendously. The other traveler bore the infliction as long as human endurance could go, and then he sang out:

"Oh! sir, sir, sir."

"Hello, hello," cried Tom, sitting up wildly in bed, "what's the matter?"

"Oh! sir," exclaimed the sufferer, "you snore, sir."

"Did I snore?" demanded Corwin. "Is it possible? I really beg your pardon, sir."

And so saying, he dropped asleep again—and again the dreadful snoring went on.

The poor man in the next bed again complained.

"Sir, sir; oh! sir."

"I say, what is it?" responded Corwin.

"You are snoring again, sir."

"Why, really, sir, I am ashamed of myself; I beg a thousand pardons; for impoliteness."

And again the Senator sought repose; but the snoring was worse than ever, and the sufferer once more called attention to the offense.

"Look here, sir," cried the Senator, "you have awakened me up three times, and twice I have apologized. What more can a gentleman ask? Now I am tired and sleepy, and if you disturb me again, why, damn it, I'll brain you with a boot-jack."

A LANDLORD CHEATS HIMSELF.—An anxious couple from Illinois recently arrived at a St. Louis hotel, and at their request a clergyman was sent for. After the marriage ceremony was over the happy groom tendered the minister a \$2 bill as his fee, but the landlord suggested that he ought at least to make it a 5. Upon the hint the bridegroom handed out \$3 more. Everything was lovely so far. The next day, when the pair wished to return home, the landlord found that his guest was short of funds—that he had, in fact, paid all he had to the minister. The landlord, remembering that he had urged the liberality of the previous day, took it as a good joke on himself, accepted their bill in full and bade them depart in peace.

Barnum on his trip to the Pacific, did not seem surprised at the boundless plains, broad rivers, and dark gorges and canyons, but while at San Francisco he became quite interested in the sea lions in the bay, and remarked: "A country that can produce such monsters as these is certainly not a humberg; but a people who have such a curiosity at their doors and have not the brains to utilize it—adults fifty cents, children half price—are no higher in the scale of civilization than a Nantucket clam."

Jessie Williams had been doing something which her mother had told her she mustn't do. She had been eating currants, and, of course, she got her mouth all stained. That's the way she got found out. Mrs. Williams said: "You know you were forbidden to eat currants?" "But mother, Satan tempted me?" "Why didn't you say, 'Get thee behind me, Satan'?" "I did say, 'Get thee behind me, Satan,' and he went and got behind me and pushed me right in to the currant bushes!"

"Mamma," said a little boy, "is it wicked to say dam?" "Certainly," replied mamma, "I hope I shall never hear you use such a word." "Well, mamma, is it wicked to say milldam, cofferdam, or Amsterdam?" "Why no, my child; those are common words and are perfectly proper." "Well," returned six-year old, "the old cow in the barn has just got a turnip in her throat, and if you don't hurry out there, she'll cofferdam head off!"

A NEW BENEFIT.—Augusta, Me., furnishes a new illustration of the unfeeling benefits of advertising. A lady who lost a valuable ring advertised it in the Journal. Her sister read the advertisement, and it was so impressed upon her mind that she dreamed about it, and in her dream the place where the missing ring could be found was plainly revealed to her; the next day the ring was found—in the house of the owner, carefully laid away.

Many may remember the story of three adorners ladies playing at the game "I love my love with a letter." The first began, "I love my love with a G, because he is a Gustyee;" the second, "I love my love with an N, because he is a Night;" the third, "I love my love with an F, because he is a Fistician." It was the "Gustyee" himself who gave the famous toast at a literary dinner: "The three Rs—Reading, riting and rithmetic."

Always be good natured if you can. A few drops of oil will do more to facilitate the movement of most stubborn machinery than oceans of vinegar.

RELIGIOUS ITEMS.

Every day Christians are the pillars in Zion—the true "salt of the earth." Many consult God about their safety who would never consult him about their duty. Every time you do an unkind act, you harden your heart. He that studieth revenge, keepeth his own wounds green.

The tricky, deceitful and dishonest, are rarely ever prosperous, for when confidence is withdrawn, poverty is likely to follow. All sects and associations are but stagings and scaffoldings employed in building the great spiritual temple of God; and when their work is done, they will be removed while the temple of God shall stand forever.

He who can truly say that he seeks the favor of God above every earthly good; that he delights in his service more than anything else; that he loves him more, and so enjoys his presence hereafter, is the prevailing desire of his heart; that his chief sorrow is that he loves him no more, and serves him no better—such a person needs no other evidence that his heart is changed and his sins forgiven.

No character can be lastingly injured by a fearless discharge of duty. Calumny or prejudice may obscure it for a time, but in the end it will shine the brighter for the clouds which obscure it.

THE LATEST MARKET REPORT.—Hour—scarce. Old stock exhausted, and the new one will be a failure.

Virtue—Old growth nearly consumed, young growth, prospects very unpromising.

Honesty—None in the market. Patriotism—First quality scarce and none to be disposed of. Second quality easily bought on speculation at one hundred per cent discount.

Prudence—All in the hands of old stockholders and held close. Modesty—Stock badly managed. None for sale to street speculators.

Vice—Market overstocked. Pride—Market glutted. Politeness—Cheap. Holders unwilling to dispose of any at present rates.

Scandal—None at wholesale. Dealt in chiefly by peddlars at retail.

Religion—Very little of the genuine article on hand. Stock generally adulterated.

Love—None offered except for greenbacks.

HOW TO RISE REFRESHED.—Every person who toils daily at any labor requiring great mental or physical exertion, should be extremely careful to practice, a regular system of abatement at the close of each day's work. Sometimes a person may become so thoroughly exhausted as to render this anything but an inviting performance; yet by its omission a great deal of refreshment, which the hours of repose are designed to impart, is lost. To be cleanly is a strictly religious duty, and it is absolutely essential to sound and refreshing slumber; hence the labor of keeping out person clean is amply repaid by the elasticity which follows nightly ablutions before retiring. Heed this advice and you will sleep soundly; disregard it—go to bed unwashed—and you will rise in the morning unrefreshed, with feelings of lassitude which the exertions of the day will hardly suffice to remove.

ABOUT GIRLS.—The best thing about a girl is cheerfulness. We don't care how ruddy her cheeks may be or how velvet her lips, if she wears a scowl, even her friends will consider her ill-looking; while the young lady who illuminates her countenance with smiles, will be regarded as handsome, though her complexion is coarse enough to grate on the tongue. As perfume is to the rose, so is good nature to the lovely. Girls think of this.

FIGHTENED INTO SUICIDE.—A very curious domestic trouble occurred in New York, Friday evening. Daniel Allen, a boy 10 years of age, was shut up in a top room of the house for misbehavior, and promised a whipping. That evening, hearing his mother coming, he opened a window and jumped out, falling a distance of 60 feet to the ground, and was fatally injured.

BOTH DIED.—Mr. Joshua Ballou, an aged citizen of Sullivan, Ohio, while standing at the bedside of his sick wife, a few days ago, fell suddenly to the floor and died. His wife, hearing him fall, raised herself up, though very weak, and seeing him lying dead, sank back and within an hour died.

DON'T LIKE TO TELL.—Ladies in Philadelphia are so reluctant to tell the census takers their age that suits have been commenced against several parties who have refused, for the recovery of the penalty, which is \$50.

BOILED HER HUSBAND.—Mrs. Patrick Smith of New Haven, Ct., in a fit of jealousy, turned boiling hot water on her husband as he lay asleep. Patrick was badly scalded, and is in the hospital.

A YOUNG MURDERER.—A four year old Hartford, Ct., boy, who took a dislike to his baby sister, in the absence of the mother, took a poker and killed her by striking her on the head.

TOO MUCH FOR HIM.—A man in Terre Haute, Ind., has obtained a divorce because his wife swore at him so terribly. He says a wife may be a blessing, but his wasn't the kind he wanted.

Pay as you go.—A man of honor respects his word as he does his bond.

Do not build until you have laid a good foundation.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

There is a great stock of Goods in Lawrence Block now, and you can find almost anything you want at
H. H. BARTLETT & CO'S.

Prints that will wash are what people are looking after now. You will find them as low as 7 cents per yard at
H. H. BARTLETT & CO'S.

Ladies will find, as the warm weather approaches, the finest assortment of White Goods and Parasols in the county, at
H. H. BARTLETT & CO'S.

Gents will find some of those Scotch Suits, Hats and Caps, and all Furnishing Goods, at
H. H. BARTLETT & CO'S.

Housekeepers, look well to your interests, walls and pantry, and get your Paper Hangings, Crockery, and Groceries, at
H. H. BARTLETT & CO'S.

A genteel dressed Lady always has a nice fitting shoe, with Gloves to match her suit. You will find all these and some beautiful Skirts at
H. H. BARTLETT & CO'S.

Young Misses, ask your mamma to look at those Plain and Plain Suits, beautiful to look upon, good colors, and low prices, at H. H. BARTLETT & CO'S. Dry Goods and Grocery House.

"Oh! where did you get that beautiful dress, Kittle S.? prettiest thing I've seen this year!" "I bought it at BARTLETT & CO'S. There were half-a-dozen patterns that I couldn't tell which was the nicest." "Well, I'll go and get me one, sure, before they are all gone."

There is no doubt in the minds of most people that the best place to buy Dry Goods, Notions, Groceries, Crockery, Boots and Shoes, Flour, Paper Hangings, Shades, Parasols, &c., &c., is at
H. H. BARTLETT & CO'S.

There's good Molasses 50¢ per gallon, Crystal Drip Syrup 50¢ per gallon, Kerosene Oil, first test 115, for 31¢ per gallon, 12 lbs. Crackers for \$1.00, 15 bars soap \$1.00. Flour that has been selling for \$5.00, now for \$3.50; that for \$7.00, now for \$5.50; that for \$9.00, now for \$7.50. Fancy brands Coffee, mado or female berry as you prefer, and ground in presence of purchaser, at
H. H. BARTLETT & CO'S.

It is a fact generally acknowledged that Cash is the only true and economical way to trade, and families will find at the end of the year by paying cash that they owe nothing, and are happier and better off by hundreds of dollars than they would have been had they "run a bill" at the store. Now, just try it, at
H. H. BARTLETT & CO'S Store.
Palmer, May 7, 1870.

SONOMA
WINE BITTERS!

This rich and delightful tonic is made with pure CALIFORNIA WINE, bittered with health-giving roots, seeds and flowers.
1000 CASES FOR SALE by the PROPRIETORS.
C. A. RICHARDS & CO.,
99 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.
may 28 3m 1y

SILVER WINGS.
SILVER WINGS. THE NEW SILVER WINGS.
SILVER WINGS. SABBATH SILVER WINGS.
SILVER WINGS. SCHOOL SILVER WINGS.
SILVER WINGS. MUSIC BOOK.
Price, in Boards, 25 cents; Paper, 30 cents. Sample copies sent postpaid, on receipt of retail price.
OLIVER H. DITSON & CO., Boston.
CHAS. H. DITSON, New York.

CITY MARBLE WORKS.
H. K. COOLEY,
Manufacturer and dealer in MONUMENTS, GRAVE STONES, MANTELS, and Marble Work for Plumbers and Furniture Dealers.
189½ MAIN ST., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
Entrance North side of First Baptist Church.
may 11 1y

WHY DON'T YOU TRY
WELL'S CARBOLIC TABLETS?
THEY ARE A SURE CURE FOR SORE THROAT, COLD, CROUP, DYPHTHERIA, CATARRH or HOARSENESS; also, A SUCCESSFUL REMEDY FOR KIDNEY DIFFICULTIES. Price 25 cents per box. Sent by mail on receipt of price, by J. Q. KELLOGG, 31 Platt Street, New York, Sole Agent for N. Y. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. J. Q. K.

WANTED. AGENTS.—To sell the HOME SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINE. Price \$25. It makes the "Lock Stitch" (like on both sides), and is the only licensed under-feed Machine sold for less than \$50. Licensed by Wheeler & Wilson, Grover & Baker, Singer & Co. All other under-feed Shuttle Machines sold for less than \$50 are infringements, and the seller and user liable to prosecution. Address JOHN-SON, CLARK & CO., Boston, Mass., Pittsburgh, Pa., Chicago, Ill., or St. Louis, Mo. J. S. 3m

J. WARREN, M. D.,
HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
At JAMES GANWELL'S,
Palmer, Mass.
April 30th, 1870. 1f

NEW FISH MARKET.—Joshua Lewis has opened the fish market under Shelton's, and will serve to order all varieties of Fresh, Dried and Shell Fish, in season. Families supplied from the cart, which will take orders and deliver. A share of patronage is solicited.
Ware, June 4, 1870. 3m*

EDWARD B. SEXTON, M. D.,
Having decided to locate in this community respectfully offers his professional services to those who may desire them.
Office at his residence.
Palmer, March 21st, 1870. 26 1f

\$10 A DAY.—Business entirely new and profitable. Liberal inducements. Descriptive circulars free. Address J. C. RAN-DEL & CO., Biddleford, Me. J. S. 3m

AGENTS WANTED!

A RICH FIELD!!

A NOBLE WORK!!

THE NEW PICTORIAL FAMILY BIBLE.

WITH OVER 1000 ILLUSTRATIONS!
50,000 REFERENCES,
A FAMILY RECORD,
AND FAMILY ALBUM.

THIS GREAT WORK contains a storehouse of information that can only reach the mind through the eye. Its illustrations carry one back to the most important era of the world, and are of themselves a comprehensive review of the Scriptures, representing the most interesting Views, Characters, Symbols, Historical Events, Landscape Scenes, Antiquities, Customs, &c., &c. They attract the eye, correct erroneous impressions, awaken new thoughts, and furnish clearer views of Divine Truth. As a help to parents, ministers, and Sabbath-school teachers in fulfilling the duties of their separate and high vocations—and to all others to whom immortal souls are intrusted—this splendid pictorial volume cannot be overestimated. It is the

BEST EDITION FOR THE FAMILY,
MOST VALUABLE FOR THE STUDENT,
MOST INSTRUCTIVE FOR THE TEACHER,
MOST APPROPRIATE FOR THE CHILD,
MOST USEFUL FOR THE MINISTER,
MOST INTERESTING FOR THE FARMER,
MOST ELEGANT FOR THE PARLOR,
MOST PROFITABLE FOR THE STUDY.

THE PICTORIAL FAMILY BIBLE contains an unusually large range of Statistical, Tabular, Chronological, and Genealogical matter. It is printed on excellent paper, from clear and legible type, in one large and handsome quarto volume, and is bound in the most durable and attractive manner, while the prices are sufficiently low to place it within everybody's reach.

EXPERIENCED AGENTS wanted throughout the country for its sale, with whom liberal arrangements will be made. An opportunity of equal promise is rarely or never presented.

MINISTERS, TEACHERS, STUDENTS, FARMERS, YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN.—Those who would meet with the most profitable of all employments are invited to correspond with us with a view to an agency. A few such are now accepting from \$500 to \$700, annual profit in its sale. There is a great want for the book and a rich field offered, while it will elevate the spiritual condition by constant contact with and conversations upon its beautiful and eternal truths.

CANVASSERS ON THE NUMBER PLAN will be furnished the work in about fifty bits, at the rate of \$1.00 per 100, and sent by mail to accompany each part. This plan is very popular in cities.

AGENTS ON THE INSTALLMENT PLAN will be furnished the work in fine bindings. This is also quite popular and profitable in cities and large towns.
We are also the publishers of POTTER'S STAND AND EDITIONS of Family, Pulpit, Pocket, and Photograph Bibles and Testaments—more than two hundred different styles—so well known everywhere for their accuracy of text, beauty of finish and durability of binding. Always ask for Potter's Standard Editions, and get the best. Catalogues containing styles and prices furnished on application.

For circulars containing a full description of THE PICTORIAL FAMILY BIBLE, and terms to Agents, address Potter's Standard Bible and Testament House,

JOHN E. POTTER & CO.,
Publishers,
614 AND 617 SANSON STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.
may 28 3m

MILLINERY!

Having decided to remain in PALMER another season, I take this occasion to return my acknowledgements to the public for the liberal encouragement hitherto received; and having just returned from New York with all the

NEW AND DESIRABLE STYLES!
would respectfully call their attention to my stock of

BONNETS AND HATS
OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS!

AT PRICES WHICH MUST SUIT.

RIBBONS, LACES, FLOWERS, &c.,
AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES! A full line of

FANCY GOODS!
COLLARS AND CUFFS,

LACE AND MUSLIN EDGING,
CAMBRIC BANDS,

BUTTONS, BRAIDS, VELVET RIBBONS, ATRONS, CORSETS, &c., &c.
Palmer, May 7th, 1870. MRS. S. WHITMAN. 1f

NATURE'S

HAIR RESTORATIVE.

Contains No LAC SULPHUR—No SUGAR OF LEAD—No LITHARGE—No NITRATE OF SILVER, and is entirely

free from poisonous and health-destroying drugs used in other Hair Preparations.

Transparent and clear as crystal, it will not soil the finest fabric—perfectly SAFE, CLEAN, and EFFICIENT—desiderata LONG SOUGHT FOR, and FOUND AT LAST!

It restores and prevents the hair from becoming gray, imparts a soft, glossy appearance, removes dandruff, is cool and refreshing to the head, checks the hair from falling out, and restores it to a great extent when prematurely lost, prevents headaches, cures all humors, eruptions, and all un-natural hair.

DR. G. SMITH, Patentee, Groton Junction, Mass. Prepared only by PROCTOR BROTHERS, Gloucester, Mass. The Genuine is put up in a panel bottle, made expressly for it, with the name of the article blown in the glass. Ask your druggist for Nature's Hair Restorative, and make no other.

For sale by **WOOD & ALLEN,** Palmer, Mass. J. S. 3m

WOOD & ALLEN'S COLUMN.

IMPORTANT TO ALL.
READ THIS!

We manufacture and sell at wholesale and retail, Dr. Higgins' celebrated

Medicines, as follows:

1. THE ANTAGON. This Medicine is unrivalled as a Pain reliever, and has won favor wherever it has been used. It should be kept in every house, for it comes nearest to a universal remedial agent of any medicine known.
2. SCROFULA AND CANCER SYRUP. For cleansing the system of all kinds of humors, there is no better remedy.
3. INDIAN COUGH PILLS. Good for Colds, Coughs, and all affections of the Lungs.
4. BOMATIE CHERRY BUTTERS. For the cure of Dyspepsia, Loss of Appetite, General Debility, &c.
5. CANKER SYRUP. For Canker, Sore Mouth, &c., it has no equal.
6. CHOLERA AND DYSENTERY BALM. A Sure remedy for Cholera and Dysentery, and Summer Complaints.
7. NEUTRALIZING MIXTURE. To neutralize the acids of the stomach, and regulate the action of the bowels. Good for Headache, Nausea, Sour Stomach, &c.
8. VERMIFUGE. A Sure and Safe Remedy for Worms.
9. EYE WATER. There is no better preparation for Sore Eyes, or any irritating disease of the Eyes.
10. ANTI-BILIOUS PILLS. An excellent Cathartic, being gentle and free from pain in their operation, yet thorough in effect.
11. GASTRO-HEPATIC PILLS. These are not Cathartic, but Diaphoretic and Sedative. They are used with fulfilling success in Affections of the Lungs, for Colds, Coughs, Asthma, &c.; seldom fail to break up fevers in the first stage—always safe and pleasant to use.
12. LIVER AND HEADACHE PILLS. Especially adapted for all Liver Complaints, Headache, Dizziness, &c.
13. HEALING OINTMENT. Equal to any Salve in the market.
14. STRENGTHENING PLASTER. Let those troubled with Languor in the Back, or Pain in the Side use this and be free from pain.
15. GOLDEN DROPS. A pleasant remedy for Internal Pain.
16. NERVOUS OR ANODYNE DROPS. A valuable remedy for Nervous Pain, Nervous Headache, &c.
17. SMOOTHING CORDIAL FOR CHILDREN. Equal to Mrs. Winslow's Syrup, and free from opium.
18. COMPOSITION POWDERS, IMPROVED. Too well known to need a description.
19. ROSA MUSCOA HAIR TONIC. A pleasant and useful preparation for the hair.
20. TOOTHACHE DROPS. An instantaneous relief for toothache.

Besides the above, other kinds, and essences, are prepared by us. Agents wanted to sell them to whom liberal terms will be offered.

DRUG DEPARTMENT.
We keep a full assortment of

BOTANIC, HOMOEOPATHIC, AND ALLOPATHIC

DRUGS AND PREPARATIONS,
Fresh and selected with care. Physicians and others in this and adjoining towns will find it to their advantage to buy of us, as we buy in the cheapest market and sell at low rates of profit. All articles sold to Physicians at a discount from regular prices. Prescriptions carefully prepared.

PATENT MEDICINE DEPARTMENT.
We take especial care to have a supply of all kinds of PATENT MEDICINES on hand that are called for in this vicinity. And any kind that can be procured, that we may not have, will be ordered at short notice. We also keep a nice variety of

PERFUMERY, SOAPS, COSMETICS,
HAIR, TOOTH, NAIL AND CLOTH

BRUSHES, HAND MIRRORS, COMBS,
MINERAL SPRING WATERS,

All kinds—Saratoga, Congress, Gettysburg, Middletown, &c.

MISCELLANEOUS DEPARTMENT.
We also sell the following goods:

KEROSENE, POTASH, TAR, RESIN,
SPIRITS TURPENTINE,

Benzine, Sal Soda, Cooking Soda, Royal Baking Powders, Pure Cream Tartar,

Prunes, Figs, Tamarinds, Pure Spices (all kinds), Starch, Corn Starch,

Farena, Maizena, Oat Meal, BROMA, COCOA, CHOCOLATE,

FLAVORING EXTRACTS of all kinds, DYE COLORS,

COKE'S SPARKLING GELATINE, FRENCH GELATINE,

TRUSSES, the best in the market, SYRINGES of all kinds.

Also, PURE LIQUORS, for Medicinal, Chemical and Mechanical purposes only.

BOOK DEPARTMENT.
We keep on hand a good assortment of BOOKS,

RELIGIOUS BOOKS, HISTORIES, Travels, Poems, Novels, &c. WEBSTER'S DICTIONARIES—all sizes, Bibles of all sizes and prices, Chase's Recipe Books, Hilditch's Half Dime Maps, Toy Books—all kinds, Photograph Cards, Reward Cards, Albums, Autograph Albums, &c. Also, a good assortment of STATIONERY, Bristol Board, Tissue Paper, Jutta Paper, &c.

HASKINS BROS.' GOLD PENS.
SCHOOL BOOKS.

All kinds used in this and adjoining towns. Those doing business in Palmer from other towns can get their School books at a cheap rate by calling on us. Books sold to Teachers and Clergymen at a discount. Any Book wanted, not on hand, will be ordered at short notice.

Those in a distance wishing any book, can order through us by sending the price, and the book will be sent free of expense as soon as obtained. When information is wanted, enclose a stamp to pay return postage.

WOOD & ALLEN.
Palmer, Jan. 30th, 1870.

THE AMERICAN BUTTON-HOLE,

OVERSEAMING SEWING MACHINE.
Has taken premiums in Europe and America sum-
cited to sustain its claims as the
BEST SEWING MACHINE EVER INVENTED.

WHAT IT CAN DO:
It will do the finest of sewing, hemming, felling, cording, tacking, braiding, binding, gathering, quilting, &c.

It can work a beautiful button-hole, making a fine pearl, as by hand.

It will work a beautiful eyelet hole.

It will embroidery over the edge, making a neat and beautiful border on any garment.

It has two machines in one—Button-Hole Working and Sewing Machine combined.

Parties using a family Sewing Machine want a whole Machine—one with all the improvements; it is to last a life time, and hence they want the one that will do the most work and do it the best; and the "American Button-Hole and Sewing Machine" combined can do several kinds of sewing not done on any other machine, besides doing every kind all others can do.

It took the GOLD MEDAL at the late Mechanics' Fair at Boston, and always takes the HIGHEST PRIZE wherever exhibited.

For sale in PALMER by MRS. S. WHITMAN, Milliner and Dressmaker.

A Good Assortment of MILLINERY and FANCY GOODS always on hand.

DRESSMAKING in the latest fashion, at short notice. South side of the railroad bridge, nearly opposite Antique House.

Parties in want of a machine will do well to call before purchasing.

Machines sold on MONTHLY PAYMENTS.

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R. H. EDDY, Solicitor of Patents.

Lato Agent of the U. S. Patent Office, Washington (under the Act of 1837).

78 STATE ST. (Opposite Kilby), BOSTON.

After an extensive practice of upwards of twenty years, continues to secure Patents in the United States; also in Great Britain, France, and other foreign countries. Carrots, Specifications, Bonds, Assignments, and all papers and drawings for Patents executed on liberal terms, and with dispatch. Researches made into American or Foreign works, to determine the validity or utility of Patents or inventions, and legal or other advice rendered in all matters touching the rights of Inventors. The claims of any patent furnished by remitting \$1. Assignments recorded at Washington.

No Agency in the United States possesses superior facilities for obtaining Patents, or ascertaining the patentability of inventions.

During eight months, the subscriber, in the course of his large practice, made, on twice rejected applications, sixteen appeals, every one of which was decided in his favor by the Commissioner of Patents.

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"I regard Mr. Eddy as one of the most capable and successful practitioners with whom I have had official intercourse."
CHAS. MAISON, Commissioner of Patents.

"I have no hesitation in assuring inventors that they cannot employ a person more competent and trustworthy, and more capable of putting their applications in a form to secure for them an early and favorable consideration at the Patent Office."
EDMUND BURKE, Late Commissioner of Patents.

"Mr. R. H. Eddy has made for me thirteen applications, on all but one of which Patents have been granted; and he is now prosecuting the last, a mistake of great talent and ability on his part, leads me to recommend all inventors to apply to him to procure their Patents, as they may be sure of having the most faithful attention bestowed on their cases, and at very reasonable charges."
JOHN TAGHART, 1y

A POLICY FOR \$1,000!
PAYABLE IN TEN YEARS, OR LESS

Can be secured from the
CHARTER OAK LIFE INSURANCE CO.,

By the payment of a small sum monthly.
This Company has paid, during the past

TWENTY YEARS, TWO MILLION DOLLARS

to policy holders, and
GEO. C. FENN, Agent.

Ware, Oct. 16, 1869. 1f

HOTEL KEEPERS, ATTENTION!
Proposals will be received for leasing the Hotel part of the NASSAWANNO HOUSE, at Palmer Depot.

The hotel occupies three stories of the building, which is large, commodious, and under the most modern style of architecture. It is located in the best business center of the town, opposite the B. & A. R. R. Depot. The liberal patronage the House has enjoyed from its start will soon be increased by the increasing railroad facilities of the town.

A Billiard Room; also, a large and well arranged ban and stables, and all connected with the Hotel. For further particulars apply to
H. C. STRONG, Palmer, Mass. 1f

COLGATE & CO'S
AROMATIC

VEGETABLE SOAP,
COMBINED WITH GLYCERINE,

is recommended for the use of
LADIES, AND IN THE NURSERY.

SPRINGFIELD INSTITUTION
FOR SAVINGS—Incorporated A. D. 1827.
Banking room corner of Main and State streets.

Receives deposits and pays interest on all sums, from one to one thousand dollars.
JOSIAH HOOKER, President.
P. F. WILCOX, Vice President.

HENRY S. LEE, Treas. W. S. SHURTLEFF, Sec'y
Directors—Benj. J. Day, Josiah Hooker, P. F. Wilcox, J. M. Thompson, J. B. Stebbins, Wm. Gunn Henry S. Lee. dec 22-ly

PRANG'S CHROMOS.—Are fac simile reproductions of exquisite oil paintings, so admirably executed as to render it impossible for any one but experts to detect the difference between them. Ask for them at the Art Stores.

Prang's "Chrono Journal," contains a complete descriptive catalogue of our Chromos, with special information about the art. Specimen copies of the Journal sent to any address on receipt of stamp.
J. PRANG & CO., Boston 1y 3m

IT DOES IT.
What lifts the sick man from his bed?
What brings the wife and mother up?
What strengthens feeble curly head?
And cheers them all like vintners can?
DODD'S NERVE.

For sale by all Druggists. Price One Dollar. J. S. 3m

WANTED, AGENTS.—To sell the OCTAGON SEWING MACHINE. It is licensed, makes the "Elastic Lock Stitch," and is warranted for 5 years. Price \$15. All other machines with an under-feed sold for \$15 or less are infringements. Address OCTAGON SEWING MACHINE CO., St. Louis, Mo., Chicago, Ill., Pittsburgh, Pa., or Boston, Mass. J. S. 3m

20 BARRE

The Palmer Journal.

VOLUME XXI.

PALMER, MASS., SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1870.

NUMBER 18.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,
BY
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Wishing.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

Of all amusements for the mind,
From logic down to fishing,
There isn't one that you can find
So very cheap as "wishing."
A very choice diversion, too,
If we but rightly use it,
And not, as we are apt to do,
Forfeit it, and abuse it.
I wish—a common wish, indeed—
My purse was something fatter,
That I might cheer the child of need,
And not my pride to flatter;
That I might make oppression reel,
As only gold can make it,
And break the Tyrant's rod of steel,
As only gold can break it.
I wish that sympathy and love,
And every human passion,
That has its origin above,
Would come and keep in fashion;
That scorn, and jealousy, and hate,
And every base emotion,
Were buried fifty fathoms deep
Beneath the waves of Ocean!
I wish—that friends were always true,
And motives always pure;
I wish the good were not so few,
I wish the bad were fewer;
I wish that persons never forgot
To heed their piety's teachings;
I wish that piety was not
So different from preaching!
I wish—that modest worth might be
Appraised with truth and candor;
I wish that innocence were free
From treachery and slander;
I wish that men their vows would mind;
That women never were ravers;
I wish that wives were always kind,
And husbands always lovers!

THE MINISTER'S DINNER PARTY.

The Rev. Mr. W.—was an officiating clergyman, who had charge of a little flock in the State of Massachusetts. He was possessed of an excellent temper, generous feelings and a well cultivated mind; but he was eccentric even to oddity. He was a powerful speaker, and his ministrations were blessed to the conversion of many souls. At the age of thirty-four, he became convinced that it was "not good for man to be alone," and for the purpose of bettering his condition, he made proposals to Mary B.—a beautiful, light-haired girl of seventeen, daughter of one of his wealthiest parishioners, and who imagined that to refuse the hand of the minister would be a sin bordering upon the unpardonable. In due time the marriage was consummated, the bride's snug portion paid, and the happy husband, as husbands in their first love are apt to do, gave up to the humor of his wife, and accompanied her to festive parties given by his wealthy neighbors, in honor of his marriage.

One evening, towards spring, the happy couple were sitting together in their comfortable parlor, the reverend gentleman deeply buried in the study of the venerable Bible, and his wife equally intent upon a plate of fashions, when she suddenly looked up with a mingled expression of hope and fear, and thus addressed her companion:

"My dear husband, I have one request to make."
"Well, Mary, anything consistent."
"You do not imagine that I would make an inconsistent request, surely?"
"No, not a request that you would consider inconsistent. But come, what is it?"
"Why, my dear," and her voice trembled a little, "we have been to several parties among the neighboring gentry this winter, and now I think that to maintain our position in society, we should give a party also."
The minister looked blank.
"What sort of a party, Mary?" he at length said.
"Why," she said, "such a party as those we have attended. We must have an excellent dinner, and dancing after it."
"Dancing in a minister's house!" exclaimed Mr. W. in surprise.
"Why, yes, certainly," replied his wife, coaxingly. "You will not replace the party will be mine; and then we have been to similar parties all winter."
"True, true," he muttered, with a perplexed air, and sat silent for some time. At length he said, "Yes, Mary, you may make a party, give a dinner, and if the guests desire it, you may dance."

"Thank you, love, thank you," cried his delighted wife, throwing her arms around his neck, and imprinting a kiss upon his cheek.

"But I have some stipulations to make about it," said Mr. W.; "I must select and invite the guests, and you must allow me to place some of my favorite dishes on the table."

"As you please, my love," she answered, delightedly, "but when shall it be? Our furniture and window drapery are very old-fashioned. It is now time we had new."

"I should think it hardly necessary to re-furnish our rooms, Mary. All our furniture is excellent of its kind."

"But our smooth carpets, white draperies, and cane chairs have such a cold look. Do consent to have the rooms newly fitted; we can move the things into the unfinished chambers."

"And of what use will they be in those rooms which we never occupy? Besides, it is now nearly spring, and to fit up for winter seems superfluous."

"Well, I would not care," she persisted, "were it not that people would call us parsimonious and ungentle."

"Oh, if that is all," he said, gallantly, "I will promise to spend one thousand dollars on the evening of the party, not in furniture, but in a manner far more gratifying to our guests and profitable to ourselves,

and which shall exonerate us from all imputation of parsimony; and you may expend in dress, eatables and dessert, just what sum you please, and do not forget the wines."

And so the colloquy ended. The minister resumed his studies, and his wife gave her mind to the consideration of the dress which would be most becoming, and the viands that were the most expensive. The next day she went busily about her preparations, wondering all the time how her husband would expend the thousand dollars; but as she had learned something of the eccentricity of his character, she doubted not that he meant to give her an agreeable surprise; and her curiosity grew so great that she could hardly sleep during the interval.

At length the momentous day arrived. The arrangements were all complete, and Mrs. W.—retired, to perform the all-important business of arraying her fine person in due attire. She lingered long at the toilet, relying on the fashionable people, and at length, when everything was complete, she left the room, arrayed, like Judith of old, gloriously, to allure the eyes of all who should look upon her, and full of sweet smiles and graces, notwithstanding the uncomfortable plucking of her shoes and corsets. Her husband met her in the hall.

"Well, my dear, our guests have all arrived," he said, and opened the door of the receiving room. Wonderful! wonderful! what an assembly! There were congregated the crippled, the maimed, and the palsied and the extreme aged. A group of children from the almshouse were also there, who regarded the lady, some with mouths wide open, others with both hands thrust into their hair, while others peered out from behind the furniture, to the covert of which they had retreated from her dazzling presence. At first she was petrified with astonishment, then a shadow of displeasure crossed her face, till, having run her eyes over the grotesque assembly, she met the comically grave expression of her husband's countenance, when she burst into a violent fit of laughter, during the paroxysms of which the bursting of her corset laces could be distinctly heard by the company.

"Mary!" said her husband, sternly. She suppressed her mirth, stammered an excuse, and added:

"You will forgive me, and believe yourselves quite welcome."

"That is well done," whispered Mr. W.; then turning to the company, he said:

"My friends, as my wife is not acquainted with you, I will now make a few presentations."

Then leading her towards an emaciated creature, whose distorted limbs were unable to support his body, he said, "This gentleman, Mary, is the Rev. Mr. Brown, who in his youth traveled much and endured much in the cause of our common Master. A violent rheumatism induced by colds contracted among the new settlements of the West, where he was engaged in preaching the Gospel to the poor, has reduced him to his present condition. This lady, his wife, has piously sustained him, and by her own labor procured maintenance for herself and him. But she is old and feeble, as you now see."

Then turning to a group of silver-locks and thread bare coats, he continued:

"These are soldiers of the revolution. They were all sons of rich men. They went out in their young strength to defend their oppressed country. They endured hardships, toils and sufferings; and such as we hardly deem it possible for men to endure and live. They returned home at the close of the war, maimed in their limbs; and with broken constitutions, to find their patriots destroyed by fire or the chances of war, or their property otherwise lost to them. And these men live in poverty and negligence in the land for the prosperity of which they sacrificed their all. These venerable ladies are wives of these patriots, and widows of others who have gone to their reward. They could tell tales that would thrill your heart, and make it better."

Then turning to another, he said, "This is the learned and celebrated Dr. M., who saved hundreds of lives during the spotted epidemic; but his great success roused the animosity of his medical brethren, who succeeded in ruining his practice; and when blindness came upon him, he was forgotten by those whom he had delivered from death. This lovely creature is his only child, and she is motherless. She leads him daily by the hand, and earns the food she sets before him. Yet her learning and accomplishments are wonderful. She is the author of those poems which appear occasionally in the—Magazine."

"These children," said he, turning to the group of juveniles who had gathered at the other end of the room, "were orphaned in their infancy by the Asiatic cholera; and their hearts have seldom been cheered by a smile, or their palate regaled by delicious food. Now dry your eyes, love, and lead on to the dining room."

She obeyed, and, notwithstanding her emotions, the thumping of coarse shoes and the rattling of canes, crutches and wooden legs behind her wall nigh drew her into another indecorous laugh.

To divert her attention, she glanced over the table. There stood the dishes for which her husband had stipulated, in the shape of two monstrous, homely looking meat pies, and two enormous platters of baked meats and vegetables, looking like mighty mountains among the delicate viands which she had prepared for the refined company, which she had expected.

She took her place and prepared to do the table honors; but her husband, after a short thanksgiving to a bountiful God, addressed the company with, "Now, brethren, help yourselves and one another, to such as you deem preferable. I will wait upon the children."

A hearty and jovial meal was made, the minister setting the example; and as the hearts of the old soldiers were warmed with wine, they became garrulous, and each recounted some wonderful or thrilling adventure of the revolutionary war; and the old ladies told their tales of privation and suffering interwoven with the histories of fathers, brothers or lovers, who died for liberty.

Mrs. W. was sobbing convulsively when her husband came round. He observed it, and touching her lightly on the shoulder, whispered—

"My love, shall we have dancing?"

That word, with its ludicrous association, fairly threw her into hysterics, and she laughed and wept at once.

When she became quiescent, Mr. W. thus addressed the company:

"I fear, my friends, that you will think my wife a frivolous and inconsistent creature, and I must, therefore, apologize for her. We were married only last fall, and have attended several gay parties, which our neighbors gave in honor of our nuptials, and my wife thought it would be genteel for us to give a dinner in return. I consented, on conditions; one of which was, that I should be allowed to invite the guests. So, being a professed minister, of him who was made so lowly in heart, I followed to the words of command: But when thou makest a feast, call in the poor, the lame, the maimed, and the blind. You all recollect the passage. Mrs. W., not knowing who her guests were, was highly delighted with the ruse. I had provided; and I do not believe there has been so noble and honorable a company assembled this winter. My wife desired new furniture, lest we should be deemed parsimonious. I pledged myself to expend one thousand dollars in a manner more pleasing to our guests, and which should obviate any such imputation."

"And now to you, patriot fathers, and these nursing mothers, of our country, I present the one thousand dollars. It is just one hundred dollars to each soldier and soldier's widow. It is a mere trifle. No thanks, my friends."

Then addressing the children, he said:

"You will each be removed to-morrow to excellent places; and if you continue to be industrious and perfectly honest in word and deed, you will become respectable members of society."

To Dr. M.—he said:

"To you, under God, I owe my life. I did not know your locality, neither had I heard of your misfortunes, until a few days since. I can never repay the debt I owe you; but if you and your daughter will accept the neat furnished house adjoining mine, I will see that you never want again."

"You, Mr. Brown, are my father in the Lord. Under your preaching, I first became convinced of sin; and it was your voice that brought me the words of salvation. You will remain in my house. I have a pious servant to attend you. It is time that you were at peace, and your excellent lady relieved of her heavy burden."

The crippled preacher fell prostrate on the floor, and poured out such thanksgiving and prayer as found the way to the heart of Mrs. W., who ultimately became a meek and pious woman—a fit helpmate for a devout and Gospel minister. And strange to say, she dates her conversion from the day of the comical, but not unprofitable, dinner party.

No COMPETITION.—A young Bostonian who purposed starting in business in New York city, made a preliminary visit there armed with letters of introduction to business men. These presented and the usual compliments passed, the New York merchant inquired of young Boston what he intended to do. "I have not exactly decided," replied the young Puritan; "but I expect to settle into some good business in which I can get a living honestly."

"An honest living!" repeated the Bostonian.

"Young man," said the New Yorker, "congratulate you; there is not a city in the United States in which you will meet with so little competition in your method of doing business."

A venerable minister of the Church of England, long since deceased, used to say, with as much justice as precision: "Let me proportion my giving to my income, or God will proportion my income to my giving."

Growing Old.

One by one they are passing away—
The old of our town—in their final rest;
With reverence, fashion the pillow of clay,
And pile up the earth on the quiet breast,
That pillow is soft to the time-worn head,
That leads its light to the aged dead.
They have borne their burden of joy and pain,
They have had their portion of hopes and fears;
They have wrought out their work, they have gained
ed their gains,
They have smiled their smiles, they have wept
their tears—
It is over now! the record close,
And leave them to their long repose.
Speak of them gently, remember them well—
They were children of earth, as we are now;
They strove with temptation—they yielded and fell,
And upon their conquest, as still we do;
Their history is what ours shall be—
Speak of them, think of them, tenderly.
But few remain; and when they are gone
We shall fill the places which they now hold;
Our hearts will be frost, our become be long—
Even our hearts will grow tame and cold;
And the fluttering step and faltering breath
Will remind us, too, of approaching death.
Rivalry, coldness, worldliness, pride—
Why should we yield to their beauteous thrill?
Let us draw closer as downward we glide
Into the shadows that wait for us all;
For soon we shall be among the old,
And the days of our years will soon be told.

GETTING READY FOR THE TRAIN.

The most difficult thing (says a cynical old back) in the world for a woman to do is to get ready to go anywhere. And there is nothing that a woman will resent any quicker than an intimation that she may lose the train. Our friend, Mr. Brayfogle, was supposed to take the ten o'clock train on the Bee Line, to visit some relatives in an interior town. Having suffered on previous occasions for injudicious suggestions, Bray thought for once he would let things take their own course. So he slipped his coffee and ate his egg on toast, while mid-morning curled and powdered, and danced attendance on the looking-glass, and tied hair on the back of her head.

Then Bray sat by the stove an hour reading the morning paper, while the madame still continued to get ready. At last, just as he had reached the final paragraph, madame tied her bonnet strings under her chin, took one long, lingering, loving look at the image reflected in the glass, and announced:

"Well, my dear, I'm ready."

"Ready for what?" asked Bray, in well affected astonishment.

"To go to the depot, to be sure," said Mrs. Brayfogle, tartly.

"Oh!" said Bray, "I'd forgotten. Well, madame," continued he, looking at his watch, "that train has been gone thirteen minutes. Just keep on your things, and you'll be ready for the train to-morrow morning."

We draw a veil over what followed. We are assured, however, that the next morning Mrs. B. was ready an hour ahead of time.

TERRIBLE PUNISHMENT.—In no country in the world is adultery so severely dealt with, or retribution so terribly exercised for infringing on this our seventh commandment, as in China. A horrible instance of this occurred a few days ago, near Shanghai. A married lady, forming a guilty alliance with a friend of her brother's, made up her mind to put an end to her husband's life by some means or other, and forthwith divulged her project to her paramour, who at once gallantly offered to undertake the work for her. He eventually effected his design by poison. The man was duly placed in his coffin, and the usual ceremony was performed over his body.

But after a time suspicion arose as to the cause of his death, and the woman, after a frightful torture, admitted having committed the crime or crimes alleged, but to the last denied that her lover had anything to do with the murder. She was then nailed, hands and feet, on to the top of her husband's coffin, his body then being in a state of decomposition, and there lingered for nearly four days until death put an end to her sufferings. Since then, the man and principal malefactor, having confessed to everything, has been decapitated; and his head now hangs in a cage, not far from where the awful tragedy took place.

GOOD ADVICE.—Don't be discouraged if occasionally you slip down by the way, and others tread over you a little. In other words do not let a failure or two dishearten you; accidents will happen; miscalculations will sometimes be made, things will turn out differently from our expectations, and we may be sufferers. It is worth while to remember that fortune is like the skies in the month of April, sometimes cloudy and sometimes clear and favorable; and as it would be folly to despair of again seeing the sun, because the day is stormy, so it is unwise to sink into despondency when fortune frowns, since in the common course of things, she may be expected to smile again.

If ever failure seemed to rest on a noble life, it was when the Son of Man, deserted by his friends, heard the cry which proclaimed that the Pharisees had drawn the net around the Divine victim. Yet from that very hour of defeat and death, there went forth the world's life; from that moment of apparent failure, there proceeded forth into the ages the spirit of the conquering Cross. Surely, if the Cross says anything, it says that apparent defeat is often real victory, and that there is a heaven for those who have nobly and truly failed on earth.

Social opinion is like a sharp knife. There are foolish people who regard it with terror, and dare not touch or meddle with it; there are more foolish people who, in rashness or defiance, seize it by the blade, and get cut for their pains; and there are other and wiser people who grasp it discreetly and boldly by the handle, and use it to carve out their own purposes.

At Lynn, a school teacher asked a little girl who the first man was. She answered that she did not know. The question was put to the next, an Irish child, who answered loudly, "Adam, sir," with apparent satisfaction. "Law," said the first scholar, "you needn't feel so grand about it; he wasn't an Irishman!"

"Why, this new, because man made it yesterday out of dad's old 'un!"

"And what was dad's old 'un made of?"

"Why, one of granny's old sheets, what her man give her."

"Rub, is your sister at home?"

"Yes, but she won't see you to-night."

"Why?"

"Because she said she was going to have one more mess of onions; if she never got another bean."

So long as we keep cool and control our feelings, we do not attract the attention of people; but as soon as we get into an anxious state of mind which we cannot regulate, then people see the weakness, and become our critics and our enemies.

ONLY CHRISTIANS.

John Wesley once was troubled in regard to the disposition of the various sects, and the chances of each in reference to future happiness or punishment. A dream one night transformed him in its uncertain wanderings to the gates of hell:—

"Are there any Roman Catholics there?" asked thoughtful Wesley.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Any Presbyterians?"

"Yes," was again the answer.

"Any Congregationalists?"

"Yes."

"Any Methodists?" by way of a clincher, asked the pious Wesley.

"Yes," to his great indignation, was answered.

In the mystic way of his dream a sudden transition, and he stood before the gates of Heaven. Improving his opportunity, he inquired:—

"Are there any Roman Catholics here?"

"No," was the reply.

"Any Presbyterians?"

"No."

"Any Congregationalists?"

"No."

"Any Methodists?"

"No."

"Well, then," he asked, lost in wonder, "who are they inside?"

"Christians!" was the jubilant answer.

A LIBERAL BREAK.—Pittsburg, Penn., has been astonished by the curious freaks of a gentleman who has heretofore been one of its most temperate and economical citizens.

First he gave a free lunch at a tavern to a large crowd, the expenses being about \$75. Next, he contracted for a splendid team for \$750. Then he hired four men to drive around with him, paying them \$5 per day each. His next step was to engage a band of music at \$25 per night, to serenade him every evening. Finally, he bought \$75 worth of bouquets and distributed them among the pretty girls in the streets, and bought some dozens of wine, saying he was going to have a grand celebration. Then his friends clapped him into the mad-house.

SHED HIS BLOOD IN THE WRONG PLACE.—Mike Sullivan, a returned Fenian, went into a factory in Buffalo, and being under the influence of something "festive," he keeled up and sat down on a table. A small circular saw happened to be running in the center of the table. A circular saw is one of the worst things in the world to sit down on, as Mike discovered. The saw cut into him five inches one way and two the other, after which he was taken to the hospital. Thus the blood which should have gone to enrich the soil of Canada was wasted in a Buffalo factory.

RESULT OF DRUNKENNESS.—A San Francisco excursion party, discovered while on their return that their steamer was drifting out toward the Heads, and some of them, on going to the wheel-house found the officer at the wheel too drunk to perform his duty. They displaced him and put a deck hand in his place. They then went below and found the engineer also intoxicated, the boilers without water and in a critical condition. They installed a new engineer, let off the steam, lowered the fires and finally filled the boilers, got up steam and came safely into port.

A HAPPY BOY.—"I say, boy, why do you whistle so gaily?"

"Because I'm so happy, mister."

"What makes you so happy?"

"Cause I've got a new shirt; look a-here; ain't it nice?"

"It don't look very new. What is it made of?"

"Why, this new, because man made it yesterday out of dad's old 'un!"

"And what was dad's old 'un made of?"

"Why, one of granny's old sheets, what her man give her."

Social opinion is like a sharp knife. There are foolish people who regard it with terror, and dare not touch or meddle with it; there are more foolish people who, in rashness or defiance, seize it by the blade, and get cut for their pains; and there are other and wiser people who grasp it discreetly and boldly by the handle, and use it to carve out their own purposes.

At Lynn, a school teacher asked a little girl who the first man was. She answered that she did not know. The question was put to the next, an Irish child, who answered loudly, "Adam, sir," with apparent satisfaction. "Law," said the first scholar, "you needn't feel so grand about it; he wasn't an Irishman!"

"Why, this new, because man made it yesterday out of dad's old 'un!"

"And what was dad's old 'un made of?"

"Why, one of granny's old sheets, what her man give her."

"Rub, is your sister at home?"

"Yes, but she won't see you to-night."

"Why?"

"Because she said she was going to have one more mess of onions; if she never got another bean."

So long as we keep cool and control our feelings, we do not attract the attention of people; but as soon as we get into an anxious state of mind which we cannot regulate, then people see the weakness, and become our critics and our enemies.

HOW SUMMER SUITS SHOULD BE WASHED.

Summer suits are nearly all made of white or buff linen, pique, cambric or muslin, and the art of preserving the new appearance after washing is a matter of the very greatest importance.

Common washerwomen spoil everything with soda, and nothing is more frequent than to see the delicate tints of lawns and percales turned into dark blotches and muddy streaks by the ignorance and vandalism of a laundress.

It is worth while for ladies to pay attention to this, and insist upon having their summer dresses washed according to the directions which they should be prepared to give their laundresses themselves.

In the first place, the water should be tepid, the soap should not be allowed to touch the fabric; it should be washed and rinsed quick, turned upon the wrong side, and hung in the shade to dry, and when starched (in this boiled, but not boiling, starch) should be folded in sheets or towels, and ironed upon the wrong side, as soon as possible.

But linen should be washed in water in which has been boiled, or a quart bag of bran. This last will be found to answer for starch as well, and is excellent for print dresses of all kinds, but a handful of salt is very useful also to set the colors of light cambrics and dotted lawns; and a little beef's gall will not only set, but heighten, yellow and purple tints, and has a good effect upon green.

A little four year old girl in Springfield, Ohio, on a recent evening was watching the setting of the sun, which, on the evening in question, was of peculiar brilliancy, when she called out, in ecstasy and wonder, "Oh, mamma, mamma! come quick—see! God's house is on fire!"

God's word is like God's world—varied, very rich, very beautiful. You never know when you have exhausted all its secrets. The Bible, like nature, has something for every class of mind. Look at the Bible in a new light, and straightway you see some new charms.

A young man suggested to a young lady, to whom he was paying attention, that they should call each other by the characteristic name of some animal. On taking leave, he said, "Good night, deer," to which she replied, "Good night, bore!" He took the hint.

Not long ago, a youth, older in wit than in years, after being catechised concerning the power of Nature replied, "Now, I think there's one thing Nature can't do." "What is it, my child?" "She can't make Bill Jones's mouth any bigger without setting his ears back."

To destroy insects on plants, water them with a very weak solution of phosphoric acid. While it kills the bugs, it helps the plants by adding to the soluble phosphates in the soil. It is predicted that it will come to be extensively used in agriculture.

"Alas!" said a moralizing bachelor within ear shot of a witty young lady of the company, "this world is at best but a gloomy prison!" "Yes," sighed the merciful mix, "especially to the poor creatures doomed to solitary confinement!"

On the occasion of an eclipse in Virginia, a colored woman became greatly elated. "Bress de Lord!" said she, "de nigger's time hab come at last and now we's gwine to hab a brack sun."

Though it is said that the lower animals have not the wits of man, there is no doubt that some insects are backbiters and that most quadrupeds are tale-bearers.

When Professor Morton was asked which can travel the faster, heat or cold, he immediately decided in favor of heat, because anybody can catch a cold.

The new fifty cent note will have a blank space to show the silver fibre.—This is as near resumption as the government has got.

Loafers toil not, neither do they spin, yet they manage to keep soul and body together without working, which is a very fine art.

The difference between a barber and a mother is that one has razors to shave and the other shavers to raise.

Sanded sugar and a painted face are two things that look better than they taste. Don't ask us how we found that out.

Those ladies who examine a merchant's whole stock of dry goods, and buy nothing, may be styled courtier-irritants.

Soft soap, in some shape, please all; and generally speaking, the more lye you put into it the better.

"Sambro did you ever see the Catskill Mountains?"

"No, Sah; but I've seen um kill mice."

Sweats in New York now wear brace lets. What next?

Fisherman's earings are net proceeds.

The most difficult thing to remember

—the poor.

An animal that lives within itself—

—an oyster.

A happy union—strawberries and ice cream.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

There is a great stock of Goods in Lawrence Block now, and you can find almost anything you want at

H. H. BARTLETT & CO'S.

Prints that will wash are what people are looking after now. You will find them as low as 7 cents per yard at

H. H. BARTLETT & CO'S.

Ladies will find, as the warm weather approaches, the finest assortment of White Goods and Parasols in the country, at

H. H. BARTLETT & CO'S.

Gents will find some of those Scotch Suits, Hats and Caps, and all Furnishing Goods, at

H. H. BARTLETT & CO'S.

Housekeepers, look well to your larders, walls and pantry, and get your Paper Hangings, Crockery, and Groceries, at

H. H. BARTLETT & CO'S.

A genteel dressed Lady always has a nice fitting Shoe, with Gloves to match her suit. You will find all these and some beautiful Skirts at

H. H. BARTLETT & CO'S.

Young Misses, ask your mammas to look at those Plain and Plaid Suits, beautiful to look upon, good colors, and low prices, at H. H. BARTLETT & CO'S. Dry Goods and Grocery House.

"Oh! where did you get that beautiful dress, Kittie? It's prettiest thing I've seen this year!" "I bought it at BARTLETT & CO'S. There were half-a-dozen patterns that I couldn't tell which was the nicest." "Well, I'll go and get one, sure, before they are all gone."

There is no doubt in the minds of most people that the best place to buy Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery, Boots and Shoes, Flour, Paper Hangings, Shades, Parasols, &c., is at

H. H. BARTLETT & CO'S.

There's good Molasses 50c per gallon, Crystal Drip Syrup 60c per gallon, Kerosene Oil, fire test 115, for 34c per gallon, 12 lbs. Crackers for \$1.00, 15 bars soap \$1.00. Flour that has been selling for \$5.00, now for \$5.50; that for \$7.00, now for \$6.50; that for \$9.00, now for \$8.50. Family brands Coffee, male or female as you prefer, and ground in presence of purchaser, at

H. H. BARTLETT & CO'S.

It is a fact generally acknowledged that Cash is the only true and economical way to trade, and families will find at the end of the year by paying cash that they are saving, and are happy and better off by hundreds of dollars than they would have been had they "run a bill" at the store. Now, just try it, at

H. H. BARTLETT & CO'S Store.

Palmer, May 7, 1870.

EXTRACT OF RYE.

This popular and well known article is, without doubt, the very best article that can be used to strengthen the system when debilitated by Palmonary Complaints, or weakened by disease of any kind.

Bottled by the Proprietors, and sold all over the Union to GROCERS and DRUGGISTS, etc.

C. A. RICHARDS & CO.,

99 WASHINGTON STREET.

June 1st 1870

SILVER WINGS.

SILVER WINGS. THE NEW SILVER WINGS. SILVER WINGS. SABBATH SILVER WINGS. SILVER WINGS. SCHOOL SILVER WINGS. SILVER WINGS. MUSIC BOOK.

Price, in Boards, 35 cents; Paper, 30 cents. Sample copies sent postpaid, on receipt of retail price.

OLIVER H. DITSON & CO., Boston.

CITY MARBLE WORKS.

H. K. COOLEY, Manufacturer and dealer in MONUMENTS, GRAVE STONES, MANTLES, and Marble Work for Plumbers and Furniture Dealers.

189 1/2 MAIN ST., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Entrance North side of First Baptist Church. May 14

WHY DON'T YOU TRY

WELL'S CARBOLIC TABLETS? THEY ARE A SURE CURE FOR SORE THROAT, COLD, CROUP, DIPHTHERIA, CATARRH or HOARSENESS; also, A SUCCESSFUL REMEDY FOR KIDNEY DIFFICULTIES. Price 25 cents per box. Sent by mail on receipt of price, by J. Q. KELLOGG, 31 Platt Street, New York, Sole Agent for N. Y. Sold by Druggists. J. Q. K.

WANTED, AGENTS.—To sell the HOME SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINE. Price \$25. It makes the "Lock Stitch" (allike on both sides), and is the only one under-need Shuttle Machine sold for less than \$50. Licensed by Wheeler & Wilson, Grover & Baker, Singer & Co. All other under-need Shuttle Machines sold for less than \$50 are infringements, and the seller will serve to order all varieties of Fresh, Dried and Shell Fish, in season. Families supplied from the cart, which will take orders and deliver. A share of patronage is solicited.

Ware, June 4, 1870.

J. K. WARREN, M. D.,

HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,

AT JAMES GAMWELL'S,

PALMER, MASS.

April 30th, 1870.

NEW FISH MARKET.—

Joshua Lewis has opened the fish market under Sheldon's, and will serve to order all varieties of Fresh, Dried and Shell Fish, in season. Families supplied from the cart, which will take orders and deliver. A share of patronage is solicited.

Ware, June 4, 1870.

EDWARD B. SEXTON, M. D.,

Having decided to locate in this community, respectfully offers his professional services to those who may desire them.

Office at his residence.

Palmer, March 21st, 1870.

AGENTS WANTED—

(\$10 PER DAY) by the AMERICAN KNITTING MACHINE CO., Boston, Mass., or St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS WANTED!

A RICH FIELD!

A NOBLE WORK!!

THE NEW PICTORIAL

FAMILY BIBLE.

WITH OVER 1000 ILLUSTRATIONS!

50,000 REFERENCES,

A FAMILY RECORD,

AND FAMILY ALBUM.

THIS GREAT WORK contains a storehouse of information that can only reach the mind through the eye. Its illustrations carry one back to the most important events of the world, and are of themselves a comprehensive review of the Scriptures, representing the most interesting Views, Characters, Symbols, Historical Events, Landscapes, Scenes, Antiquities, Costumes, &c., &c. They attract the eye, correct erroneous impressions, awaken new thoughts, and furnish clearer views of Divine Truth. As a help to parents, ministers, and Sabbath-school teachers in fulfilling the duties of their separate and high vocations—and to all others to whom immortal souls are intrusted—this splendid pictorial volume cannot be overestimated. It is the

BEST EDITION FOR THE FAMILY, MOST VALUABLE FOR THE STUDENT, MOST INSTRUCTIVE FOR THE TEACHER, MOST APPROPRIATE FOR THE CHILD, MOST USEFUL FOR THE MINISTER, MOST INTERESTING FOR THE FARMER, MOST ELEGANT FOR THE PARLOR, MOST PROFITABLE FOR THE STUDY.

THE PICTORIAL FAMILY BIBLE contains an unusually large range of Statistical, Tabular, Chronological, and Genealogical matter. It is printed on excellent paper, from clear type, in an out-of-the-way and handsome quarto volume, and is bound in the most durable and attractive manner, while the prices are sufficiently low to place it within every body's reach.

EXPERIENCED AGENTS wanted throughout the country for its sale, with whom liberal arrangements will be made. An opportunity of equal promise is rarely or never presented.

MINISTERS, TEACHERS, STUDENTS, FARMERS, YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN.—Those who would meet with the most profitable of all employments—are invited to correspond with us with a view to an agency. Not a few such are now reaping from \$300 to \$1000 annual profit in its sale. There is a great want for the book and a rich field offered, while it will elevate the spiritual condition by the constant use of its beautiful illustrations upon its beautiful and eternal truths.

CANVASSERS ON THE NUMBER PLAN will be furnished the work in about fifty parts, at 25 cents each—a handsome illustration in type to accompany each part. This plan is very popular in cities.

AGENTS ON THE INSTALLMENT PLAN will be furnished the work in fine bindings. This is also quite popular and profitable in cities and large towns.

We are also the publishers of POTTER'S STAND AND EDITIONS of Family, Pulpit, Pocket, and Photograph Bibles and Testaments—more than two hundred different styles—so well known everywhere for their accuracy of text, beauty of illustration, and durability of binding. Agents ask for Potter's Standard Editions, and get the best. Catalogues containing styles and prices furnished on application.

For circulars containing a full description of THE PICTORIAL FAMILY BIBLE, and terms to Agents, Address: Potter's Standard Bible and Testament House,

JOHN E. POTTER & CO.,

Publishers,

614 AND 617 SANSON STREET,

PHILADELPHIA.

MILLINERY!

Having decided to remain in PALMER another season, I take this occasion to return my acknowledgments to the public for the liberal encouragement hitherto received; and having just returned from New York with all the

NEW AND DESIRABLE STYLES!

would respectfully call their attention to my stock

BONNETS AND HATS

OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS!

AT PRICES WHICH MUST SUIT.

RIBBONS, LACES, FLOWERS, &c.,

AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES! A full line of

FANCY GOODS!

COLLARS AND CUFFS,

LACE AND MUSLIN EDGING,

CAMBRIC BANDS,

BUTTONS, BRAIDS, VELVET RIBBONS, APRONS,

CONVERTS, &c., &c.

Palmer, May 7th, 1870.

MRS. S. WHITMAN.

NATURE'S

HAIR RESTORATIVE.

Contains No LAC SULPHUR—No SU-

GAR OF LEAD—No LITHARGE—No

NITRATE OF SILVER, and is entirely

free from poisonous and health-destroying

drugs used in other Hair Preparations.

Transparent and clear as crystal, it will not soil the finest fabric—perfectly SAFE, CLEAN, and

EFFICIENT—restores LONG SOUGHT FOR, and FOUND AT LAST!

It restores and prevents the hair from becoming gray, imparts a soft, glossy appearance, removes dandruff, is cool and refreshing to the head, checks the hair from falling out, and restores it to a great extent when prematurely lost, prevents headaches, cures all humors, cutaneous eruptions, and unnatural heat.

DR. G. SMITH, Patentee, Groton Junction, Mass. Prepared only by PROCTOR BROTHERS, Gloucester, Mass. The Genuine is put up in a small bottle, made expressly for it, with the name of the article blown in the glass. Ask your druggist for Nature's Hair Restorative, and take no other.

For sale by WOOD & ALLEN, Palmer.

LUMBER FOR SALE AT HENRY GLEA-

son's Mill, North Dana.

30,000 FEET HARD PINE INCH BOARDS.

Inquire of H. Gleason, North Dana, or the sub-

agent for the Wood Moving Machine and Lock

Rake.

Leicester, May 22, 1870.

WOOD & ALLEN'S COLUMN.

IMPORTANT TO ALL.

READ THIS!

We manufacture and sell at wholesale and

retail, Dr. HIGGINS' celebrated

Medicines, as follows:

WOOD & ALLEN'S COLUMN.

IMPORTANT TO ALL.

READ THIS!

We manufacture and sell at wholesale and

retail, Dr. HIGGINS' celebrated

Medicines, as follows:

1. THE ANTALGICA. This Medicine is unrivalled as a Pain Reliever, and has won favor wherever it has been used. It should be kept in every house for it cures the most violent pains, and is a universal remedial agent of any medicine known.

2. SCROFULA AND CANCER SYRUP. For cleansing the system of all kinds of humors, there is no better remedy.

3. INDIAN COUGH BALM. Good for Colds, Coughs, and all affections of the Lungs.

4. ANTI-CHOLERA LIVER. For the cure of Dyspepsia, Loss of Appetite, General Debility, &c.

5. CANKER SYRUP. For Canker, Sore Mouth, &c.

6. CHOLERA AND DYSENTERY BALM. A Sure remedy for Cholera and Dysentery, and Summer Complaints.

7. NEUTRALIZING MIXTURE. To neutralize the acids of the stomach, and regulate the action of the bowels. Good for Headache, Nausea, Sour Stomach, &c.

8. VERMIFUGE. A Sure and Safe Remedy for Worms.

9. EYE WATER. There is no better preparation for Sore Eyes, or any irritating disease of the Eyes.

10. ANTI-BILIOUS PILLS. An excellent Cathartic, being gentle and free from pain in their operation, yet thorough in effect.

11. GASTRO-HEPATIC PILLS. These are not Cathartic but Diaphoretic and Sedative. They are used with undying success in Affections of the Lungs, for Colds, Coughs, Asthma, &c. seldom fail to break up fevers in the first stage—always safe and pleasant to use.

12. LIVER AND HEADACHE PILLS. Especially adapted for all Liver Complaints, Headache, Dizziness, &c.

13. HEALING OINTMENT. Equal to any Salve in the market.

14. STRENGTHENING PLASTER. Let those troubled with Lameness in the Back, or Pain in the Side, use this and be free from pain.

15. GOLDEN DROPS. A pleasant remedy for Intestinal Pain.

16. NEURALGIC OR ANODYNE DROPS. A valuable remedy for Nervous Pain, Nervous Headache, &c.

17. SMOOTHING CORDIAL FOR CHILDREN. Equal to Mrs. Winslow's Syrup, and free from opiates.

18. COMPOSITION FOR THE SKIN. Too well known to need a description.

19. ROSA MUSCOVA PLAIN TONIC. A pleasant and safe preparation for the system.

20. TOOTHACHE DIODOR. An instantaneous relief for toothache.

21. Besides the above, other kinds, with essences, are constantly on hand, and will be sold to whom liberal terms will be offered.

DRUG DEPARTMENT.

We keep a full assortment of

BOTANIC, HOMOEOPATHIC, and ALLOPATHIC

DRUGS AND PREPARATIONS.

Fresh and selected with care. Physicians and others in this and adjoining towns will find it to their advantage to buy of us, as we buy in the cheapest market and sell at low rates of profit. All articles sold to Physicians at a discount from regular prices. Prescriptions carefully prepared.

PATENT MEDICINE DEPARTMENT.

We take special care to have a supply of all kinds of PATENT MEDICINES on hand that are called for in this vicinity. And any kind that can be procured, that we may not have, will be ordered at short notice. We also keep a nice variety of

PERFUMERY, SOAPS, COSMETICS,

HAIR, TOOTH, NAIL AND CLOTH

BRUSHES, HAND MIRRORS, COMBS,

MINERAL SPRING WATERS,

All kinds—Saratoga, Congress, Gettysburg,

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MISCELLANEOUS DEPARTMENT.

We also sell the following goods:

KEROSENE, POTASH, TAR, RESIN,

SPIRITS TURPENTINE,

Benzine, Sal Soda, Cooking Soda, Royal

Baking Powders, Pure Cream Tartar,

Prunes, Figs, Tamarinds, Pure Spices

(all kinds), Starch, Corn Starch,

Farena, Malzena, Oat Meal,

BROMA, COCOA, CHOCOLATE,

FLAVORING EXTRACTS of all kinds,

DYE COLORS,

COXES SPARKLING GELATINE,

FRENCH GELATINE,

TRUSSES, the best in the market,

SYRINGES of all kinds.

Also, PURE LIQUORS, for Medicinal, Chemical and Mechanical purposes only.

BOOK DEPARTMENT.

We keep on hand a good assortment of BOOKS,

RELIGIOUS BOOKS, HISTORIES,

Travels, Poems, Novels, &c. WEBSTER'S DIC-

TIONARIES—all sizes, Bibles and Testaments—

all sizes and prices, Chase's Recipe Books, Hitch-

cock's Half Bime Music, Toy Books—all kinds,

Photograph Cards, Reward Cards, Albums, Auto-

graph Albums, &c. Also, a good assortment of

STATIONERY, Bristol Board, Tissue Paper, Lullaby

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BLANKS BROS' GOLD PENS.

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All kinds used in this and adjoining towns. Those doing business in Palmer from other towns can get their school books at a cheap rate by calling on us. Books sold to Teachers and Clergymen at a discount. Any book wanted, not on hand, will be ordered at short notice.

Those at a distance wishing any book, can order through us by sending the price, and the book will be sent free of expense as soon as obtained.

When information is wanted, inclose a stamp to pay return postage.

WOOD & ALLEN.

Palmer, Jan. 30th, 1870.

THE AMERICAN BUTTON-HOLE,

OVERSEAMING

SEWING MACHINE

The Palmer Journal.

VOLUME XXI.

PALMER MASS SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1870.

NUMBER 19.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,
BY
GORDON M. FISK & CO.

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ANTIQUE HOUSE, by E. B. Shaw, east of Railroad Bridge.

BROWN & ROBINSON, Dealers in Hardware, Iron, Steel, Paints, Oils, and Glass.

B. H. JOHNSON, Carpenter and Joiner, and Mover of Buildings.

CYRUS KNOX, News Room and Stationery, at the Post Office.

GALVIN HUTCHCOCK, Boot and Shoemaker, and Repairer, two doors east of Journal Block.

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F. J. WASSUM, Merchant Tailor, and Dealer in Gent's Furnishings.

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H. W. MURPHY, Merchant Tailor, and Manufacturer of Custom Clothing.

JOHN C. BROWN, Billiard Rooms, Cross' Block.

JOHN SHAW, Brick Mason and Plasterer. Residence at the Antique House.

J. S. LOOMIS, Dealer in all kinds of House Furniture, Coffins, and Burial Caskets.

J. E. KELLOGG, Auctioneer. Office—H. H. Bartlett & Co.'s Store.

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MRS. S. WHITMAN, Dress and Cloak Maker, Milliner, and dealer in Fancy Goods, opposite Antique House.

NASSOVANNO HOUSE, by J. W. Weeks, opposite the Depot.

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S. W. SMITH, Dealer in Groceries, Provisions, Flour, &c.

S. L. LAWRENCE will pay the highest cash price for Hides and Skins.

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WILLIS BROS., Dealers in Dry Goods, Millinery, Carpets, and Crochery Ware.

WARE.

ALMER F. RICHARDSON, Licensed Auctioneer, with C. H. Richards, Life, Accident, and Fire Insurance Agent.

CHARLES S. ROBINSON—Every line of Goods found in a general first-class store.

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E. C. & J. T. STUBBS, only authorized agents for the Anchor, Human, Canard, Talcott's, and Williams' lines of Steamers.

E. C. MEYERMAN, Agent for the Canard, Human and Anchor lines of steamers from N. Y. to Liverpool and return via Boston. Office at Geo. H. Gilbert, Myer's Office.

F. D. RICHARDS, Attorney and Counselor at Law.

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JAMES KENNEDY, Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, Fish, Crochery, &c.

L. C. WHITE & CO., Manufacturers of and Dealers in every variety of American and Foreign Marble, Chisels, &c.

L. HILTON, Dealer in Ready-Made and Trimmed Coffins, Caskets, and Cottage Coffins, Prospect St.

MRS. F. WATROUS, Dress and Cloak Maker, Ware.

MRS. S. HYLAND, Dealer in Dry Goods, Cloaks, Shawls, &c., opposite School House, North Street.

MICHAEL LEVY, Merchant Tailor, Over public Store, Main Street, Ware.

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PETER MULLIGAN, Merchant Tailor and Manufacturer of custom Clothing, opposite the Bank.

P. H. SAGENDORF, Dealer in Fine Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, Cutlery, and Fancy Goods; also, Boots, Shoes, Trunks, Bags, &c.

PATRICK J. CROW, Dealer in Cigars, Tobacco, Confectionery, &c.

T. MCHIEFE, Repairs Boots and Shoes in the best style, Ware.

WARE CORNET BAND—Music for all occasions. Apply to M. J. McEvoy, Leader, or A. Warburton, Sec'y.

WM. KURTZ, Harness Maker and Carriage Trimmer.

W. J. NEWCOMB, House, Carriage, and Sign Painter. Paper Hanging, Upholstering, &c.

WARE HOTEL LIVERY—Virgil Bates, Prop'r, Good Teams to let at fair prices.

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ZENAS MARSH, Painter, Glazier, Paper Hangar, Sign Painter, and Dealer in Sash and Blinds, Bank Street.

MONSON.

F. E. TOWNE, Dealer in Flour, Fish, Salt, Lime, Fertilizers, Groceries, Nails, Farming Tools, Hardware, Boots, Shoes, Paints, Oils, Medicines, &c.

BARRE.

MASSAHOIT HOUSE, Barre, Mass. J. P. Brooks, Proprietor.

NEW SALEM.

NEW SALEM HOUSE, New Salem, Mass.: A. U. Ottman, Proprietor. Also, deputy sheriff for Franklin County.

WINCHENDON.

E. W. WARD, Livery and Boarding Stables, Winchendon, Mass.

Coming Home.

Oh, brothers and sisters, growing old,
Do you remember yet
That home, in the shade of the rustling trees,
Where once our household met?

Do you know how we used to come from school
Through the summer's pleasant heat,
With the yellow sun's golden light,
On our tired little feet?

And how sometimes in an idle mood
We loitered by the way,
And stopped in the woods to gather flowers,
And in the fields to play?

Till warned by the deepening shadow's fall,
That told of the coming night,
We climbed to the top of the last long hill,
And saw our home in sight!

And, brothers and sisters, older now,
That whose life is o'er,
Do you think of the mother's loving face
That looked from the open door?

Alas! for the changing things of time;
That home in the dust is low,
And that loving smile was hid from us,
In the darkness long ago?

And we come to life's last hill,
From which our weary eyes
Can almost look on that home that shines
Eternal in the skies.

So, brothers and sisters, as we go,
Still let us move as one,
Always together keeping step,
Till the march of life is done.

For that mother, who waited for us here,
Wearing a smile so sweet,
Now waits on the hill of paradise
For her children's coming feet!

THE GIFT BY THE WAYSIDE.

The old farm-house clock had just struck seven, and over all the hills the purple vapors of twilight were coming down, making spicy odors among the sweet ferns in the pastures and the wild grapes ripening in the woods; a whippoorwill sang sadly on the mossy rails of the broken down fence, and the katydid chirped shrilly through the morning glory leaves about the windows.

"Seven o'clock," echoed Silas Miller, just as though he had not been watching that slow creeping minute hand for the last half hour.

"He will be here now; my boy will soon be here."

What a strange softening of the rugged features, what an unvoiced quiver of the harsh voice there was when he uttered the two words, "My boy!" Yes, it was his boy who was coming home from the smoke of half-a-dozen battle fields. No wonder that the thought sent a thrill through his iron nature. His soldier, his hero!

"Surely I ought to hear the stage horn," he said, feverishly pacing up and down the narrow path, where the maple leaves lay like a carpet of pale gold. "Listen, Sybil! don't you hear it?"

"It's too early, father."

The light figure came stealing over to his side and both together leaned over the garden gate, gazing into the opal gloom of the twilight with a wistful, searching gaze.

She was not prettier than many another New England girl, yet there was a delicate type of beauty in her face and form that belongs as much to the frozen north as its pine forests and cliffs of eternal snow.

Pale brown hair, with aureate lights crossing its surface at times, eyes like the blue larkspur, and lips that had stolen the dewy crimson of the wild rose—in pearls and blue ermine, Sybil Miller would have been a beauty—in her dress of gray glug-lug she was far no nobler.

Suddenly the old man started, and uttered an indistinct glad cry.

"It's he, Sybil, don't you see, beyond the elder bushes? Child, don't hold me back; let me go and meet my boy."

"No, father, you are mistaken; it is not Lawrence. Lawrence is shorter by half a head, and it is not his quick, buoyant step."

"You are right, Sybil," said Silas Miller, almost petulantly. "Why do these vagrant soldiers go wandering by, giving folks such a start? It was only this morning that a beggar, disgracing—I won't say wearing—the United States uniform, came by, and had the audacity to ask me for money."

"Did you give him something?"

"Give him something!" repeated Silas, angrily; "I'd have seen him starve first! I have no patience with these strolling beggars. Here's another of the same kind, I suppose. No, my man, you needn't trouble yourself to repeat your pitiful story."

For the tall figure, with halting step, and coat thickly powdered with dust, paused in front of the gate, and Sybil could just discern the dark piercing eyes, and forehead curiously traversed by a crescent-shaped scar, apparently newly healed.

"I have nothing for you," said Silas, sharply. "Yes, yes, I know what you would say; but it's no use. If you are deserving, the proper authorities will take care of you; if you are not, the jail is the proper place for you. Don't tell me what you want. What have you done with your bounty money and your pay, if you are what you pretend to be—a soldier?"

Even through the twilight Sybil could see the scarlet flush rising to the scarred forehead.

"Sir, you are mistaken; I did not come here to beg."

"No, you would prefer to play the bully, I've no doubt. But I am not the proper subject for you; so be about your business, my man."

The soldier turned silently away, with step more depressed, and passed into the gathering dusk.

"Father," whispered Sybil, reproachfully have you forgotten that our Lawrence, too, is a soldier?"

"No, returned Silas, abruptly, 'I remember it, and it convinced me all the more

that a man, paid and pensioned like our Lawrence, has no need to be in the public highways."

"But, father, he did not beg."

"Because I would not allow it, child. I pay taxes for the support of such as he, and I swear I will do no more."

He spoke in the sharp high-pitched accents of passion, and when he looked around, Sybil was gone.

Foot-sore and weary, the travel-worn pedestrian had set himself down on a mossy boulder by the roadside, when a quick light footstep came up a little path, leading from the back-door of the farm house, through blackberry pastures and mow fields, and a slight figure bent over him.

"Don't mind my father's words; he was angry and unreasonable," she said, hurriedly. "I have not much to give, but I want you to take it for the sake of my soldier brother."

Before he could speak, she had unfastened from her neck a blue ribbon, with a tiny gold piece suspended from it, placed it in his hand and glided away across the fields, like some little gray nun, in her sombre-hued dress. He rose up to follow her, but it was too late; and as he bent over the gleaming token, something very like a tear dropped upon its crescent of tiny stars.

"And now tell us everything that has happened to you Lawrence. O, Lawrence, when I waked up this morning it seemed all a dream, that you had come to us again, in the very truth."

The bronzed, handsome young soldier, looked smilingly down into the radiant face that nestled against his shoulder, and a serious shadow stole into his eyes.

"I can tell you it came near being nothing more than a dream once or twice. I have had more half-breed escapes than you can think of, little sister. I did not tell you, did I, of the little skirmish along the Potomac, where I stood face to face with death—an ugly death too—at the point of rebel bayonets, when some brave fellow charged down on them, and saved my life with his right hand."

"Who was it Lawrence?" said old Silas, with trembling lip and dilated eyes. "I would give my best wheat field to grasp that right hand."

"I don't know. I never came across him again. Probably he was in some other regiment. All I know is, that he had fiery black eyes, and an odd scar on his forehead, which looked like a Moorish crescent."

"And a straight nose, and a heavy black moustache?" interrupted his sister.

"Exactly."

"Father," said Sybil, tramping with sparkling eyes and crimson cheeks to where Silas Miller sat. "The wandering soldier whom you turned from your door last night was the man who saved our Lawrence's life."

Silas rose from his chair, and took an uneasy turn across the room and back, his iron features working strangely.

"It can't be helped now," said he in a trembling voice; "but it's the last soldier I'll ever send with empty hands from this door. The man who saved our Lawrence's life! O, Sybil! if I had only listened to your word!"

But she never spoke of the little lucky piece of gold. She feared it might look like ostentation—this shy, fastidious little wild flower of the hills.

"My Sybil going to be married among the fine folks down in Boston? Well I suppose I might have expected it, and yet it does seem kind of hard," soliloquized Silas Miller, dropping the happy, timid letter in his lap, and looking through dimmed spectacles upon the snowy sun-bright hill.

"I wonder who it is. I should like to see the man that is going to marry Sybil Miller."

Silas would have been a proud man could he have beheld his daughter that self same night, in her white evening dress, with scarlet geraniums lighting up her brow and glowing in her bosom. No wonder that Captain Leslie's face brightened with grave, quiet pride, as he looked down on his fair betrothed.

"Sit down, here, dearest, in this quiet little music room," he said with careless authority. "I can't share your sweet eyes and sweeter words with all the world any longer. I must have you all to myself for a while."

She looked up with a blushing smile, and then down again.

"Well?" he asked, as if she had spoken.

"I was wondering, Allen—that scar on your forehead."

"What of it?"

"Why, it is such a singular shape—almost a half-crescent. I never saw but one like it before."

"Did you not? and where was that?"

"A poor soldier passed our gate once with just such a scar on his forehead, and—"

She paused, for Allen Leslie had quietly taken from some inner receptacle in his coat a tiny piece of gold, with a narrow blue ribbon passed through it. He held it smilingly up.

"Do you know who gave this to me?"

"Gave it to you, Allen?"

"To me, a foot-sore, weary wanderer, who had missed his way among your tangled roads. You fancied me a beggar. It

was not so. I had money, position and friends; yet I stood in need of a word just then, for my brain was throbbing, my limbs weary, my wounds scarce healed. That foot-march cost me a severe fever. Yet I do not regret it, for—"

He took her hand tenderly in his, and added:

"For, although I might have known my Sybil was beautiful, yet had it not been for that blue ribboned piece of gold, I never should have known how good and true she was."

LIFE AMONG OUR ANCESTORS.

The customs, manners, literature, architecture, history, everything, in fine, pertaining to England, previous to the seventeenth century, may be regarded as the common ancestral property of all John Bull's progeny, wherever scattered over the world. To a large majority of our readers, therefore, whatever throws light upon the olden times of Great Britain can never cease to be of interest.

The whale was eaten by the Saxons, and when men were lucky enough to get it, it appeared at the table late in the fifteenth century. In 1246 Henry III directed the sheriff of London to purchase one hundred pieces for his table. Whales found on the coast were perquisites of royalty; they were cut up and sent to the king's kitchen in carts. Edward II gave a reward of twenty shillings to three mariners who caught a whale near London Bridge.

Those found on the banks of the Thames were claimed by the Lord Mayor, and added to the civic feast. Pieces of whale were often purchased in the thirteenth century for the table of the Countess of Leicester. England was supplied with this choice dainty by the fishermen of Normandy, who made it an article of commerce. The Normans had various ways of cooking it; sometimes it was roasted and brought to the table on a spit; but the usual way was to boil it and serve it with peas. Epicures looked out for a slice from the tongue or the tail. The grampus or seal-worm was also highly esteemed; but of all the blubber dainties the porpoise was deemed the most savory. The Saxons called it sea-swine, and the ecclesiastics of the middle ages porcomarino. Porpoises were purchased for the table of Henry III, in 1246.

In the reign of Henry II, the whole stock of a carpenter's tools was valued at one shilling, and consisted of a broad-axe, an adze, a square, and a spoke-shave. "There were very few chimneys, the fire was laid to the wall, and the smoke issued out the roof, or door, or window, and the furniture and utensils were of wood. The people slept on straw pallets, with a log of wood for a pillow." Even as late as the time of Elizabeth, 1558, it is stated that apologies were made to visitors if they could not be accommodated in rooms provided with chimneys. They had few glass windows, and when glass was introduced it was for a long time so scarce, that when people went away they would order the windows taken out and laid up in safety.

In the fourteenth century none but the clergy wore linen. The household furniture, among the wealthy, consisted of an occasional, a brass pot, a brass cup, a gridiron, a rug or two, and perhaps a towel. Of chairs and tables we hear nothing. Even the nobility sat upon the chests in which they kept their clothes. If a man in seven years after marriage could purchase a flock bed and a sack of chaff to rest his head upon, he thought himself as well lodged as the lord of the town.

In addition to this poverty of what seems to us absolute necessities, the houses and the people were exceedingly dirty. Erasmus, a celebrated scholar of the land, who visited England, complains that "the nastiness of the people was the cause of the frequent plagues which destroyed them;" and he says their floors are commonly of clay, strewn with rushes, under which lay uncollected a collection of beer, grease, fragments, bones, spittle, excrement of dogs and cats, and everything that is nauseous.

Their tables were as miserably supplied as their dwellings. They had little fresh meat, but salted most of their cattle and swine in November, upon which they mostly depended during the winter. Very few vegetables of any kind came upon their tables. It is stated that in the early reign of Henry VIII, not a cabbage, turnip, carrot or other edible root grew in England.

The average duration of human life was, at that period, not one-half as long as at the present day. The constant use of salted meat, and few or no vegetables, contributed to the shortening of life, to say nothing of the large number swept away by pestilence and famine.

A Dutch woman kept a toll gate. One foggy day, a traveller asked, "Madam, how far is it to B?" "Shoot at a little ways," was the reply. "Yes, but how far?" again asked the traveller. "Shoot at a little ways," more emphatically. "Madam, is it one, two, three, four or five miles?" The good woman ingeniously replied, "I dislike it."

Why would Sampson have made a good opera-singer? Because he could so easily have taken down the house,

Ninety-Nine in the Shade.

A MIDSUMMER ODE.

Oh for a lodge in a garden of cucumbers!
Oh for an icedberg or two at control!
Oh for a vale which at midday the dew cucumbers!
Oh for a pleasure trip up to the Pole!

Oh for a little one-story thermometer,
With nothing but Zeros all ranged in a row!
Oh for a big, double-barrelled hygrometer,
To measure this moisture that rolls from my brow!

Oh that this cold world was twenty times colder!
(That's irony red hot it seemeth to me.)
Oh for a turn of its dreaded cold shoulder!
Oh what a comfort an ague would be!

Oh for a grotto to lytify heaven,
Scooped in the rock under catarract vast!
Oh for a winter of discontent even!
Oh for wet blankets judiciously cast!

Oh for a soda-fountain spouting up bodily
From every hot lamp-post against the hot sky!
Oh for a proud maiden to look on me coldly,
Freezing my soul with a glance of her eye!

Then oh for a draught from a cup of "cold plzen!"
And oh for a resting-place in the cold grave!
With a bath in the Styx, where the thick shadow
Lies on
And deepens the chill of its dark running wave!

DOMESTIC EXTRAVAGANCE.

Mr. EDITOR.—I have been married four years, and have two children. I love my wife and children, but still my life is a burden and constant anxiety. I was worth five hundred dollars when I was married, and have earned two dollars and fifty cents a day every day but eleven days since, and six of those were given to my wedding trip, and I have been sick three days. Our doctor's bills have only been twelve dollars; I am economical in all my personal habits, I neither smoke or drink, and my wedding suit is still my best. But I am not worth a dollar to-day. Do you wonder how this happens? I will tell you. My wife insists upon dressing as well herself and upon having the children wear as fine clothes as those persons who are worth more thousands than I am single dollars. It is in vain for me to expostulate. I carried home to my first baby a wagon which cost four dollars, which I thought was as good as I could afford. But my wife insisted that I should exchange it for one which cost ten dollars, because a rich neighbor had a prettier one. If strangers should meet my wife on the sidewalk, (and she is often there) with her stylish hat, and dress with many flounces, and parasol with ivory handle, and my baby with its fine ribbons in a ten dollar wagon, they would say, the owner of all these fine things is a rich man, and yet, if I should be sick for a single month our merchants could not safely trust me for the necessities of life. I notice a great many wise suggestions in your paper, and I write for advice, for I am in trouble. If I decline to buy articles which I think extravagant, my wife runs up accounts at the stores without my knowledge, and I do extra work to foot the bills. What shall I do?

A HUSBAND.

We will not try to answer "A Husband's" questions, but we will say a few words to his wife. It makes but little difference to you what strangers think of your dress or that of your children. But those who know you when they see you in the street with your stylish hat and parasol, and flounced dress, and your ten dollar baby carriage, and the fine clothes and ribbons of your children, and remember that your husband is earning only two dollars and a half per day, they will look upon you not only as weak and silly, but unprincipled. If you only knew how many fingers of contempt and ridicule were silently pointed at you, and how your acquaintances laughed at and despised your ridiculous ostentation, you would hurry home, and with very shame fling off your finery and elegance, and confine yourself to that which is simply neat, respectable and tasteful, and you would confess to your husband how much you had wronged him, and what a fool you had made of yourself in the estimation of all sensible people.

Westfield Times.

A BOY'S TRIALS.—THE FIRST LONG-TAILED COAT.—We do not think that any boy ever put on his first long-tailed coat without a sense of shame. He first twists his back half off looking at it in the glass, and then, when he steps out of doors, it seems as if all creation was in a broad grin. The sun laughs in the sky, the cows turn to laugh at him; there are faces at every window; his very shadow mocks him. The very boards creak with consciousness of the strange spectacle, and the old pair of pantaloons that stop a light in the garret window nod with derision. If he is obliged to pass a group of men and boys, the trial assumes its most terrific stage. His legs get all mixed up with embarrassment, and the flap of the dangling appendage is felt against them, moved by the wind of his own agitation; he could not feel any worse were it a dish-rag, to be worn by him as a badge of disgrace. It is a happy time for him when he gets to church and sits down with his coat-tail under him; but he is still apprehensive with thinking of the Sunday school, and wonders if any of the children will ask him to swing his long-tailed blud.

A Philadelphia doctor says that washing horses in the morning in water in which one or two onions are sliced, will keep all flies at a distance.

Said an Irish Justice to an obstreperous prisoner, "We want nothing but silence, and very little of that."

VALUABLE INFORMATION.

Ten and coffee should be made as soon as the water boils, or the gas escapes and the flavor is destroyed.

Molasses is improved by boiling and should be boiled and set away for cake and other purposes.

Cranberries should have water kept on them and changed every two weeks. Scour zinc with sand and buttermilk. Pour hot tallow on ink-spots; let it remain a few minutes before washing.

To give a gloss to shirt-bosoms and collars, add a piece of white wax and spermaceti, each about the size of a pea, to a pint of starch, while boiling. Iron until smooth, as friction puts on the gloss.

Another: pour boiling water on gum arabic, and when dissolved, put it in a bottle, cork tight. When the starch is added, add some, and it will give a fine gloss.

To choose nutmegs, prick them with a pin; if the oil comes out, they are good. Keep lemons and oranges well wrapped in paper, and they will keep a good while.

To use cold starch, pour cold water on the quantity of starch required, stir well, then dip in the articles to be starched; roll them up in a dry cloth; iron in fifteen minutes.

To prepare rye for coffee: wash thoroughly, and soak over night. Brown the color of coffee in the morning.

Celery should be put in the cellar, in a box of dry sand, for winter use.—*Excelsior Cook Book.*

AN AMUSING COLLOQUY.—An amusing colloquy came off at a supper table on board of one of our Mississippi steamboats, between a Chicago exquisite, cursing with oil and cologne, who was recking the waiters, assuming very consequential airs, and a raw Jonathan seated by his side, dressed in homespun. Turning to his vulgar friend, the former pointed with his finger and said—

"Buttuh, sah!"

"Yes, I see it, sah," coolly replied Jonathan.

"Buttuh, sah, I say!" fiercely repeated the dandy.

"Yes, sir, I know it—very good, and a first-rate article."

"Buttuh, I tell you," thundered the dandy in still louder tones, as if he would annihilate him.

"Well, gosh, all Jerusalem, what of it?" now yelled the down-caster, getting his dander up in turn, "you don't think I took it for lard, did you?—You must be an everlasting darn fool, and, darn you, if you don't shut up yer jaw, I'll batter my fists and cram them down your infernal throat. If you don't hush I'll get mad, do you hear?"

HOW TO BREAK ONESELF OF BAD HABITS.—Understand clearly the reason, and all the reasons, why the habit is injurious. Study the subject till there is no lingering doubt in your mind. Avoid the places, the persons and the thoughts that lead to the temptation. Frequent the places, associate with the persons, indulge the thoughts that lead away from temptation. Keep busy: idleness is the strength of bad habits. Do not give up the struggle when you have broken your resolution once, twice, ten times or a thousand times. That only shows how much need there is for you to strive. When you have broken your resolution just think the matter over, and endeavor to understand why it was you failed, so that you may be upon your guard against a recurrence of the same circumstance. Do not think it a little or an easy thing that you have undertaken. It is folly to expect to break off a bad habit in a day, which may have been gathering strength in you for years.

YOUNG MEN, DON'T DO IT.—No, young men, don't do it. Don't marry dimples, nor mouths, nor chins, nor simpers. These bits and scraps of femininity are very poor things to tie to. Marry the true thing—look after congeniality, kindred sympathies, disposition, education, and if these be joined with social position, or even filthy lucre, why, don't let them stand in your way. Get a woman—not one of those parlor automata that sits down just so, thumps on a piano, and doats on a whisper. Living statues are poor things to call into consultation. The poor little mind that canathom the depth of a dress trimming can't be a helpmate of any account. Don't throw your time away on such trifling things.

JUST AS WELL.—Of a practical vein was the humor of the Irishman who found himself cleaning windows on a bitter cold morning in Scotland. The head of the house had given him about half a cup of whiskey, and enjoined him to rub it with a small cloth on the panes previous to polishing them. Going out shortly afterward, he noticed

The Journal.

SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1870.

Mr. Motley, our minister to England, has been recalled and ex-senator Frederick T. Frellinghuysen of New Jersey, appointed in his place. The reason for Mr. Motley's removal was his inclination to follow Mr. Sumner's advice rather than the instructions of the President.

Some of our exchanges have already begun to make up tickets for the next State and Congressional elections. Don't be in a hurry, gentlemen. Dog days have not come yet, and it is folly to get people in a sweat till cooler weather. Wait till we make up our state before setting the ball in motion.

The latest invention is a speaking machine, which not only talks, but laughs and sings. It is a German invention, and one Faber is the inventor. We trust it will not succeed, for windy orators now only cease from tiring us when they tire themselves. With a machine there would be no let up, and we should be talked to death.

The world is still moving in the right direction. Congress has decided to open all classes of clerkships to women, who are to receive the same salary as male clerks. Postmaster Burt of Boston is also doing a good thing by employing female clerks to deliver letters. These stanzas tell which way the wind is blowing.

The Knights of St. Crispin have held a meeting in Boston and resolved "that the Crispin organization knows no distinction of race or color," but at the same time they intimate that this does not include the Chinese. Of course not, for they are breaking the back of the Crispin order by laboring as free men, bound to no secret organization.

People—those who can afford it, and many who cannot—are hurrying to the springs, the seashore, or the mountains, to escape the heat and dust they find at home. That some of them jump out of the frying pan into the fire, in the way of finding comforts, we have no doubt; but go on gentlefolks, and may you grow wiser and cooler before you come home.

A War in Europe would be a godsend to us, and we have no doubt Wall street financiers are praying that the threatened rupture between France, Prussia and Spain may culminate in a long and bloody struggle. It would send a fresh host of immigrants to our shores; it would create a demand for our surplus produce; it would set all our armies and gun shops to running night and day; it would at first cause a fall in our bonds, but they would soon go up again and become the safest securities on the Continent. In fact, it would revive our commerce and set the wheels of prosperity buzzing. But, ah, how terrible the suffering, how great the bloodshed, and how fearful the picture of such a war.

The U. S. House of Representatives is making itself a police court, by trying and sentencing Pat Woods to three months imprisonment in jail for an assault upon a member from Virginia. We are not sure but this is as good business as that branch can be doing. It certainly does very little in the interest of the country. It seems that the Virginia member, Mr. Foster, met Pat in a bar room in Richmond, and in a little scuffle, Foster got the worst of it. Poor Pat didn't know a Congressman from any ordinary mortal, and treated him accordingly. But instead of being turned over to the police like other belligerent patriots, he was taken before the tribunal of the nation and tried for "a breach of privilege." Of course Pat was dumbfounded to be confronted by such a court, and the poor fellow lost hope at once. He has gone to prison, and Porter "still lives" to get into another bar room fight at another day.

Slog-Drinks.

We are a slop drinking people in summer time. In our efforts to keep cool and allay thirst, we drink soda, pale ale, lager beer, ottawabeer, small beer, lemonade, and a variety of other drinks which, instead of quenching thirst and making us comfortable, only increases a desire to drink and render us most uncomfortable. It is astonishing what rivers of slops we take into our stomachs annually, and equally wonderful that half the drinkers are not killed by the practice. In summer weather, to insure good health, we should be temperate in what we drink—temperate in quantity as well as in the quality. Soda, without the syrup is flat and insipid; and nobody pretends to drink it in that way. It remains often for days in a copper vessel, and may become poisonous. Yet people drink it, for the flavor of the syrup, its icy coldness and temporary effervescence. It is a poor beverage. All the beers which are drank are no better, and some of them are worse. They get the stomach out of order, often causing and fermenting after being swallowed; yet people will continue to swallow down, and also to complain of being uncomfortable.

There is no better beverage for summer than good cold water. Bornzen, at labor, who perspire freely, a little ginger and molasses makes it palatable and prevents injury, however cold it may be. Ice water slipped with a spoon will quench thirst speedily, and never injure the drinker. These beverages are cheap and the most wholesome of any that can be provided in warm weather. We advise beer drinkers to try them.

The Black and "Yaller."

Our Senator Wilson is not always as consistent as he might be, and is either getting into his dotage or demoralized by Washington society. We all remember how strongly he came out on the Temperance question, and how, as soon as he saw the effect of seizing larger beer would have on his re-election, he advised the authorities at Boston not to seize any more of the German beverage.

Mr. Wilson was elected as a know nothing, but he went back on that organization soon after getting into Congress. He warmly espoused the cause of the black man, and in one of his bursts of eloquence said: "Wherever there is a man throughout God's heritage I recognize him as a man belonging to the brotherhood of humanity, and I will protect and defend him. I will stand by his rights at any cost and at any sacrifice whether a man comes from Asia, Africa, Europe, or the isles of the sea, whatever be his language, or his religion, or his faith if he comes to these United States, I would throw over him the shield and protection of equal law. I would meet him like a brother and treat him as a man that God made and for whom Christ died." Yet after this splendid burst of buccombe concerning equality, humanity &c., he votes against allowing the Yellow Chinese the same privilege that he would a freshly imported African from Timbucto. In speaking of the African, he piously says: "It is not the interest of this country to have any degraded classes among us. We believe our Government was founded upon the sublime doctrines of the New Testament, that our Constitution and our laws come from the New Testament. This we believe; this we must carry out; this we must act upon."

But when it is asked that the Mongolian be allowed the same right as the African, Mr. Wilson says "No." The reason of all this is apparent. Wilson hails from a town of Crispins, and he knows that they would oppose his reelection next winter if he should exercise the christian charity he professes, and vote in favor of the Chinese. We hoped more independence for Wilson, and regret that he is playing the demagogue for a little mess of pottage.

We contend that any body of men, laborers, mechanics, artisans, showmen, &c., have the right to associate themselves together and demand whatever pay for their labor they may think it worth. Manufacturers do the same. They meet and put prices up, and we must pay what they ask or go elsewhere to buy. But manufacturers never say to those not in their associations "you shall not sell at all, unless you sell as we do, and we will destroy your factories and prevent you from manufacturing unless you come to our terms." There would be a rebellion among the people if they did. But the Crispins undertake to say precisely this thing. They will not allow their own members to make their own bargains. The scale of prices is arranged by the association and good and poor workmen must be paid alike, and if anybody attempts to work for less rates, though the pay is ample, every means is used to prevent him. This is why we believe the Crispins wrong, unjust and impetuous in their demands, and that their organization should be broken up.

The threatening attitude of France against Prussia for the nomination of Prince Leopold for the throne of Spain has influenced the declaration of the honor by that Prince, yet France demands that Prussia shall formally disavow his candidature, which she will not do, and war seems inevitable. France is playing the old game of the wolf with the lamb at the stream, and is determined on war. She is sending her troops to the frontier, and the King of Prussia is preparing for defense. A proclamation of war by the Emperor has been deferred, though daily expected.

An invention has been made of a little copper float, with a flag staff and flag, to be thrown overboard when it is supposed that a ship will be lost. In this float is an apartment where letters or documents may be preserved, with the hope that they will be picked up. In this way intelligence of the fate of a ship may be made known. The invention is called the Sea Messenger.

RACE IN NEW YORK.—On Tuesday a large party of Orangemen, on Protestant Irishmen, with ladies and children, had a picnic in Elm Park, New York, it being the anniversary of the battle of the Boyne, when the Prince of Orange achieved the victory so much honored by all Orangemen. In the midst of their festivities they were set upon by a mob of nearly a thousand Irish Catholic laborers, who attacked them with stones, shovels, spades, and every available weapon. The Orangemen, with wives and children clinging to them, could do but little to defend themselves from the attack, but they made good use of the pistols they had, killing three of their assailants and fatally wounding nine others. The prompt arrival of a body of police prevented more serious consequences, although two or three other attacks were made upon parties of the Orangemen returning home in the horse cars, the cars being badly smashed and some of the men injured by the stones. About 200 people were injured, more or less. The attack was altogether unwarlike, as the Orangemen did nothing to provoke the assault, excepting the circumstance of wearing the colors and insignia of their order.

DEATH OF JOSHUA HOOKER.—Joshua Hooker of Springfield, well known through this part of the State, died Thursday evening at the age of 74.

ONE THING AND ANOTHER.

FIFTEEN thousand wives wanted in Kansas.

....The English sparrows in New York now number half a million.

....It is said that there is danger of a total extinction of elephants.

....California produces 3,000,000 pounds of quicksilver annually.

....A steam omnibus is now successfully running between Edinburgh and a suburb.

....Cooks and other servant girls are at a premium in Colorado, at \$25 to \$50 a month, and board.

....Drinking six glasses of ice water won a bet and caused a funeral for a young New Yorker, a few days ago.

....Cincinnati has a larger beer saloon which draws ten thousand glasses an hour, this weather.

....A Connecticut damsel celebrated by leading Fourth her pet poodle, dyed in the patriotic colors.

....It is said that woman is the only female in creation who sings, which is a very singular fact.

....A Western girl has been badly poisoned by burning several hundred potato-bugs in a stove.

....A Cleveland lady wants a divorce because her husband would spank the baby.

....Nitro Glycerine has been in use but five years, yet over 1,700 persons have been killed, or maimed for life.

....Nearly 1,400 volumes were added to the Boston Public Library during the months of March, April and May.

....Boston Common is put to still another use this season. There is "liberal preaching" on the hill, near the old Elm, every Sunday evening.

....Russia punishes her drunkards by making them sweep the streets.

....A good deal of the false hair worn by ladies is cut from the heads of convicts.

....Most of the woollen mills in Rhode Island have reduced the wages of operatives from ten to fifteen per cent. None of the mills have stopped.

....According to some recently published statistics more than 10,000 people have been smitten by the electric fluid within the past thirty years, of whom 2252 were killed outright.

....There is a clergyman in Newport who sleeps in one house, takes his meals in another, has a study in a third, and preaches in a fourth, all on the same street.

....The head chief of the Pottawottamies has deceased, aged 53 and weighing 496. He was a big Indian, and his words had great weight with his tribe.

....An Iowa clerk discovered the incompatibility of smoking and weighing out powder at the same time, by an explosion which made him soar clean over into old Jones's cabbage garden.

....It is interesting to Summer tourists to learn that a trout has recently been caught in Lake Winnepesaukee, measuring thirty-four inches from tip to tip, and weighing twenty-nine and a half pounds.

....A boy in Allegheny, Penn., lost his speech on the Fourth of July by the explosion of a fire-cracker, which had been accidentally thrown into his mouth.

....They are boxing away, night and day in Terre Haute, Ind., at a depth of 1,035 feet in blue limestone, in the hope of striking a salt well.

....A venerable couple in Jennings County, Ind., after living together peacefully for forty years, got into a quarrel over the sale of a cow and separated for the remainder of their days.

....Supposed hydrophobic canines in Chicago are fed on strychnine sausages. They are a little mad at first, but soon get over it.

MURDER AND SUICIDE.—In North Kings-town, R. I., on Friday night last, Mrs. Eliza A. Smith, wife of a farmer in that town, took from their beds her two children, aged respectively three years and eleven weeks, and drowned them in a rain-water cistern, and then drowned herself. The father was sleeping in another bed at the time with a five-year-old son, and was not aroused. Temporary insanity is supposed to be the cause of the terrible tragedy.

ANOTHER COLLISION.—The down mail and accommodation trains on the Northern Railroad, near West Hampstead, collided, on Wednesday, near West Hampstead, killing one of the engineers and fatally injuring a brakeman, besides injuring a dozen or so more. The accident was caused by a misunderstanding of a telegram between the conductors.

A SAVAGE ROOSTER.—A singular event transpired in West Troy, N. Y., on Friday. A little girl, playing among some fowls, incensed a cock, who flew at her head and drove his spurs into her temples. An hour afterwards the child was totally blind, and at last accounts she was expected to die from her injuries.

TAIL FISHING.—The Rutland Herald says that four gentlemen, a few days since, left that place for a few hours' fishing, and returned the same evening, bringing with them as the result of their day's labor sixteen hundred and seven trout, weighing ninety-eight and three quarters pounds.

AN OLD BELIEF EXPLODED.—It is thought by many that a feather-bed is proof against lightning; but at Greenfield, the other night, such a bed was fired by a bolt, and its occupants seriously injured, while nothing else in the house was harmed.

THE BIBLE TO BE READ.—A new election in Cincinnati has taken place since the great Bible agitation of a few months since. The result is a complete victory of those who favor the reading of the Bible in the public schools.

PALMER AND VICINITY.

ALMOST A FIRE.—The roof of the blacksmith shop of Page's carriage factory took fire Thursday P. M., but was extinguished without much alarm.

"THE CRESCENT," a little semi-weekly newspaper, published by F. G. Andrews of Brimfield, appears for the fifth time, with large promises for the future.

NEW STAGE LINE.—A new stage line has been opened between Palmer and Brimfield. W. H. Claffin is the driver, and he proposes to make time between the two towns so as to connect with trains in all directions.

CONSTABLE NELSON desires to give notice that all dogs in town must be registered or licensed on or before to-day (Saturday), or they and their owners will be required to suffer the penalties of the law. The assessors give the number of dogs in town as 125. One hundred are licensed.

CHARMING BOQUET.—There stands on our editorial table just the nicest, prettiest, and most tastefully arranged bouquet that ever came into our sanctum. None but the fingers of a connoisseur in floriculture could make anything so pretty, and we take off our hat to Miss Julia Keep of Monson, and say thank you.

UNION DEPOT.—Why should we not have a Union Depot for the railroads in Palmer? The present accommodations are already insufficient, and with the prospect of a couple more railroads centering here some provision should be made for increasing travel. The platforms of the B. & A. and N. L. N. depots are narrow and inconvenient. The several railroads should have but one depot, and this can be arranged without much difficulty, much to the convenience of the traveling public.

MONSIEUR.—Rev. R. G. Toles, superintendent of the Baldwin Place Home for Little Wanderers, Boston, will address the friends of homeless and neglected children at the Congregational Church Monday eve July 18th at 7 o'clock. Interesting and touching incidents, illustrating the work of the "Home," will be related, and a choir of children from the Home will present, and sing some choice pieces of music. An address will be given by Mr. Toles. Afternoon meeting will be held in the Vestry at 4 o'clock.—The farmers are reaping their grain and gathering their hay crop.—The prospect for fruit this fall promises abundant.—All the excursionists came home well pleased with their trip (save the accident) and return thousands of thanks to superintendent McManus and the committee for their endeavors to make the trip pleasant which was so highly enjoyed by all.—D. G. Foster is making his plans to soon leave on a tour to make his necessary funds to run the town government, and when census taker Williams and the assessors have items reliable we may further note the financial and other interests in town.

BASE BALL.—Last Saturday afternoon, there was an interesting game of Base Ball played at Stafford between the Eagles of that place and the Amateur Nine. The latter were formerly members of the Lightfoot club of Monson and are well known as fine players. They propose going on a short campaign this summer, and all being gentlemen of means, travel most for pleasure than anything else. On Saturday the game was interesting, but the Amateurs made several bad blunders. Practice will benefit them. It was pleasant to see the old faces once more: Sumner, with his fancy movements and lightning throwing; Gillet, with his swift, nervous pitching; Cottou, with his fun and constant activity; Bitts and Field, both death or fly balls; the Smiths, terrible batsmen; and Bliss and Ducker, sure and experienced. Sumner is the captain and a jolly one he is too. The Amateurs made several fine plays. Sumner caught two different fouls, and Cottou and Field each "gobbled" in two high flies. The latter gentleman met with an accident toward the close of the game. The Eagles did well. Hodges made a splendid fly catch and Sears fooled Bitts on the third. One of the score stood Eight, 27 outs, 7 runs; Amateurs 27 outs, 10 runs. The Amateurs will play the Mutuals of Springfield ere long.

EXCURSION TO NEW LONDON.—A SATURDAY AND SUNDAY excursion from Palmer to New London and the Sound on Wednesday. New London and the Sound on Wednesday. The Palmer Band furnished music, and on reaching New London the party sailed about fifty miles on the steamer City of Lawrence, landing at Greenport, L. I., where all went ashore and spent a couple of hours. The train left Palmer at 6 in the morning, and returned at 8 in the evening. All were delighted with the trip, and united in declaring it the best excursion that ever went from this vicinity.

A SINGULAR OCCURRENCE.—As Charles Nedwick, of Bath, Me., was rowing down the river last week Monday morning with a lady, they were startled by the sudden appearance of a huge sturgeon, which in taking an extra leap fell back into the boat, breaking an oar as he fell. The boat began to fill and they would have been drowned had not the creature lain perfectly quiet with his head in the lady's lap until he was toppled overboard.

A LARGE STORY.—One day last week Joseph Wood, of Venice, N. Y., discovered an eagle on the fence watching a child picking strawberries; evidently just ready to pounce upon it. With a stone he frightened the eagle away, and with a shot from his gun broke one wing. The eagle turned to give fight, but with his gun he knocked him over and captured him, and took him home alive. The eagle measures twelve feet from tip to tip of his wings.

A HARD SHELLED.—A Pennsylvania negro, who went asleep with his head on a railroad track, the other day, was run over by a hand car. He complained for being waked up so abruptly, and demanded the price of a new hat from the corporation unless they wished to be sued.

A PAYING INVESTMENT.—A man in Albany bought an acre of land three years ago for \$150, and during the present season has netted \$1,700 for strawberries raised on it.

They have been selling raspberries at Lockport, New York, for four cents a quart.

ITEMS FROM THE WARE STANDARD.

AN excursion from Hardwick to Petersham came off not long since.

REAL ESTATE.—In Enfield has advanced 15 per cent since the railroad dump carts appeared there. The old fogies there live in ecstasies.

Will the police keep the loafers moving, who crowd the bank steps every evening? They are too redolent of tobacco and vulgarity to be tolerated.

Dr. Moore exhibited the stereopticon, at the Congregational chapel, on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, to good audiences. The entertainment was instructive and deserving of success.

Mr. GEORGE HOLDEN generously offers land on which our citizens propose to erect an artistic stand, on which Towne and McEvoy can marshal their musical forces and give us melody during these hot evenings.

THE CHINESE.—The Chinamen are coming. Mr. Phelps, the contractor of the Athol and Enfield R. R., contemplates putting a gang of the celestials, on his work, in place of the present class of laborers.

"HAY A HACK?" Is the cry at the cars, now. Bates is public spirited enough to furnish passengers a comfortable ride, in a stylish hack, which he has just purchased east. It is the first in Ware, and runs to Horton's Hotel.

STILL ANOTHER.—We understand that another doctor has engaged rooms and will soon open an office in Sandford's Block. Perhaps it may be the same with that profession as with another—the more doctors the more business.

On Wednesday we visited Mr. Marshall's section of the Athol and Enfield R. R., near the residence of Benjamin Phelps. A large force is at work here. Capt. Doolittle is operating nearer Enfield, and the talk of failure in this regard is the merest moonshine.

MASTER CHARLIE P. McManathan of Ware, can produce about the largest egg that was ever laid by a Brahma hen. It measures 9 inches around, from end to end, and 8 inches in circumference. Bring on your pullets and beat this egg, that weighs nearly ten ounces.

It was once a question, whether there was anything "rotten in Denmark." That there is decay and disease on our streets, no one need doubt who will take a stand at the corner of Sanford's block; one of these hot evenings. The stagnant water in the fountain basin, the aroma of Water St., and the filth of Main St., predict cholera and fever. Where is the Hercules to clean our Augean stables?

HIGHWAYS.—There are but few towns in the State of the same valuation that appropriate so much money for the care of highways as Ware, and we are sure there are none in which the roads are in such bad condition. If we had a punishment to inflict on any one, the worst one we know of would be to compel him to ride over our roads at the rate of seven miles an hour. If nothing else can be done, we trust that our surveyors will pick the cobble-stones out of the road.

TOWN MEETING.—We believe there is to be a town meeting soon, and one of the articles will be to see what action the town will take in reference to building a school house in Dist. No. 4. No school can be kept in the present structure without more repairs than the committee think will be advisable. There may be a hesitation on the part of some on account of the law passed during the last session of the legislature allowing towns to return to the old district system. If this meeting is to be a general one, perhaps it would be as well to bring up the matter now, and what will decide who is to build a school house in Dist. No. 4.

POLITICAL.—According to the Springfield Republican there is to be a change in some of the State officials, and Hon. Wm. Hyde is mentioned as an excellent man for the Treasury. Every one who knows Mr. Hyde at all knows him as one of the very best financiers in the State, and there is no man who would better manage the affairs of the treasury than he, and for whom his fellow townsmen would give a more unanimous vote. According to the same authority there will probably be a vacancy in our congressional district, and among the most prominent names for the position we see that of Mr. Stevens mentioned. This part of the district has never been represented in Congress, but with such a man as Mr. Stevens in our midst there can be no doubt that it will be represented ere long, and well represented. If Ware will send to the convention a delegation unanimous for him he will stand an excellent chance for the nomination, and a nomination is equivalent to an election.

A CARD.—Since I have been unfortunately prostrated with a broken limb, I have been very kindly remembered by many friends who have generously contributed in many ways to my comfort. And I desire especially to thank those who have by their generous presentation of me with a beautiful allyd purse, which will be a great assistance to me in my present situation; not forgetting, also, to thank those who have added greatly to my comfort in many ways. Hoping that should misfortunes of any nature fall to the lot of my contributors, or others, I may be able to render them assistance, I remain, your humble servant, L. P. EDWARDS.

Ware, July 12th, 1870.

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STRANGE FEARS OF LIGHTNING.—While a man in Elko, Cal., was recently at work on a telegraph wire, with the end of it in his hand, a flash of lightning struck the line some distance away, instantly split three of the man's fingers, passed up his arm, across his breast and down his side, darting out at his knee, leaving a blackened orifice like a bullet-hole, and plunging into the ground. The man was knocked senseless, but soon recovered, and professed to feel all the better for the little shock. The sensation, he said, was not very painful, but seemed like the pricking of sharp pins.

TOO SMALL FOR HER.—A young man in Nevada had courted a young lady of New England by mail and exchanged photographs. An engagement was made, and the young lady started over the Pacific Railroad, to meet and marry her affianced. On her arrival, however, she promptly declined the alliance, avowing that while his face looked well enough, she "would never marry such a little spud of a fellow as him."

NARROW ESCAPE.—A little daughter of Daniel Gray of Central Falls, R. I., was running across the street on Friday evening, when she stumbled and a stick half an inch wide by a quarter thick with blunt end, was pierced entirely through her throat, protruding five inches at the back. She is getting along nicely.

THAT'S RIGHT.—The laws of Indiana, backed up by a decision of the Supreme Court, place all who participate in the species of gambling usually carried on at church and charity fairs, on the same footing as lottery gamblers. They are liable to heavy penalties—fines and imprisonment.

WELL DONE.—A lady 70 years of age, patriotic to the core, has erected a monument in Union Hill Cemetery, Springfield, Vt., to the memory of the revolutionary soldiers, and paid for it in knitting with her own hands.

Reviews.

Chinese fish—Chopsticks. Texas is filling up by immigration. Warsaw has a sexton 112 years old. An Indiana lady keeps 75 pet cats. New York parks are to be revamped. Putty blowers annoy New York just now. These are the times to try men's skins. Dayton, O., pays a schoolmaster \$1700 a year. Savannah clamors for public drinking fountains. A ten-pound fat frog is a Cincinnati curiosity. A thin person has no occasion to purchase spare ribs.

The Pennsylvania Paper. There are 237 incorporated colleges in the United States.

Seven thousand visitors arrived at Long Branch last week. Delaware will shell out 1,250,000 bushels of peaches this year. James Gordon Bennett is said to be worth \$5,000,000 or \$6,000,000. There is a Gipsy Queen in Indiana who is said to have a \$800 silver tea-kettle. New York used four millions pounds of ice, the other day, and wanted more.

Literary.

GOOD HEALTH for July is received, and is an interesting and instructive number. Its contents are: "Healthful Occupation," "Chinese Method of Breeding and Raising Fish," "The Circulation of the Blood," "On Polio," "Near Sightedness," "Presence of Mind," "On Assimilation," "Tea and Coffee," "Vegetables Better than Nothing," "Snake Bites and their Antidotes," "Swimming," "Treatment of the Apparently Dead," "Intoxication and Reason," and a number of shorter pieces. Published by Alexander Moore, 111 Broomfield St., Boston.

MAGNY'S MUSEUM for July appears with a new and beautiful cover and an enlarged format, about one-third more reading matter being given than formerly. \$1.50 a year. Send for a specimen number. Horace B. Fuller, Publisher, Boston.

RAILLOPS MONTHLY MAGAZINE for August comes promptly to time, freighted with a store of good things in the shape of reading matter. The opening article is a chapter on billiards, and there follows pictures of Havana, and several engravings of interest to the general reader. Among the stories are two son-narrs of the first quality, several for lady readers, two for children, and tales of adventure and daring that all must like. Published by Thomas & Talbot, Boston, and for sale at all the periodical stores at \$1.50 per year, or 15 cents for a single copy.

WORK AND PLAY commences its second half year with the July number. Under the charge of competent corps of editors, this magazine seems destined to rank with the best of our periodicals. Published by Milton Bradley & Co., Springfield.

THE HARPER'S of New York send us their publications regularly, and say complimentary to them would seem superfluous. The Magazine is a standard of solid and elegant literature—not the frothy essays or pungent trade of the "Penny Press," but the weekly details of facts, art and science. While the Weekly and Harper are the indispensable companions of the library and the student's bag. To read these publications is to polish and enlarge one's ideas, cultivate one's best taste, and render agreeable many leisure hours.

A Long Branch belle, named Anne Welsh, dresses eight times a day, and dashes along the beach behind four different teams during each twenty-four hours.

In a scandal trial now in progress in Cincinnati a young man testified that his father spent \$85,000 upon a notorious woman with whom he became infatuated.

A young German in New York was killed the other day by the explosion of a soda water tank which he had over-charged with carbonic acid.

A man in Rumford, Me., has a dog that produces a fleece six inches long every year. The material is said to make mittens that wear like iron.

The little town of Holyoke, by way of celebrating the Fourth of July, furnished to the country five new embryo citizens on that day.

The Amherst College Campus has been endowed with a college of bells, which is said to be the only college of bells in the state.

MARRIED ladies, under all circumstances, will find Parson's Purgative Pills, safe, and in all cases a mild cathartic. They cause no griping pains or cramp.

The attention of our readers is directed to the advertisement of COE'S DYSPEPSIA CURE, in another part of this paper.

This truly valuable medicine is recommended by all who use it. Read the certificates.

A FACT worth remembering—Five cents' worth of Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders, given to a horse twice a week, will save double that amount in grain, and the horse will be fatter, sleeker, and every way worth more money than though he did not have them.

The blood owes its red color to minute globules which float in that fluid, and contain, in a healthy person, a large amount of iron, which gives vitality to the blood. Sheridan's Syrup supplies the blood with this vital element, and gives strength and vigor to the whole system.

"THERE was a frog who lived in a spring." He caught such a cold that he could not sing. Poor, unfortunate Batrachian! In what a miserable plight he must have been. And yet his misfortune was one that often befalls singers. Many a once tuneful voice, among those who belong to the "genus homo" is utterly spoiled by "cold in the head," or on the lungs, or on both combined. For the above mentioned "croakers" we are not aware that any remedy was ever devised; but we rejoice to know that all human singers may keep their heads clear and their throats in tune by a timely use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, and Dr. Pierce's Alt. Ext. or Golden Medical Discovery, both of which are sold by druggists.

Coughs, Influenza, Sore Throat, Colds, Whooping-Cough, Croup, Liver Complaint, Bronchitis, Asthma, Bleeding of the Lungs, and every affection of the Throat, Lungs and Chest, are speedily and permanently cured by the use of WISTAR'S BALM OF WILD CHERRY.

This well-known preparation does not dry up a cough and leave the cause behind, as is the case with most medicines, but it loosens and cleanses the lungs and allays irritation, thus removing the cause of the complaint.

CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED by a timely resort to this standard remedy, as is proved by hundreds of testimonials received by the proprietors. Prepared by SETH W. FOWLE & SON, Boston; and sold by druggists generally.

Piles! Piles! Piles!—Outward applications are a money-wasting cure. The only permanent cure is DR. HARRISON'S PILEMATIC LOZENGES. They strike at the cause. They are pleasant, nor, like all pills, do they require use of force. They are exactly suited to obviate constiveness—the cause of ill health. For sale by J. H. COE & CO., Proprietors, by WOOD & ALLEN, Palmer, and by all druggists. Mailed for 60 cents. Jyl

Twenty-seven Years' Practice in the Treatment of Diseases incident to Females. This plan of practice is a specialty, and enables him to guarantee a speedy and permanent cure in the worst cases of Suppression and all other Menstrual Disorders, from whatever cause. All letters for engagements must contain \$1. Office, No. 9 Endicott St., Boston.

Dr. J. B. Board furnished to those desiring to read his practice.

CASE of a Female in Delicate Health.—Dr. J. B. Board, Physician and Surgeon, No. 7 Endicott Street, Boston, is consulted daily for all diseases incident to the Female System. Prolapsus Uteri or Indent of the Cervix, Suppression and other Menstrual Disorders, &c., all treated on new pathological principles, and speedily cured. This new mode of treatment, that most obstinate complaints yield under it, and the afflicted person soon rejoices in perfect health.

Dr. Board has no doubt had greater experience in the cure of diseases of women than any other physician in Boston.

Residing accommodations for patients who may wish to stay in Boston a few days under his treatment.

Dr. Board, since 1845, having completed his whole attention to an office practice for the cure of Private Diseases and Female Complaints, he can guarantee superior in the United States.

Dr. Board—All letters must contain one dollar, or they will not be answered.

Office hours from 9 A. M. to 9 P. M.

Boston, Sept. 1, 1870. 1y

Job Moses' Sir James Clarke's Female Pills.—These invaluable pills are unfailing in the cure of all those painful and dangerous diseases to which the female constitution is subject. They moderate all excesses and remove all obstructions, from whatever cause.

TO MARRIED LADIES.—They are perfectly suited. They will, in a short time, bring on the monthly period with regularity, and although very powerful, contain nothing hurtful to the constitution. In all cases of Nervous Debility, Fatigue on slight exertion, Palpitation of the Heart, Hysterics and Whites, which the remedies when all other means have failed. The pamphlet around each package has full directions and advice, or will be sent free to all writing for it, sealed from observation.

Job Moses' Sir James Clarke's Female Pills are extensively counterfeited. The genuine have the name of "JOB MOSES" on each package. All others are worthless.

CONSUMPTION.—The three remedies "SCHEENCK'S PULMONIC SYRUP" for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, and every form of Consumption. The peculiar action of this medicine ripens the mucus in the lungs, promotes the discharge of the expectorated matter by expectoration, purifies the blood, and thus cures Consumption, when every other remedy fails.

"SCHEENCK'S TONIC" for the cure of Dyspepsia or Indigestion, and all diseases arising from debility. This tonic invigorates the digestive organs, sets the place of the gastric secretions, and enables the patient to digest the most nutritious food. It is a sovereign remedy for all cases of Indigestion.

"SCHEENCK'S MANLY PILLS," one of the most valuable remedies ever discovered, being a vegetable substitute for calomel, and having all the useful properties ascribed to that mineral, without producing any of its injurious effects.

To these three medicines, Dr. J. H. Scheenck, of Philadelphia, owes his unrivaled success in the treatment of Pulmonary Consumption. The Pulmonic Syrup ripens the morbid matter, discharges it from the lungs, and restores the system to health, and purifies the blood. The Manly Pills act upon the liver, remove all obstructions therefrom, give the organ a healthy tone, and cure Liver Complaint, which is one of the most prominent causes of Consumption. The Scurvy Tonic invigorates the digestive organs, and by strengthening the digestion and bringing it to a normal healthy condition, improves the formation of tissues or blood, by which means the formation of tubercles in the lungs becomes impossible. The combined action of these medicines, as this combination is used in time, and the use of them is persevered in sufficiently to bring the case to a favorable termination.

Dr. Scheenck's Almanac, containing a full treatise on the various forms of disease, his mode of treatment, and general directions how to use his medicines, can be had gratis or sent by mail by addressing his principal office, No. 15 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Price of the Pulmonic Syrup and Scurvy Tonic, each \$1.50 per bottle, or \$7.50 a half dozen. Manly Pills, 25 cents per box. For sale by all druggists and dealers.

BORN.

At Brookline, 10th, a son (Edward Freeman) to F. C. FREEMAN.

DIED.

At Palmer, 8th, SAMUEL SHAW, 89.

At the residence of her parents, in Ware, 13th, JULIA E., wife of Wm. Watson, of Hillsboro, Ill.

In Ware, 5th, Mrs. CHARLOTTE B. STEARNS, 80.

At Hillsboro, 10th, Col. J. H. LATHROP LEACH, 59.

At Springfield, 10th, JOSEPH HOOKER, 74.

At Stafford, Ct., SAMUEL ROSS, 50.

C. HITCHCOCK, Groceries, Dry Goods, Flour, &c., Ware.

REMINDER.

To Debilitated Persons, To Dyspeptics, To Sufferers from Liver Complaint, To those having no Appetite, To those with Broken Down Constitutions, To Nervous People, To Children Wasting Away, To any with Debilitated Digestive Organs.

Or suffering with any of the following Symptoms, which indicate Disordered Liver or Stomach, such as Constipation, Headache, Bile, or Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fullness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructs, or Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a Lying Posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Pains in the Head, Difficulty of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Adhesions, or Swelling of the Liver, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginations of Evil, and Great Depression of Spirits.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS

A Bitters without Alcohol or Spirits of any kind, Is different from all others. It is composed of the purest and most valuable ingredients, and is a most powerful and effective remedy for all the above mentioned ailments. It is a most valuable and effective remedy for all the above mentioned ailments. It is a most valuable and effective remedy for all the above mentioned ailments.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC

Will cure every case of MARASMUS, Or Wasting Away of the Body.

Are the medicines you require to purify the Blood, excite the torpid Liver to healthy action, and to enable you to pass safely through any hardships or exposure.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN REMEDIES

Are the medicines you require to purify the Blood, excite the torpid Liver to healthy action, and to enable you to pass safely through any hardships or exposure.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS

Are the medicines you require to purify the Blood, excite the torpid Liver to healthy action, and to enable you to pass safely through any hardships or exposure.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC

Will cure every case of MARASMUS, Or Wasting Away of the Body.

Are the medicines you require to purify the Blood, excite the torpid Liver to healthy action, and to enable you to pass safely through any hardships or exposure.

H. H. BARTLETT & CO'S COLUMN.

LAWRENCE BLOCK, PALMER, MASS.

FIRST ANNUAL CLEARING OUT SALE

DRY GOODS!

SPECIAL SALE OF SUMMER GOODS.

LIVE STORE AND FRESH GOODS!

WE HAVE A COUNTER ESPECIALLY FOR SUMMER GOODS.

GROCERIES.

ROOTS & SHOES!

CROCKERY.

YANKEE NOTIONS

H. H. BARTLETT & CO'S.

MONEY CANNOT BUY IT!

FOR SIGHT IS PRICELESS!

BUT THE DIAMOND SPECTACLES WILL PRESERVE IT.

THE DIAMOND SPECTACLES

THE SCIENTIFIC PRINCIPLE

W. H. CLARK, PALMER, MASS.

CHAS. B. FISK & CO.,

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

PALMER SAVINGS BANK,

TO THE PEOPLE OF PALMER, MONSON AND NEIGHBORING TOWNS.

THE NEW METHOD!

ALL THE POPULAR STYLES OF PICTURES!

STEREOSCOPES AND STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS!

DENNISON'S PATENT TAGS AND SHIPPING CARDS.

LADIES, TAKE NOTICE!

HERMAN BERGER IS COMING!

LARGE STOCK OF GOODS

WAIT! WAIT! DO WAIT!

JUST RECEIVED!

TURNER'S TIC DOUBLOUREUX.

UNIVERSAL NEURALGIA PILL.

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!!

FANCY GOODS STORE in JOURNAL BLOCK

AD. BRIGGS & CO.

GOLD COUPONS

FOR SALE!

BOOK BINDING.

HOLD ON.—Hold on to your tongue when you are just ready to swear, or to speak harshly, or use any improper word.

HOLD ON TO YOUR HAND when you are about to strike, or do anything wrong.

HOLD ON TO YOUR FEET when you are on the point of running away from study, or pursuing the paths of error, shame or crime.

HOLD ON TO YOUR VIRTUE—It is above all price, at all times and in all places.

HOLD ON TO YOUR GOOD CHARACTER, for it is now, and ever will be your best wealth.

HOLD ON TO YOUR GOOD NAME at all times, for it is much more valuable to you than gold, high places or fashionable attire.

HOLD ON TO THE TRUTH, for it will serve you well, and do you good throughout eternity.

EXCUSE FOR ME.—"What do you do without a mother to tell all your troubles to?" asked a child who had a mother of one who had not; her mother was dead.

"Mother told me whom to go to, before she died," answered the orphan. "I go to the Lord Jesus; He was my mother's friend, and He is mine."

"Jesus Christ is up in the sky; He is away off, and has a great many things to attend to in heaven. It is not likely He can stop to mind you."

"I do not know anything about that," said the orphan; "all I know is that He says He will, and that's enough for me."

Pat was helping Mr. Blank to get a safe into his office, and not being acquainted with that article, asked what it was for.

"To prevent papers and other articles which are placed in it from being burnt in case of fire," said Mr. B.

"An' sure, will nothing ever burn that is put in that thing?"

"No."

"Well, then, your honor, you'd better be after getting into that same thing when ye die."

Mr. Blank "wilted."

A kind-hearted Bostonian slipped a \$10 bill into the hand of a bereaved lady, whose husband, his friend, had just died, leaving her not much of this world's goods.

And the kind-hearted Bostonian, as we soon learned, thereby greatly contributed to the bereaved widow's comfort, for therewith she was able to buy "a love of a cent" to wear beneath her widow's cap at the funeral.

A sea-captain trading regularly to the coast of Africa was invited to meet a committee of a society for the evangelization of Africa. He was asked, among numerous questions, touching the habits and religion of the African races, "Do the subjects of the King of Dahomey keep Sunday?"

"Keep Sunday?" he replied; "yes, and everything they can lay their hands on."

Napoleon used to say:—"Strange as it may appear, when I want any good hard work done, I choose a man, provided his education has been suitable, with a long nose. His breathing is bold and free, his brains, as well as his lungs and heart, cool and clear. In my observation of men, I have almost invariably found a long nose and a long head together."

Faith and works were well illustrated by a venturesome little six-year-old boy who ran into the forest after a team and rode home upon the load of wood. When asked by his mother if he was not frightened when the team came down a very steep hill, he said, "Yes, a little, but I asked the Lord to help me, and hung on like a beater."

A teacher wishing to explain to a little girl the manner in which a lobster casts its shell when it has outgrown it, said: "What do you do when you have outgrown your clothes? You throw them aside, don't you?" "Oh, no," replied the little one, "we let out the ticks."

Said a youngster in high glee, displaying his purchases to a bosom friend on the sidewalk: "Two cocoanuts for ten cents! That will make me sick to-morrow; and I won't have to go to school."

During the past six months 6,972, 480 pairs of shoes, valued at over ten million dollars, have been manufactured and shipped from Lynn.

The seeds of love can never grow but under the warm and genial influence of kind feelings and affectionate manners.

The snail man knows nothing of the enjoyment of doing good.

The Bible is the only book that people don't borrow from you.

Jonah had a nautical education. He was brought up by a whale.

Every Cardinal is now in Rome except the cardinal virtues.

"Dirt, Death and the Devil" is a western lecturer's theme.

He who has to deal with a block-head, has need of much brains.

A paying young man is much better than a promising one.

A beautiful extract—helping a young lady out of a mud-hole.

Why is a key like a hospital? Because it's full of wards.

An orator without judgment is like a horse without a bridle.

A friend at a pinch—One who shares his snuff box with you.

Flush money—the price of the family cradle.

INDIANAPOLIS, BLOOMINGTON, AND WESTERN RAILWAY. SEVEN PER CENT. GOLD LOAN.

The bonds are in denominations of \$1,000 each secured by a first mortgage on 320 miles of road, from Indianapolis, the largest city and most important railroad centre in the State of Indiana, to the city of Pekin in Illinois.

ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY MILES of the Lines are now in full operation, and equipped with New, First-Class Rolling Stock, consisting of 25 Passenger Coaches, 17 Baggage and Express Cars, 750 Box, Stock and Flat Cars, and more will be added as the wants of the road require. The earnings of the road are already GREATLY IN EXCESS OF THE INTEREST ON THE WHOLE ISSUE OF BONDS. The balance, twenty-five miles of the division in Indiana, is nearly all graded, with all the iron on hand, and will be completed without delay.

There are thirty-six depots on the line, located in cities and towns that contain, in the aggregate, a population of one hundred and ninety thousand, averaging over 200 to each square mile, within a radius of half a mile of the track; and within twenty miles of the track, there is a population of about six hundred thousand.

It passes through the counties of Marion, Hendricks, Montgomery, Fountain, Warren and Vermillion, in the State of Indiana, and Vermillion, Champagne, De Witt, Pike, McLean and Tazewell counties, in Illinois, on the line of the old and great State road which was laid out in the best portion of the State before the time of the railroads, was then the main line of Western travel, and consequently became more thickly settled than other sections of the West. As the numerous cities, large villages, and products of these counties demonstrate.

Besides the large agricultural productions of this section, the manufacturing interest is very extensive in the large towns, and is rapidly increasing.

The coal mines at Danville on this line are extensively and profitably worked, and furnish BUSINESS FOR OVER THREE HUNDRED CAR COALS on this line at present, and MORE THAN TWENTY THOUSAT TONS WILL BE REQUIRED TO CARRY COAL on completion of the remaining link.

From the present earnings on 180 miles it is safe to assume that the LOCAL BUSINESS ALONE WILL BE AMPLIFIED NOT ONLY TO PAY THE BONDED DEBT, BUT LARGE DIVIDENDS ON THE STOCK.

In addition to the population and wealth of the country, and all that is necessary to support a first class road, and make it a profitable investment through local traffic, it forms a grand central trunk line for through business, not surpassed by any road of equal length in the West.

At Indianapolis it connects by main lines with the cities of Columbus, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, and with the Pennsylvania Central Railroad, and the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. At Pekin, the western terminus, connections are made with Peoria, Quincy, Keokuk, Burlington and Quincy, and the Chicago and North Western Central Road, which runs northwest 600 miles to Fort Dodge, Iowa. A very large business will be done with this line. At Danville it connects by rail with Toledo on Lake Erie. A map will show all these to be very important connections in making through lines over this route.

The loan is placed beyond any contingency by present earnings from local traffic on One Hundred and Eighty Miles, which must necessarily be doubled when the train run through.

THE BONDS ARE CONVERTIBLE at the option of the holder into stock at any time, and are registered at the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company it desired.

COUPONS PAYABLE APRIL AND OCTOBER, FREE OF TAX.

TOTAL ISSUE \$5,000,000—\$2,000,000 of which are placed in trust with the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company to redeem and cancel \$2,000,000 bonds issued to the Danville, Indiana, Bloomington, and Pekin Railroad, now merged into this road, making the loan only \$3,000,000, OVER HALF OF WHICH HAS BEEN SOLD IN EUROPE AND THIS MARKET. The balance we offer at 90 and ACCRUED INTEREST. At this low price the Bonds, being so amply secured, will be quickly marketed.

We have been thoroughly posted in regard to the road from the start, have closely inspected it from time to time during construction, and being familiar with the wealth and resources of the country, the responsibility and integrity of the officers and directors of the Company and the present earnings of the road, it is with pleasure that we RECOMMEND THE BONDS AS THE SAFEST AND MOST PROFITABLE INVESTMENT IN THE MARKET, sure of a high standard among the best railroad securities in the country.

All marketable securities received in exchange at market rates. Bonds delivered to all points, FREE OF EXPRESS CHARGES.

TURNER BROTHERS, BANKERS,
NO. 14 NASSAU STREET,
New York, July 9th, 1870. 4w

**DUNSTER'S LONDON DOCK
GIN.**
The purest and best GIN made in the world. Specially recommended by eminent physicians in England for

KIDNEY COMPLAINTS.
Imported and Bottled only by

C. A. RICHARDS & CO.,
50 WASHINGTON STREET,
And sold by them to Apothecaries and Druggists.
June 11 1y

REED ORGAN COMPANION.
New Collection of Popular Instrumental and Vocal Music, Marches, Waltzes, Polkas, Operatic Gems, Songs, Ballads, &c., arranged expressly for Cabinet Organs.

Preceded by a Fresh and Easy Course of Instruction.
BY WM. H. CLARKE,
Author of "New Method for Reed Organs."
Price \$2.00. Sent post-paid, on receipt of retail price.

OLIVER H. DITSON & CO., Boston.
CHAS. H. DITSON, New York.

CITY MARBLE WORKS.
H. K. COOLEY,
Manufacturer and dealer in MONUMENTS, GRAVE STONES, MANTELS, and Marble Work for Plumbers and Furniture Dealers.

189½ MAIN ST., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
Entrance North side of First Baptist Church.
May 14 1y

WANTED. AGENTS.—To sell the HOME SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINE. Price \$25. It makes the "Lock Stitch" (like on the best made), and is the only licensed under the name of the Home Shuttle Sewing Machine sold by Wheeler & Wilson, Grover & Baker, Singer & Co. All other unlicensed shuttle machines sold for less than \$50 are infringements, and the seller is liable to prosecution. Address JOHN H. CLARK & CO., Boston, Mass., Pittsburgh, Pa., Chicago, Ill., or St. Louis, Mo. 1y 3m

J. K. WARREN, M. D.,
HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
At JAMES GAMWELL'S,
PALMER, MASS.
April 20th, 1870. 1y

NEW FISH MARKET.—Joshua Lewis has opened the fish market under Sheldon's, and will serve to order all varieties of Fresh, Dried and Salt Fish, in season. Families supplied from the cart, which will take orders and deliver. A share of patronage is solicited.
Ware, June 1, 1870. 3m

AGENTS WANTED.—(\$10 PER DAY) FOR THE AMERICAN KNITTING MACHINE
60½, Boston, Mass., or St. Louis, Mo. 1y 3m

AGENTS WANTED! A RICH FIELD! A NOBLE WORK!

**THE NEW PICTORIAL
FAMILY BIBLE.**
WITH OVER 1000 ILLUSTRATIONS!
50,000 REFERENCES,
A FAMILY RECORD,
AND FAMILY ALBUM.

THIS GREAT WORK contains a storehouse of information that can only reach the mind through the eye. Its illustrations carry one back to the most important era of the world, and are of themselves a comprehensive review of the Scriptures, representing the most interesting Views, Characters, Symbols, Historical Events, Landscapes, Scenes, Antiquities, Costumes, &c., &c. They attract the eye, correct erroneous impressions, awaken new thoughts, and furnish clearer Views of Divine Truth. As a help to parents, ministers, and Sabbath-school teachers in fulfilling the duties of their separate and high vocations—and to all others to whom immortal souls are intrusted—this splendid pictorial volume cannot be overestimated. It is this

**BEST EDITION FOR THE FAMILY,
MOST VALUABLE FOR THE STUDENT,
MOST INSTRUCTIVE FOR THE TEACHER,
MOST APPROPRIATE FOR THE CHILD,
MOST USEFUL FOR THE MINISTER,
MOST INTERESTING FOR THE FARMER,
MOST ELEGANT FOR THE PARLOR,
MOST PROFITABLE FOR THE STUDY.**

THE PICTORIAL FAMILY BIBLE contains a unusually large range of Statistical, Tabular, Chronological, and Genealogical matter. It is printed on excellent paper, from clear and open type, in one large and handsome quarto volume, and is bound in the most durable and attractive manner, while the prices are sufficiently low to place it within everybody's reach.

EXPERIENCED AGENTS wanted throughout the country for its sale, with whom liberal arrangements will be made. An opportunity of equal promise is rarely or never presented.

**MINISTERS, TEACHERS, STUDENTS,
FARMERS, YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN.**—Those who would meet with the most profitable of all employment are invited to correspond with us with a view to an agency. Not a few such are now averaging from \$500 to \$1000 annual profit in its sale. There is a great want for the book and a rich field offered, while it will elevate the spiritual condition of the people and awaken conversations upon its beautiful and eternal truths.

CANVASSERS ON THE NUMBER PLAN will be furnished the work in about fifty parts, at 25 cents each—a handsome illustration to accompany each part. This plan is very popular in cities.

AGENTS ON THE INSTALLMENT PLAN will be furnished the work in five bindings. This is also quite popular and profitable in cities and large towns.

We are also the publishers of POTTER'S STANDARD EDITIONS of Family, Pulpit, Pocket, and Photograph Bibles and Testaments—more than two hundred different styles—so well known everywhere for their accuracy of text, beauty of finish and durability of binding. Always ask for Potter's Standard Editions, and get the best. Catalogues containing styles and prices furnished on application.

For circulars containing a full description of THE PICTORIAL FAMILY BIBLE, and terms to Agents, EFFICIENT—desiderata of all classes of Agents, apply to

JOHN E. POTTER & CO.,
Publishers,
614 AND 617 SANSON STREET,
PHILADELPHIA,
may 28 3m

MILLINERY!
Having decided to remain in PALMER another season, I take this occasion to return my acknowledgments to the public for the liberal encouragement hitherto received; and having just returned from New York with all the

NEW AND DESIRABLE STYLES!
would respectfully call their attention to my stock of

**BONNETS AND HATS
OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS!**
AT PRICES WHICH MUST SUIT.

RIBBONS, LACES, FLOWERS, &c.,
AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES! A full line of

FANCY GOODS!
COLLARS AND CUFFS,
LACE AND MUSLIN EDGING,
CAMBRIC BANDS,
BUTTONS, BRAIDS, VELVET RIBBONS, APRONS,
CORSETS, &c., &c.

Palmer, May 7th, 1870. MRS. S. WHITMAN. 1y

**NATURE'S
HAIR RESTORATIVE.**
Contains No LAC SULPHUR—No SUGAR OF LEAD—No LITHARGE—No NITRATE OF SILVER, and is entirely

free from poisonous and health-destroying drugs used in other Hair Preparations.

Transparent and clear as crystal, it will not soil the finest fabric—perfectly SAFE, CLEAN, and

restores the hair from falling off, and restores it to a great extent when prematurely lost, prevents dandruff, cures all humors, cutaneous eruptions, and unnatural heat.

Prepared only by PROCTOR BROTHERS, Gloucester, Mass. The Genuine is put up in a glass bottle, made expressly for it, with the name of the article blown in the glass. Ask your druggist for Nature's Hair Restorative, and take no other.

For sale by WOOD & ALLEN, Palmer.

LUMBER FOR SALE AT HENRY GLEASON'S Mill, North Dana, 30,000 FEET HARD PINE INCH BOARDS, 40,000 FEET HARD PINE TWO INCH BOARDS, 40,000 FEET HARD PINE THREE INCH BOARDS, 40,000 FEET HARD PINE FOUR INCH BOARDS, 40,000 FEET HARD PINE FIVE INCH BOARDS, 40,000 FEET HARD PINE SIX INCH BOARDS, 40,000 FEET HARD PINE SEVEN INCH BOARDS, 40,000 FEET HARD PINE EIGHT INCH BOARDS, 40,000 FEET HARD PINE NINE INCH BOARDS, 40,000 FEET HARD PINE TEN INCH BOARDS, 40,000 FEET HARD PINE ELEVEN INCH BOARDS, 40,000 FEET HARD PINE TWELVE INCH BOARDS, 40,000 FEET HARD PINE THIRTEEN INCH BOARDS, 40,000 FEET HARD PINE FOURTEEN INCH BOARDS, 40,000 FEET HARD PINE FIFTEEN INCH BOARDS, 40,000 FEET HARD PINE SIXTEEN INCH BOARDS, 40,000 FEET HARD PINE SEVENTEEN INCH BOARDS, 40,000 FEET HARD PINE EIGHTEEN INCH BOARDS, 40,000 FEET HARD PINE NINETEEN INCH BOARDS, 40,000 FEET HARD PINE TWENTY INCH BOARDS, 40,000 FEET HARD PINE TWENTY ONE INCH BOARDS, 40,000 FEET HARD PINE TWENTY TWO INCH BOARDS, 40,000 FEET HARD PINE 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G. M. FISK. C. B. FISK.

The Whistler.

"You have heard," said a youth to his sweetheart, who stood while he sat on a corn-sheaf, at daylight's decline—
"You have heard of the Danish boy's whistle of wood?
I wish that that Danish boy's whistle was mine!"
"And what would you do with it? Tell me, she said,
While an arch smile played over her beautiful face.
"I would blow it," he answered, "and then my fair maid
Would fly to my side and would there take her place."
"Is that all you want it for? That may be yours
Without any magic," the fair maiden cried;
"A favor so slight one's good-nature secures."
And she playfully seated herself by his side.
"I would blow it again," said the youth, "and the charm
Would work so that not even modesty's cheek
Would be able to keep from my neck your fine arm."
She smiled as she placed her fair arm round his neck.
"Yet once more would I blow, and the music divine
Would bring me a third time an exquisite bliss;
You would lay your fair cheek to this brown one
Of mine,
And your lips stealing past it would give me a kiss."
The maiden laughed out in her innocent glee—
"What a fool of yourself with the whistle you'd make!
For only consider how silly 'twould be
To sit there and whistle for what you might take."

A GUESS FOR LIFE.

A volume could be filled with the strange delusions entertained by madmen—the remarkable pertinacity and cunning they display in carrying out the whims of their disordered minds. In their wild freaks mania frequently evince a method in their planning, and adroitness and coolness that would do credit to the shrewdest sane person. We give below a thrilling incident which actually occurred as related, one of the parties to it having been a prominent army officer:

When my regiment was mustered out of the service, I bade adieu to my old comrades and to the army and opened an office in the flourishing town of L—

As I was starting for the supper table on the evening of the third day of my arrival the office bell rang violently, and the boy came in and said that a man wanted to see the doctor.

The visitor was standing by the fire when I entered. He was a tall, powerful man—a perfect giant compared to my five feet six; and his great and bushy black hair and whiskers were well fitted to his monstrous form.

"If you are at liberty, doctor, please come with me. It is but a few steps, and you will not need a carriage."

I put on my coat and hat and followed him. It was my first call in L—, and I fondly hoped that it was the forerunner of many others.

This man strode on ahead of me all the time, notwithstanding my endeavors to keep at his side, and spoke not a word, not even answering my questions.

Stopping before a substantial looking residence on one of the principal streets, he applied the latch key, and let us into a pleasant little room on the second floor (a study I thought), hung above with good paintings and elegant chromos, and lined with books of every name.

"Take a seat, doctor; I will step out a moment. Take this chair by the fire; it's a bitter cold night."

The chair was a great bulky thing, but exceedingly comfortable. I threw my feet upon the fender, and leaned back upon the cushion, very well satisfied to warm a little before seeing the patient.

I heard the man approach the door, which was directly back of where I sat, and heard the door open and close again. I supposed he had gone out, but did not look round to see. Indeed I had no time, for a stout cord was thrown over my wrists and around my breast, and a handkerchief bound over my mouth so quickly that I could not prevent it.

When I was perfectly secure my conductor stepped in front of me and looked with much interest at my vain attempts to free myself.

"Good stout cord, isn't it?" he asked. "It has never been broken, and many a stouter man than you has tried it. There now, be quiet a while and I will tell you what I want."

He went to a cabinet that stood in the corner of the room, and taking a long, wicked looking knife from one of the drawers, ran his thumb over the edge, and felt the point, all the time talking in the most commonplace manner imaginable.

"I have studied the art of guessing for years," he said. "I can guess anything; that is my guessing chair that you are in

now, and I take great pleasure in imparting my knowledge to others. This is what I want of you to-night. I did not intend to make you guess that, but I have thought of something better."

He had become satisfied with the edge and point of the knife, and paced up and down the room, giving me a full history of the world, interspersed with facts relative to the art of guessing, at which time he always stopped in front of me.

"Did you ever study it, doctor? I know you haven't. I am the only one that ever reduced it to science. I have devoted my whole time to it, and now I am about to initiate you into its mysteries if you are worthy."

He was standing before me so very calm, that I did not think that he intended to harm me; but when I looked into his eyes, burning with the fire of insanity, I felt that my situation was desperate indeed.

"I must test you," he said. "I must see whether you are naturally gifted or not before I waste much time with you. If I remove the handkerchief will you answer my questions?" I nodded in the affirmative and he removed it.

"Now my dear doctor, you are an entire stranger to me. Without doubt you have often heard of me, but it would be a hard task to distinguish my name from all other great men of the time. You guess it, doctor. What is it?"

"Guess! guess!" he screamed. "If you fail it will be your last guess in this world."

I dared not cry out; the knife was too near. I could not escape, for the strong cords bound me to a chair I could not lift, and I could not lie there and lose my life. What could I do!

"It is a very hard guess, and I will give you three minutes to answer it," said he.

I summoned all my courage—which had never yet failed me even in the awful hour of battle—and looking him steadily in the eye, said:

"I know you, sir; so where is the use of guessing? I have seen you on the battlefield marshaling your host to victory. I have seen you cut down a score of men, with one single arm. I have seen you put to flight a whole battalion. I know you—everybody knows you. Your name is in my mouth."

I remembered what he said about leaving his veterans, and had tried this harangue to divert him. I paused to mark the effect.

"Yes!—yes, doctor! but what is it? Thirty seconds?" he exclaimed again.

Great God! What would I not have given for a clue to that madman's fancy! Thirty seconds, and how short a second is! The knife was raised higher, that it might gain momentum by the distance. His body was braced for the stroke, his eye on the mark.

"Ten seconds more! What is it?"

There was one hope left me, and that was to guess. I felt that he considered himself some great man; as he had spoken of veterans, some great military chieftain. I thought of our own heroes, and the names of many of them were upon my lips, but I dared not utter them. It was the greatest chance game that I had ever played—my life depended on the guessing of a name. I thought of all the European Generals, but cast them aside again, and came back to our side of the water again.

"Two seconds!"—screamed the lunatic.

Without a thought, almost without a volition, I spoke a name, breathing a prayer that it might be the right one.

"Right," said the madman, throwing aside his knife, and undoing the cords that held me. "I was mistaken in you, doctor. You have true genius; come at this hour every evening and I will teach you the beautiful art—the way to immortal fame."

As I arose from my chair, weak and trembling, the door opened softly and four strong men entered and secured the maniac. I started for home well pleased that I had got through with my first guessing lesson, and fervently hoped that I should never be called upon to take another.

A SMALL AUDIENCE.—One of the Saviour's most delightful discourses, second only to the sermon on the Mount, is that delivered at Jacob's well to but one listener—and that one a poor, despised Samaritan woman. It encourages the heart of a minister, of course, to be able to preach to multitudes—often it fosters vanity and pride. But let him not count it condescension, when the occasion calls for it, to speak the truths of the Gospel to a solitary listener, or to "two or three," gathered together in the name of Jesus. For, he that converteth but one sinner from the error of his way, saves a soul from death, and hides a multitude of sins.

A lady, in reply to some guests who praised the mutton on her table, said, "Oh, yes; my husband always buys the best; he is a great epicure."

The man who "took a walk" the other day brought it back again; but the next day he "took a ride," and has not since been heard of.

A PRETTY GIRL'S WORK.

About three years ago, a sun of fairer omen shone upon a wedding in the little town of Hamilton, Ohio. The happy pair were a young man of high connections, unblemished character, and some artistic attainments, and a young lady from one of the most respectable families in a neighboring town. Every circumstance of the union, as is so often the case, gave promise of harmony and happiness for the lives united; the husband was in thriving business, the wife was fair, devoted, and an admirable housekeeper, and the friends of both predicted for them that, long should they live, happy should they be, blessed with content, and from misfortune free. Such, indeed, might have been their enviable destiny, but for a pretty girl. In the second year of the marriage, there came to Hamilton, apparently in quest of employment, one of those beautiful, homeless, young natural sinners who seem to drift everywhere about the world for the profanation of happy homes. She drifted into the lives of the two mated ones introduced above, and with no more effort than such tempers generally seem to make, caught the husband's heart and wove an inextricable web around it. The wife blushed herself to the unhappy event so long as she could; hoping against hope for the man's final strength to break from the spell cast over him, but, at last, wounded honor and affection could be silent no longer, and the wife spoke to her husband as it was her right. The accused made no denial of his infatuation; he said that he could not help it; that he must leave the place or be lost. Willing to both aid in the rescue and forgive the captivity, the wife proposed that they should move to St. Louis, thus resisting the temptation by flying from it. Quick consent was given by the bewitched husband, and they removed to the great city. Shortly after settling there, the wife, while on a "shopping" excursion, saw in the street the girl from whom she had once withdrawn, as she hoped, forever. Rendered miserable and suspicious by the circumstance, she followed her enemy to a house in a side street, where, at the door, stood the traitor husband, waiting! Without hesitation, the wife darted to the side of the abashed man, silently caught his arm, and fairly compelled him to go with her into the building, which she whom she pursued had just entered. Following the girl from Hamilton into a room, she led her husband forward and said, "You have made this man a traitor to himself and his God; you have broken my heart and destroyed a happy home. My husband thinks too much of you to care for me, and I now solemnly relinquish to you all my claim upon him, and bid you both good-bye, forever." Without another word or look she hurried from the house, and before the day was over had left the city; not to seek the only consolation that the betrayed and wretched man knew, in the silent sympathy of old friends and a life of humble resignation before God; not to plunge madly through death's momentary darkness and forgetfulness into an eternity of divine wrath; but to fly to another city, and there deliberately enter upon a career as degraded as her whole former life had been noble! There she is now; beyond hope, beyond help, because she still loves her ruined husband, and believing that his soul is lost, chooses rather to be with him hereafter in perdition than without him in Heaven.

SPICY.—There was a knot of sea captains in a store at Honolulu, the keeper of which had just bought a barrel of black pepper. Old Captain —, of Salem, came in, and seeing the pepper took up a handful of it.

"What did you buy such stuff as that for?" said he to the storekeeper; "it's half peas."

"Peas!" replied the storekeeper, "there isn't a pea in it."

Taking up a handful as he spoke, he appealed to the company. They all looked at it, and plunged their hands into the barrel, and bit a kernel or so, and then gave it their universal opinion that there wasn't a pea in it.

"I tell ye there is," said the old captain, again scooping up a handful, "and I'll bet a dollar on it."

The old Boston argument all over the world. They took him up.

"Well," said he, "spell that," pointing to the word "P-e-p-p-e-r," painted on the side of the barrel. "If that isn't half 'peas' then I'm no judge, that's all."

The bet was paid.

A USEFUL GUIDE.—Stick two pins into a sheet of paper, four inches apart. Take a string that will not stretch, ten inches long, and tie the ends together, at the knot hold a pencil with the point on the paper. Move the string around the pins—keeping the string taut against them. The pencil marks on the paper will be a true oval. If you want the oval flattened shorten the string, if more in the form of a circle lengthen it. This rule is very convenient to be used when framing pictures and hair or fancy wreaths, or for decoration on public occasions.

Take the world easy, but be careful lest by the world you be easily taken.

THE ENCHANTED MOUNTAINS.

In one of the north-eastern counties of Georgia is a natural curiosity, called, from Indian tradition, the Enchanted Mountain.

The mountain is not large, and there is nothing remarkable about it until you get on the top, when human tracks, or impressions in the solid rock, which appear to be human tracks, are seen. How these almost human tracks came to be impressed on the rock of this mountain is one of the many mysteries of this mysterious land of ours. There were a great many traditions among the Indians in regard to this mountain, but none of them are satisfactory, and it probably never will be known who it was that left his track upon the summit of the Enchanted Mountain. One of the Indian traditions is curious, for it shows that they had a vague idea of Noah's flood before the advent of the white man. The story has been handed down among the aborigines that it was the landing place of the great canoe, after the deluge, and the tracks were made by the people in the canoe, as they stepped upon the rocks, which had been made soft by the long inundation.

One of the tracks, and the largest one, is seventeen and a half inches in length, and seven and three-fourths inches wide. Unlike the others, it has six toes. This must have been Noah's track, and if there were anything in the Mosaic account of the flood concerning the size of Noah's feet, we might have confirmation of the Indian tradition. The size of the track would indicate that he wore number eighteen shoes.

There are one hundred and thirty-six impressions of feet and hands visible on the face of the rock. The smallest foot-track is four inches in length and of perfect shape. Another Indian tradition is that a great battle was once fought there, and the large track with six toes is that of the victorious commander. This is essentially Indian, as their ideas of mental greatness were circumscribed by physical size. To be a great warrior with them was to be of great size and strength. They did not recognize the size or quality of the brain as having anything to do with it.

But who made these tracks upon the Enchanted Mountain? If it were human feet, then whose, and at what age of the world? If they were chiseled out by human hands, whose hands, and when? Alas! that the learning of the world amounts to so little, for no man can tell.

GOOD INFLUENCES.—Place a young lady under the care of a kind-hearted, graceful woman, and she unconsciously to herself grows to be a graceful lady. Place a boy in the establishment of a thorough-going straight-forward business man, and the boy becomes a self-reliant, practical business man. Children are susceptible creatures, and circumstances, scenes and actions, always impress them. As you influence them, not by arbitrary rules, not by stern example alone, but in the thousand other ways that speak through bright scenes, soft intemperance and pretty pictures, so will they grow. Teach your children to love the beautiful. Give them a corner in the garden for flowers, encourage them to put in shape the hanging baskets, allow them to have their favorite trees, lead them to wander in the prettiest woodlots, show them where they can best view the sunset, rouse them in the morning, not with the stern "time to work," but with the enthusiastic "see the beautiful sun rise," buy for them pretty pictures and encourage them to decorate their rooms, each in his or her childish way. The instinct is in them. Give them an inch and they will go a mile. Allow them the privilege and they will make your homes beautiful.

THE DUTCHMAN'S CIDER.—In the small village of B—, in the state of Pennsylvania, there lived a Dutchman who was famous for making the best cider in the neighborhood, and was equally famous in keeping it, and as yet, no person, but himself and family, had been permitted to taste the good stuff. At last, one of his near neighbors said he was bound to taste it. Accordingly he went to the Dutchman's house, and entered into conversation with him concerning his crops, &c., and by degrees led him to speak of his cider. He then said to him:

"I understand you have some very good cider?"

"Yav," replied the Dutchman; "Hans, my boy, go bring a mug full."

Hans soon returned with a mug brimming full, and handed it to the Dutchman, who drained it to the bottom at one draught; then turning to his astonished visitor, said:

"Dere now, if you do not drink dat good cider, you'll schmeck of de mug."

An adventurer in Wisconsin lately eloped with a pretty girl, but was captured by her father just as the marriage service was beginning, and forced to shell out all his funds, \$24, for the company of the lady that short time, and the payout took her home.

No roads are so rough as those that have just been repaired, and no sinners are so intolerant as those that have just turned saints.

Johnny's Drum.

"You be looking at the drum, sir,"
She shook her withered head;
"It's all I've got to mind me
Of Johnny, sir, that's dead."
"It were of a Sunday morning,
He stood there at the door,
Crying out that he had listed
A drummer for the war."
"So—that's—the way—I got it—
Don't—mind—me—sir—but—I
Can never tell the story."
And keep my old cheeks dry.

"I know it's all a fancy,
I know he'll never come;
But it kind o' makes him nearer
To see his broken drum."

HOUSEWORK FOR GIRLS.

It is the law of God that no human being can have a sound, vigorous body, accomplish much physically and enjoy long life, without good muscles. That these muscles be properly developed, their exercise must be commenced early, and be carefully trained when the system is in a state of growth.

Exercise, and exercise alone can do this. The girl must practice the lighter gymnastics of domestic labor, and be thoroughly and practically trained in all household duties. In this way she would obtain not only a good physical development, but a preparation for some of the most important duties of life, which neither books, schools nor accomplishments can ever furnish.

Connected with this improved muscular development and knowledge of domestic duties, there would be other advantages of great value, such as more perfect health, curtailment in family expenses, and a capability in every respect of fulfilling more satisfactorily those most responsible, but yet happy relations in life—those of wife and mother. Though there is a variety of ways by which exercise may be obtained, yet domestic labor is altogether the most important and best adapted to develop and strengthen the whole system.

Within a few years much interest has been awakened upon the subject of physical exercise, particularly as connected with schools and seminaries of learning. Besides the outdoor exercises and games; calisthenics and gymnastics have been introduced inside the school-room, and are becoming a part of the regular exercises in many institutions. This is an improvement in the right direction—is good as far as it goes—but is entirely inadequate to meet fully the demands of nature. No kind of exercise for girls is so well calculated as household work to develop all the muscles of the body—to do it in early life, and gradually under circumstances favorable to health generally. The girl and young woman must thus be trained year after year, otherwise she will never obtain that hardihood of constitution—that strength of muscle—that power of endurance, or in other words, that balance of temperaments so essential to good health and happiness, in all the social and domestic relations of life.—Dr. Nathan Allen.

A STRANGE STORY.—A youthful couple in West Haven, having a tender regard for each other, had announced their intention of becoming man and wife when the summer heat should have passed. But love is impatient, and each night the Juliet received her Romeo in her private bower on the first story, he climbing through a friendly window looking out upon the garden.

Some of the young man's friends learned the state of things, and one night they watched him as he made his ingress and egress. The next night they resumed their position and when Romeo appeared they frightened him away. One of the scapegraces then climbed through the window, found the lady's chamber and took the place of the frightened lover. Her lamp was unlit and the lady was in blissful ignorance of the change until the gray streaks of dawn revealed to her that her companion was not her affianced. The village is greatly exercised, the young woman almost heart-broken, and her friends inconsolable. As a matter of course the gossips find ample scope for their favorite recreation.—N. H. Palladium.

RICHES.—The man with good, firm health is rich.

So is the man with a clear conscience. So is the parent of vigorous, happy children.

So is the editor of a good paper, with a big subscription list.

So is the clergyman whose coat the little children of his parish pluck as he passes them in their play.

So is that wife who has the whole heart of a good husband.

So is the young man, who, laying his hand on his heart, can say, "I have treated every woman I ever saw as I should wish my sister treated by other men."

So is the little child who goes to sleep with a kiss on his lips, and for whose waking a blessing waits.—Exchange.

One of the sufferers by the late Vermont railway accident was rushing wildly about, when some one asked if he was hurt.

"No," he said, "but I can't find my umbrella."

A little boy, embodied his thoughts on theology in words, thus: "I don't see how the devil came to turn out so when there was no other devil to put him up to."

BUY HOMES.

The love of the soil is one of the most common passions of humanity. To own even a thirty foot lot is the ambition of the poorest, and the rich are never satisfied except they can sleep in a grand mansion. Except among the class of young sports, whose wild oats require a deal of sowing, there are scarcely any of our citizens who don't gratify their desire for holding real estate by buying a little plot with a cottage upon it as soon as possible, and then and there anchor, settle down, and spend their leisure moments in beautifying and improving it. Everybody knows there's no place like home, and so everybody with any sense tries to establish a home as soon as money can be earned to buy it; and we count among the actual and by no means slight benefactors of the race the capitalists who sell on easy terms and hold the burden of homes until the purchasers can pay for them. The savings-banks are also doing a great deal in this direction, and many a poor man can thank them not only for the privilege of having a roof above his head, but for the happiness which comes from the pure enjoyment of a home. A nation of happy homes is sure of its foundations, and need not fear that domestic broils will break it asunder. At least half of the disagreeably long calendars of Chicago, Indiana, and Connecticut divorce courts come from the people who, like the McKardlands, drift around the world from boarding-house to hotel, and find their conjugal felicity very thin when spread over so much surface. It is, then, the spread of a young couple can do to stop their billiard and cooling at arm's length and settle down in a cozy little house paid for if possible, but bought any way even if there has to be a mortgage. It is one of the best preservatives of love known, for conjugal affection flutters away as easily when exposed to public criticism as a love letter excites laughter in a court-room.

The Louisville Journal tells the following:—A few weeks ago, a well known master mechanic of this city who was sojourning for a few days at the Tremont House in Boston, walked into the dining room at the summons of the bell, and seeing in the long row of chairs one that was turned up against the table to indicate that it was appropriated to some particular individual, he deliberately took it and commenced his dinner. In about five minutes a young dandy in whiskers and moustache, walked up behind, and remarked in a supercilious tone, "Sir, you have got my plate." "Have I?" said Jim—"well, you are perfectly welcome to it," handing the empty soap plate over his shoulder. A loud laugh ensued, and the man in the moustache beat a very precipitate retreat.

Never forget what a man has said to you when he is angry. If he has charged you with anything, you had better look it up. A person has often been started from a pleasant dream of self-deception by the words of an angry man, who may wish his words unsaid the next hour, but they are past recall. The wisest course is to take home this lesson with meekness to our souls. It was a saying of Socrates that every man had need of a faithful friend and a bitter enemy; the one to advise, and the other to show him his faults.

An English countess, who made the acquaintance of some American girls on the Continent, is said by the Revolution to have expressed great astonishment at the fineness and costliness of their underclothes. She did not believe that the cambric, linen and laces of the Princess Royal exceeded in value those worn by our American girls.

There is a curious Chinese proverb which says: "In a cucumber field do not stop to tie your shoe, and under a plum tree do not wait to settle your cap on your head," which means, if you do, some one may think you are stealing the cucumbers or the plums.

The latest invention is a machine for indicating the condition of an egg. By an ingenious but simple contrivance, it can be made to boil an egg soft or hard, rings a bell when they are done, takes them from the water, and is second only to a cuckoo clock.

There's a moral taught by the following conversation, which needs to be learned by many fathers. Said a little four-year old: "Mother, father won't be in Heaven with us, will he?" "Why, my child?" "Because he can't leave the store."

A colored lady, boasting the other day of the progress made by her son in arithmetic, exultingly said, "He is in the mortification table."

Whenever you see a vain person continually talking about himself you may make up your mind that he has not much to talk about.

People in the higher walks of life generally make a great noise when they fall.

The shallowest streams are generally the fastest. The same is true of men.

The Journal.

SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1870.

THE Fenians of Dublin have made a demonstration in favor of France. An immense procession paraded the streets displaying the Irish and French flags until the police dispersed the crowd and seized their banners.

GOLD has been forced up among the twenties this week, by the speculators, being quoted as high as 123. There is no reason why the premium should advance so much; but the bulls make good use of the European war news, and are having things their own way.

GEN. GRANT must be a Woman's Rights man. He remembers the women in his appointments, and has just given post offices to a number of deserving widows of Union soldiers. That is right. Women make good postmistresses and there should be more of them.

THE business of privateering, so disgraceful to civilized nations, cannot be carried on in the war between France and Prussia, for the reason that in the convention of 1856 they mutually agreed to abandon privateering. France has now proposed to Prussia not to use explosive bullets.

THE Spanish campaign against the Cubans has ended for this season. Captain General DeKodas has returned to Havana, unable to pursue the rebels during the hot weather. As Spain is likely to have plenty of business on its hands for the present year, the Cuban patriots may safely take courage and put forth new efforts for freedom.

FROM documents lately submitted to Congress, it is evident that England will do nothing further towards settling the Alabama claims, and we must put up with her insolence or fight. If we possessed the fire of the Frenchmen we should fly at John Bull like a hornet, but as we possess the coolness of the German, with the shrewdness of the Yankee, we shall lay the matter up for future use, knowing that it will come in play one of these days.

M. PREVOST PARADOL, the new French Minister at Washington, committed suicide on Wednesday morning by shooting himself near the heart with a pistol. He arrived in this country only last week. He was a great scholar, but unused to diplomacy, and it is supposed that the pressure of business and the great heat at Washington overcame him, causing temporary aberration of mind. Count Bernheim, the former minister, has been ordered back to Washington by Napoleon.

CONGRESS closed its forty-first session on Friday, last week. It has wrangled long and unprofitably over small matters, and on any great measure has not come fully up to the demands of the times. It has managed to spend considerable money without contriving to save much. One of its last acts was to imprison a poor Irishman, for assaulting a member of Congress down at Richmond. It has passed a funding bill which will not amount to much, we fear, while the bill to reduce taxation reduces it where it should be increased, inasmuch as it only taxes incomes half as much as formerly.

PEOPLE who hold Government bonds will be interested in the Funding bill just passed by Congress. It provides for the issue of bonds for fifteen hundred million dollars at four, four and a half and five per cent, which shall be sold not lower than par for coin, and the proceeds of which shall be applied to the purchase of United States six per cent bonds, which shall then be destroyed, or the new bonds may be exchanged for the six per cent bonds, par for par. Power is given to the Secretary of the Treasury to declare his readiness to pay all bonds that have become redeemable, and in three months after he shall have made such declaration in regard to any specified bonds the payment of interest on such bonds will cease. Thus he has it in his power to forcibly retire any quantity of the old bonds, being limited in this regard only by his ability to sell the new ones.

HON. GEORGE ASHmun of Springfield died in that city on Sunday, aged 65. He was born in Blandford, graduated at Yale in 1823, was a member of the lower branch of our legislature in 1823, 1836 and 1841, and a member of the higher branch in 1838 and 1839. From 1843 to 1861 he represented this district in Congress. He presided at the convention in Chicago which nominated Abraham Lincoln for President, and enjoyed his friendship during his administration. Mr. Ashmun was a personal friend of Daniel Webster, and often visited Marshfield to hunt and fish with the great Statesman. He was not ambitious of personal honors, otherwise he might have been more and longer in public life. Of commanding presence and giant intellect, there was no position in the gift of the American people he was not competent to fill; but he chose rather to live quietly, and enjoy the society of his friends. For the past two years he has been a great sufferer, and death to him was a welcome relief.

POOR FELLOW.—A young man in Ripley, Me., who was shortly to be married, took two ounces of laudanum, on Sunday last, to avert the calamity. A stomach-pump, however, restored him to consciousness and he was restored. About two weeks before he attempted to hang himself, but before completing the job was cut down.

WAR IN EUROPE.

France has declared war against Prussia, and the latter, not wholly unprepared for the contest, cannot avoid it without humiliation. The pretext was unjustifiable, but the Emperor was determined on war at all events. The French people were becoming uneasy, and the failure of crops would naturally lead to bread riots and internal commotions. Napoleon has shrewdly turned the attention of his subjects from their own affairs to those of Prussia, and all parties in France will unite in a war with a foreign power. France pleads in justification that Prussia will not forever declare itself against furnishing a candidate for the Spanish throne, and that her minister was insulted by King William. But these are trifles upon which to commence a war which may involve all the nations of Europe. The real cause lies further back, and the Emperor desires to gain lost prestige and make his own empire and hold upon the French people stronger. The King of Prussia could not do otherwise than he has and maintain the dignity of his throne and people. He is sustained by his subjects who are rallying to his support with enthusiastic unanimity.

The banks of the Rhine will be the scene of a terrible conflict, though it may be brief. Modern science has done much to make wars shorter than formerly. The needle gun, the Chassepot, with improved artillery, are destructive agents in battle. Should the war be prolonged, Austria, Spain, Italy, Russia and other powers will be drawn into the contest. It will be strange if England escapes. Prussia is a nation of soldiers. Every man does military service, and she has won renown in her war with Austria. She must have the sympathies of other nations who have seen how she is forced into this war to gratify the ambition of Napoleon.

Both France and Prussia have distinguished leaders. The army of France will be under the lead of Marshals McMahon, Canrobert, and Bazaine, who have served in the wars of Algeria, Crimea, and Italy. They are daring officers, and move with celerity. Opposed to them in the Prussian service are Gen. Count von Moltke, Prince Royal Frederick William, and his brother Prince Frederick Charles. They are excellent officers, and have seen service. With Bismarck to plan, they will execute with vigor.

Prussia is better prepared for war, financially, than France. She can raise a larger army, but on the sea she is inferior. Her harbors, however, are well protected, and the French will probably content themselves with blockading her ports, while their land armies operate. France already musters 750,000 soldiers, and her war vessels number 401, mounting 3,045 guns. With this war power, which will be rapidly augmented, she will not hesitate upon an invasion of Prussia soil. From our own standpoint we shall watch the struggle with deepest interest, knowing that it will benefit us financially, without implicating us in its embarrassments.

There has been, as yet, no fighting of any account. Both France and Prussia are massing their soldiers on the border, and a great battle may be expected at any moment. There has been some skirmishing along the lines, and a squad of 2,000 French soldiers, who crossed the frontier on a reconnaissance, were captured by the Prussians after a short skirmish in which none were killed. The English cabinet have ordered 10,000 troops to be held in readiness to be dispatched to Antwerp, if necessary, for the protection of the neutrality of Belgium. The latest reports look strongly as though all the great powers of Europe would take part in the coming contest.

THERE is a failure of crops in Europe. The heat on the continent has been intense and for ten weeks not a drop of rain has fallen in many departments of France. There is little hay for cattle and the peasantry are driving their cattle to the butchers and selling them for what they will fetch. Wheat, barley and oats have doubled in price. The Government always reserves a store for a year or more, and this will be wanted to feed the new armies which will be marshaled into the field. The demand for our large grain crop will be large, and prices here will go up. Speculators will be ready to take advantage of this demand, and buy up all the wheat, as fast as it comes to market. Fortunately, however, the country is so large that nobody will be distressed at present.

PEOPLE of moderate means in London have formed a co-operative union for the purpose of furnishing good medical attendance at a low figure, the fee for a single person being \$2.62, and for a family of four or less \$5.25, per annum. This is a good idea, but is eclipsed by the Chinese plan. The Chinaman pays his physician a regular stipend so long as he is well; but when he is sick the pay stops. By this method, as can be plainly seen, the physician is led to cure his patient, when sick, as soon as possible, and to guard his health at all other times. Not a bad idea, is it?

WILL the Ecumenical Council which has been sitting at Rome for several months has at length voted, 533 to 2, that the Pope is infallible! The great fact was proclaimed at Rome last Monday. This is rather of an extraordinary affair for the Church in this enlightened age. It may gratify a silly old man; but what man of sense is there in the Romish priesthood who does not know that the Pope is just as liable to err as any other mortal? His infallibility will not amount to much anyhow.

A family in Indianapolis has been poisoned by drinking soda-water drawn from an old copper-lined fountain.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRES.—Northampton was visited early Monday morning by the largest fire that ever desolated her business center. Fire was discovered about 2.30 A. M. in the kitchen of the Warner House, and it spread rapidly, completely destroying the hotel and a long three story wooden block adjoining. Hardly anything was saved, and the occupants of the hotel had barely time to escape in their night clothes. W. F. Prindle's brick block was saved only by the use of the New England fire extinguisher. The town owns three of these extinguishers; but two of them were at Florence, and the other uncharged at the commencement of the fire. There was also a short supply of water. But for these shortcomings much of the property might have been saved. The total loss is over \$100,000; insured for over \$80,000. The Warner House was the oldest hotel in this part of the State, and a very popular resort. The manufactory of the Meriden Britannia Company, at Meriden, Ct., was partially destroyed by fire on Saturday morning. The fire was discovered in the fourth story of the building, and owing to improper laying of hose and a disgraceful quarrel between two hose companies, growing out of their attaching their hose to the same hydrant, the fire gained such headway that the two upper stories were burned out before the flames could be extinguished. The loss is estimated at \$250,000; fully insured. About 600 hands were employed in the building, which will be at once rebuilt. A fire in Charlestown on Monday afternoon destroyed one of the large warehouses of Tudor & Co., used as a storehouse for jute, oil and other merchandise, including a valuable lot of machinery used for cleaning the jute, and which was imported about a year since at a cost of \$200,000. Loss estimated at \$300,000, partly covered by insurance.

OUTRAGE ON A SICK WOMAN.—On Thursday evening of last week, Mrs. Ann McCleary of New York, a woman 35 years of age, and who is dying from consumption, was the victim of a most revolting crime. Her cousin, Patrick Gallagher, called at her house in the absence of her husband and attempted to commit an outrage on her. The poor woman, in her feeble condition, was unable to make a determined resistance and protect herself from the brute. Becoming exasperated he dragged her from the bed, to which she had been confined for nearly two years, and beat her until she was so bruised and disfigured that her relatives could scarcely recognize her, leaving her bleeding and senseless on the floor. He made his escape from the house, but was subsequently met by the husband of the woman, who gave him a severe beating. Gallagher then made his escape, and is still at large. The physicians who were called in say that the injuries inflicted will in all probability prove fatal.

MURDEROUS AFFAIRS.—A street-car conductor, by name Charles E. Kent, stabbed and instantly killed Joseph R. Whitney, at Pawtucket, R. I., on Sunday night. He also stabbed a daughter of his victim, inflicting a probably fatal wound. The murderer is under arrest. The origin of the affair was a family difficulty. Two homicides occurred in Boston on Sunday night. An Italian was shot dead by a countryman, and an Irishman was killed in a fight. Thomas Hoffman, a convict in the Maryland Penitentiary, attacked a fellow convict, named Howard, on Sunday afternoon, with a common case knife, and inflicted a number of dangerous wounds before he was captured.

A FEMALE REGATTA.—Last Saturday a novel and exciting event came off at Pittsburgh, Penn., in the shape of a female regatta. The banks of the river were crowded with spectators for a distance of a mile, about 8000 persons being present. There were two contestants, Lottie McAlfee and Maggie Lew, and they were attired in jackets, close fitting tights and loose dress reaching to the knees. Lottie won the race easily, beating her antagonist by 100 yards, in a distance of a mile and a half. Considerable money was wagered on the result.

THE MASSACRE.—Advices at St. Petersburg from China by the way of Siberia confirm the reported massacre at Peking which occurred June 10. The French establishment was fired by the natives, while the German was left untouched. A joint note has been addressed to the Chinese Government by the representatives of the foreign Powers at Peking, demanding the punishment of the rioters and indemnification for the loss sustained.

A HAPPY MAN.—There is a married lady at Beloit, Wisconsin, who has not spoken to her husband for fifteen years, and he has grown as fat and happy as possible! When she wants anything she first writes her order on a slate and he reads it, rubs it out, and complies with her request in silence. They say she makes her neighbors sick when she does get to talking, in the absence of her husband.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.—On opening a box-car of a train for Boston, Wednesday morning, at Windsor, Vt., it was found that of one hundred and twenty-five lambs confined therein, and on the way to market, only four were alive! One hundred and twenty-one lambs crowded into a tight car, in a hot day, had been cruelly smothered to death.

CURIOUS FACT.—At a late railroad accident in England, all or nearly all, the passengers who were asleep at the time, escaped uninjured, nature's anesthetic insuring them, not only against fractures and contusions, but even against the bad effects of shaking and concussion.

ONE THING AND ANOTHER.

REVUE is lecturing in Indiana. Dickens always used blue ink. Louisville has cholera—one fatal case.

.... Indiana thinks she has two million residents. Vermont hires a Governor at \$83 a month, and he finds himself.

.... The arrival of the first boot-black in St. Petersburg is announced.

.... A petrified forest has been discovered in Lake Camuti, Cal.

.... At Leipsic, the Gartenlaube newspaper claims a circulation of 360,000 copies.

.... A Quincy, Ill., woman has been incessantly weeping for three weeks, and can't stop.

.... Seven Japanese Princes of high rank have arrived at San Francisco to receive an American education.

.... An aristocratic ladies' gaming house is Saratoga's last sensation.

.... Gen. McClellan has been elected chief engineer of the department of docks in New York.

.... The first base ball club was started in Springfield.

.... Flour is worth only thirty-six dollars per barrel in Prescott, New Mexico.

.... The Sultan paid a Russian violinist ten thousand francs for one evening's playing.

.... Bands of masked men are breaking up the houses of ill-fame in Knoxville, Tenn.

.... It is estimated that one thousand emigrants per day are settling in Minnesota.

.... Dr. Nelaton, the great French surgeon, earned four hundred thousand francs last year.

.... An irreverent youth proposes to test the infallibility of Pius IX, by placing a bent pin in the papal chair.

.... The Queen of Denmark spends annually only one hundred dollars for new dresses.

.... Fort Scott, Indiana, has been killing a huge serpent with a tail like an iron spike.

.... An American lady in Paris has just bought a love of a bonnet for the trifling sum of \$250.

.... Queen Victoria pays liberal pensions to seventeen old servants of Prince Albert in Germany.

.... A New York policeman while tying up a stray horse was seriously crushed by the animal falling dead.

.... St. Petersburg, Russia, builds a theatre for the people, which is to cost \$160,000. It is to accommodate 2,350 persons at ten cents admission.

.... A party of Meriden ladies recently had a picnic of their own, from which husbands, brothers and lovers, and even reporters were excluded.

.... A sword fish in New London harbor attacked a pursuing boat, the other day, causing it to leak so badly that it soon filled.

.... Two miners in Pennsylvania, descending into a deep well, were overcome by foul air, and fell to the bottom, fifty-five feet, and died.

.... The disease which appeared among cattle several weeks since in California, and was pronounced dangerous to human life, has also developed itself among hogs.

.... A flock of Virginia pigeons got tangled up with a swarm of bees somehow, the other day, and were stung to death with great rapidity.

.... On Long Island, the other day, a wag threw a handful of shot into a friend's face, just as another man fired a gun. The struck man fell insensible, and nearly died from fright.

.... A robber in Tennessee sent an impetuous victim home for his money, but the victim returned with a double-barreled shot-gun instead, and shot the confiding robber. Cruel!

.... A negro boy in Columbus rashly went in bathing the other day and was drowned. His mother said it served him right for taking up new-fangled notions. He nebbur was washed befo'.

HORRIBLE ACCIDENT.—While a little four-year-old boy was playing on a pile of boards in Paterson, N. J., the other day, he ran over the end of the lumber, plunging into a large cauldron of boiling tar, which was prepared for a gravel roof. Although immediately rescued, he was terribly burned, and suffered intense agony, chloroform having no effect on him. He did not survive long.

SOME MELONS.—They have some tremendous water-melons in Texas. An editor having received a present of one of these, says it was almost as large as a barrel and was filled with a delicious ruby-colored pulp. These are called "ice cream water-melons," and are quite appropriate as presents to editors.

REMARKABLE MEMORY.—Ohio comes up and puts in its claim for the champion remarkable memory. It claims that a man in Salem, in that State, can tell from memory the weather of any and every day since 1827—that he distinctly remembers whether any day was clear or cloudy, warm or cold, rainy or snowy.

A GOOD WORK.—A number of Christian ladies in Providence have combined for the purpose of holding prayer meetings in houses of ill-fame. They have already commenced their work, and thus far their efforts have been well received.

A COOL RETREAT.—A New Havener bids defiance to the heat by spending the day in his well, having fitted up a large wash tub with a cushioned seat, in which he is lowered about 25 feet, where he enjoys his papers and cigar.

PALMER AND VICINITY.

THE post office at North Brookfield will be a money order office after August 1st.

If you want to "cool off" these hot days, just step down to Nelson's and get a dish of ice cream.

REV. E. D. DANIELS will preach in the Union church at Butlerville, Wilbraham, on Sunday, at 5 o'clock p. m.

LEAVITT's troupe of Silver Bell Ringers gave one of their pleasant entertainments at Palmer House last (Friday) evening.

THE corporations of the Southbridge and Palmer Railroad, hold a meeting for organization at Brimfield the 28th inst, at 10 a. m.

MR. SEXTON's new building is commenced, and will be rapidly completed. It will contain a drug, paint and oil store on the first floor, and a tenement overhead.

TAXES.—The tax list has been delivered to the collector, and he stands ready to receive the money. A discount will be allowed on all taxes paid before the 20th of August.

KILLED BY THE CARS.—Charles Russell Jackson, 21 years of age, while shuffling a couple of freight cars in front of the depot, Monday forenoon, was crushed between the humpers, and so badly injured that he died in two hours. Coroner Allen held an inquest.

BRIMFIELD.—The assistant U. S. Marshal has completed his work in Brimfield. He finds the total number of inhabitants to be 1289.—James Harvey, who does the carpentering in this section, has walked 676 miles in 113 days, doing a full day's work each day, during the past season.

ROADS LOCATED.—The county commissioners on Tuesday re-located the highway between Thorndike and Hastings' Corners, and from Mr. Whiting's house to the Hastings road, discontinuing the old road in both cases. They also ordered the road on the crossing near Burley's to be widened to thirty feet.

WARREN.—The Coy Hill Cheese Co. are now making 14 cheeses per day, of an average weight of 73 pounds, requiring the use of 10,200 pounds of milk. The Warren Cheese Co. are making 500 pounds per day. Over 7000 pounds of cheese were sent to Boston on Monday, and nearly that amount is sent every Monday during the spring and summer.

SEIZURE OF BEER.—Deputy Constables Billings and Couch raided through this village on Wednesday, seizing two and a half barrels of beer from Mr. Fox, one-third of a barrel from Mr. Griffin, of this village, and two barrels from Mr. Chestnut, at the Pool on the Warren road. They could not wait for a key to Mr. Fox's cellar, and broke down the door.

SERIOUS ACCIDENT.—Peter Furkey of Thorndike met with a serious accident on Monday while coming to this village. He stopped to water his horse near the house of J. K. Knox, and the better to let the animal drink took off his bridle. The horse flung himself librated seemed frightened, and dashed off at full speed. Mr. Furkey clung to his mane and nose till knocked down by the horse, when the wagon passed over him dangerously injuring his head and face. The horse dashed into a moving lot, overturned the wagon, and threw out a little boy, without doing him any hurt.

POLICE.—Justice Gardner's police court has been very busy during the past week. Phillip M. Andrews for an assault on James Dawson was ordered to pay \$13.51, and in default went to jail.—Margaret Fleming, of Thorndike, for being a common railer and brawler, paid \$11.32; but whether the fine will stop her scolding is still a question.—Henry B. Wallace, colored, of Monson, for throwing his white wife, Ellen, out of a chamber window, settled by paying \$7.85.—Daniel Donovan, of Brimfield, for the larceny of a watch from Mrs. Shaw, was committed to await trial in December.—John Granfield, of Monson, for assaulting John Sullivan paid \$7.75.—Wm. Chestnut, who keeps the Pool House on the Warren road, paid \$16.05 for keeping beer with intent to sell.—James Griffin of this village, was arraigned, charged with same offence, and the case was continued till August 6th.—John Hurley, the village blacksmith, instead of pounding his heated irons, got to pounding his wife, and when ordered to account for himself, took up his line of march for the house of correction for a residence of thirty days.

A NICE DOG.—A policeman in Bangor, Me., is said to have a dog who keeps him company on his watch every night. The faithful animal, after spending the day in his own way, invariably makes his appearance at his master's post at 9 o'clock in the evening.

NOT A SUCCESS.—The Woodstock celebration was a financial failure, but little over 5000 people having attended, where 50,000 were expected. The provision committee purchased 800 pounds of cheese and sold 40, 10,000 loaves of bread and sold 100, 2000 pounds of ham and sold four hams.

A QUEER FREAK.—An old bachelor of Venice has willed his large fortune to a pretty girl, his distant relative, on condition that she marries a man with a humpback and club-foot, with which ornaments the testator was endowed.

SAD.—A family of high social standing in New York city, has lately lost a daughter by delirium tremens. Another daughter of the same family has been reduced very low from the same cause but is gradually recovering.

SHAMEFUL.—A couple of young human brutes of New Bedford drove a horse over 30 miles during the terrible heat of Sunday, and so abused it that it died a few minutes after reaching its stable.

LARGE PLANK.—A plank is on exhibition in East Saginaw, Mich., that is said to be the largest ever saved. It is fourteen feet long, eight inches thick, and forty-three inches wide.

GOING TO EUROPE.—General Sheridan is to be sent to Europe by the President to watch the operations of the contending armies.

ITEMS FROM THE WARE STANDARD.

CHAS. H. ELLIS has been appointed chief engineer of the Ware River Railroad in place of the late Alfred R. Field of Greenfield.

WANTED.—A Prof. Ellis came here a few weeks ago, to start a singing school, the first night being free. About fifty assembled, and paid 25 cents each for a check, entitling them to a card for 15 lessons.—He took about \$12, and has left. We hear from him in other places, also.

THE directors of the Ware River R. R. met the representatives of Barre at Coldbrook on Wednesday, and were prepared to agree upon a location of the road through Barre, but Barre wishing to make some additional surveys the meeting was adjourned to Saturday, July 30th.

POLICE.—Pat Crowe, Owen McEardle and Dan Curtin were before Justice Richards on Wednesday and fined \$10 each and costs for keeping liquor with intent to sell. Calls were made on other parties, but no liquor could be found.

At Enfield, on Tuesday, the premises of Reuben Fleming were visited and about 20 gallons of beer taken.

EXCURSION.—The people of Ware, Hardwick and vicinity, will have an excursion on Wednesday next to the Sound. Trains will start from Ware at 6 o'clock A. M., arrive at New London at 10 o'clock A. M., have a six hours' sail on the Sound, and start for home on the return trip at 5 o'clock P. M., arriving in Ware at about 9 o'clock P. M. There will probably be a crowd, and the people should and will turn out to thus dedicate our railroad.

OUT-DOOR PREACHING.—Last Sabbath there was an open air service, on the Hardwick road, near the house of Stephen Newton. A good sized congregation met and Rev. Mr. Kennedy preached. Next Sunday, the services will be held at 4 p. m., in the grove, near the house of A. Parks Ellis, Esq., in Hardwick, and on the 7th of next month, the Rev. Eleazer Owen of Westfield will hold three services there. In case of stormy weather Mr. Ellis' barn will be opened to accommodate the audience. The people in that vicinity are laboring for an old fashioned revival of religion.

STATE CONSTABLE RAID.—Deputy Constable Lewis of this town, assisted by four others from this and neighboring counties, made a descent on Tuesday A. M. on several places in town, where liquor, ale and liquor are sold, with what we suppose is called great success, securing thereby about one hundred gallons. Several victims in town have never before been visited, although it has been notorious that they sold ale. For the past year or more ale has been sold in many places in the village so openly that every man must have known it, and nothing has been said or done to prevent it; but now to make seizures after the law has been repealed and when almost every one supposed it was legal to sell, seems as if something must be wrong. Dr. Yale's "Dacotah" now comes handy and we presume that is exempt from seizure.

HAVING A NICE TIME.—A journalist who has been spending a fortnight in the White Mountains, says he has enjoyed himself very much, having fallen into six rivers, sprained his ankle, skinned his face and neck, and broken three ribs the first nine days.

KIND NEIGHBORS.—The family of Henry Hudson of Meriden has lately been afflicted with diphtheria, and three of the five children have died; yet their uncharitable neighbors refused to render any assistance through fear of contracting the disease.

A DANGEROUS BATH.—During a tub race on Dundee Lake, Paterson, N. J., Monday, the balcony gave way, precipitating 200 persons into the water. Several persons were badly bruised, but none were killed.

DIDN'T LIKE.—A Missourian who tried to live in Minnesota has returned, disgusted. He says they have "nine months winter, and the rest of the year it's d-d late in the fall."

Literary.

A NEW serial story, by a distinguished American writer, whose name is held in reserve, is to be begun in the August Galaxy. The tale is said to be full of incident, dramatic, novel in scene and character, and admirably adapted for serial publication.

"LIFE IN UTAH; or the Mysteries and Crimes of Mormonism: being an expose of their secret rites and ceremonies, with a full and authentic history of Polygamy and the Mormon sect, from its origin to the present time;" by J. H. Beadle, editor of the Salt Lake Reporter. Published by the National Publishing Co., Boston, Mass.

Of all the writers who have yet touched upon this theme, Mr. Beadle is, perhaps, the best prepared for the task. His long residence among the Mormons, and his position as editor of the Salt Lake Reporter, have given him a familiarity with the subject, which it is impossible for any mere translator visitor to acquire. He is therefore justified in placing more than usual confidence in his statements, which he supports by an overwhelming array of testimony from both Mormon and Gentile sources. It is important that the public should know what manner of people are growing up in our very midst. This work gives a full and authentic account of their degraded social condition, their blasphemous rites and ceremonies, their sordid doctrines and practices, and is the most thrilling and startling account of licentiousness and crime ever published. It is calculated to do great good by giving to the public a candid and impartial statement of a question which bids fair to cause no little trouble. The book is handsomely illustrated, and issued in fine style. It is sold only by subscription, and agents are wanted in every county.

A Baltimore philanthropist drowned himself in the Patuxent on Thursday evening, from distress at the suffering which he could not relieve. He leaves a wife and family.

A very severe battle was fought, last week between a herd of swine and a den of rattlesnakes on a farm near Columbus, Ohio. The former were victorious.

A new salt lake, twenty or thirty miles long and half a mile broad, is reported to have been recently discovered in the mountains of Lower California.

An old hen on the Cape celebrated the Fourth by pecking at one of the new style of torpedoes, till it exploded and blew her head off.

A CROWD of "horse-men," and others, daily throng the stores in country and town for Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders. They understand that horses cannot be kept in good condition without them, and with them can be on much less quantity of grain.

The relaxing power of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment is truly wonderful. Cases are already numerous where bent and stiffened limbs have been limbered and straightened by it. When used for this purpose, the part should be washed and rubbed thoroughly. Apply the liniment cold, and rub it in with the hand.

It is no wonder that invalids lose faith in all specifics, when so many worthless medicines are advertised for the cure of various diseases; but which, when tried, are "found wanting." We have yet to learn, however, of the first failure of Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, to cure coughs, colds, and pulmonary diseases.

No HUMBING.—We do not wish to inform you, reader, that Dr. Wonderful, or any other man, has discovered a remedy that cures all diseases of mind, body or estate, and is desired to make our anniversary sphere a blissful Paradise, to which Heaven itself shall be but a side show; but we do wish to inform you that Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy has cured thousands of cases of catarrh in its worst forms and stages, and the proprietor will pay \$500 for a case of this loathsome disease that he cannot cure. It may be procured by mail for sixty cents, by addressing R. V. Pierce, M.D., 133 Seneca street, Buffalo, N.Y. A pamphlet free. Sold by druggists. Look out for men representing themselves as Dr. Sage; Dr. Pierce, whose private Government Revenue Stamp is on every package of the Genuine, is the only man living who can manufacture the Original Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

Iron in the Blood.—NATURE'S OWN VITALIZER.—THE PERUVIAN SYRUP, AN IRON TONIC, WITHOUT ALCOHOL, Assimilates with the blood as easily as the simplest food, vitalizing and invigorating the whole system. It stimulates without reaction, builds up the broken-down, cures DYSPEPSIA, DEBILITY, LIVER COMPLAINT, FEMALE WEAKNESSES, DROPSY, HUMORS, &c., and expels disease from the system by increasing Nature's own vitalizing element—IRON.

Pamphlets free. J. P. DIMSMORE, PROPRIETOR, 36 Dey Street, New York. Sold by druggists generally. n20 cow 1y

Piles! Piles! Piles!—Outward applications are money thrown away. The only permanent cure is Dr. HARRISON'S PERISTALTIC JOZEXGENE, which strikes the cause. They are pleasant, not like all pills, do not require increase of dose. They are exactly suited to obviate constiveness—the cause of all hemorrhoids. For sale at 1 Tremont Temple, Boston, by E. A. HARRISON & CO., Proprietors, by WOOD & ALLEN, Palmer, and by all druggists. Mailed for 60 cents. 3y1

Twenty-seven Years' Practice in the Treatment of Diseases incident to Females, has placed Dr. DOW at the head of all Physicians making such practice a specialty, and enables him to guarantee a speedy and permanent cure in the worst cases of Suppression and all other Menstrual Derangements, from whatever cause. All letters for advice must contain \$1. Office, No. 9 Endicott St., Boston.

Caution to Females in Delicate Health.—Dr. Dow, Physician and Surgeon, No. 7 Endicott street, Boston, is consulted daily for all diseases incident to the female system, such as Catarrh of the Uterus, Suppression and other menstrual derangements, are all treated on new pathological principles, and speedily relieved in a very efficient manner. So valuable is this new mode of treatment, that most delicate complaints yield under it, and the afflicted person soon rejoices in perfect health.

Dr. Dow has no doubt, had greater experience in the cure of diseases of women than any other physician in Boston. Hearing accommodations for patients who wish to stay in Boston a few days under his treatment.

Dr. Dow, since 1855, having confined his whole attention to an office practice for the cure of Private Diseases and Female Complaints, acknowledges no superior in the United States. N.B.—All letters must contain one dollar, or they will not be answered. Office hours from 8 A. M. to 9 P. M. Boston, Sept. 1, 1889. 1y

Job Moses' Sir James Clarke's Female Pills.—These invaluable pills are fulfilling in the cure of all those painful and dangerous diseases to which the female constitution is subject. They moderate all excesses and remove all obstructions, from whatever cause.

TO MARRIED LADIES.—They are particularly suited to them, in a short time, bring on the monthly period with regularity, and although very powerful, contain nothing hurtful to the constitution. In all cases of Nervous and Spinal Affections, Headache, Backache, Limbs, Fatigue on slight exertion, Palpitation of the Heart, Hysterics and Whites, they will effect a cure when all other means have failed. The pamphlet around each package has full directions and advice, or will be sent free to all writing for it, sealed from observation.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Job Moses' Sir James Clarke's Female Pills are extensively counterfeited. The genuine have the name of "JOB MOSES" on each package. All others are worthless. N.B.—In all cases where the GENUINE cannot be obtained, One Dollar, with fifteen cents for postage, enclosed to the proprietor, JOB MOSES, 18 Cortlandt St., New York, will insure a bottle of the genuine, containing Fifty Pills, by return mail, securely sealed from any knowledge of its contents.

Consumption.—The three remedies "SCIENCE'S PULMONIC SYRUP," for the cure of Coughs, Colic, Brouchitis, and every form of Consumption. The peculiar action of this medicine ripens the ulcers in the lungs, promotes the discharge of the corrupt matter by expectoration, purifies the blood, and thus cures Consumption, when every other remedy fails.

"SCIENCE'S SEA-WEDD TONIC," for the cure of Dyspepsia or Indigestion, and all diseases arising from debility. This tonic invigorates the digestive organs, supplies the place of the gastric juice when that is deficient, and thus enables the patient to digest the most nutritious food. It is a sovereign remedy for all cases of indigestion.

"SCIENCE'S MANDRAKE PILLS," one of the most valuable remedies ever discovered, being a vegetable substitute for opium, and having all the useful properties ascribed to that mineral, without producing any of its injurious effects.

To these three medicines Dr. J. H. Senekow, of Philadelphia, owes his unrivalled success in the treatment of Pulmonary Consumption. The Pulmonic Syrup ripens the morbid matter, discharges it, and purifies the blood. The Mandrake Pills act upon the liver, remove all obstructions, thereby give the organ a healthy tone, and cure Liver Complaint, which is one of the most prominent causes of Consumption. The Sea-Wedd Tonic invigorates the powers of the stomach, and by strengthening the digestion and bringing it to a normal and healthy condition, improves the quality of the blood, by which means the formation of ulcers or tubercles in the lungs become impossible. The combined action of these medicines, as thus explained, will cure every case of Consumption, if the remedies are used in time, and the use of them is persevered in sufficiently to bring the case to a favorable termination.

Dr. Senekow's Almanac, containing a full treatise on the various forms of disease, his mode of treatment, and general directions how to use his medicine, can be had gratis or sent by mail by addressing his principal office, No. 15 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

J. HAWLEY, Dry Goods, Millinery, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, &c., Gilbertville.

A WATER POWER FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE IN SILVER ST., MONSON.

Also, 15 acres of Land, 100 Fruit Trees, 15 acres of Wood Land, and a newly new House and Barn, to be sold for half what it is worth, the dam being washed away by flood. P. O. address J. W. AVERY, Holyoke, Mass. July 23, 1870. 3m

REMOVAL.—The subscribers, having moved their stock of goods to the new store south side of the river, will be pleased to see all their former customers; and, thankful for past favors, hope by Good Bargains, Fair Dealing, and close Attention to Business, to merit a large share of their patronage in future. C. F. HITCHCOCK & CO. Gilbertville, July 10th, 1870. 23 ft

MUSIC! MUSIC! THE NEW METHOD FOR THE PIANO! Taught by an ACCOMPLISHED PLAYER and THOROUGH TEACHER. Mrs. W. H. CLARK. Palmer, July 23, 1870.

HOOP SKIRTS AND CORSETS! Ladies in want of the above articles, OF FINE OR MEDIUM QUALITY, OR EXTRA SIZES, Are invited to call at our rooms on Bank St. Mrs. C. PHIPPS. Ware, July 23d, 1870. 1w

NOTICE! NOTICE!! NOTICE!!! All persons having unsettled accounts with me are requested to settle them on or before August 1st, for after that date I shall be under the necessity of leaving them in other hands for collection. Yours truly, F. M. EAGER. Palmer, July 23d, 1870. 1w

ASSESSORS' NOTICE.—The Assessors of the town of Palmer give notice that they have delivered to Jason A. Palmer, collector of taxes, a correct list of the taxes, together with a warrant in due form of law for collecting the same. By vote of the town, all persons who shall voluntarily pay the collector on or before the twentieth (20th) day of August next, will be allowed a discount of six per cent on their State, County and Town taxes. E. B. GATES, Assessors. C. C. SHAW, of Palmer. Palmer, July 23d, 1870. 1w

RAILROAD MEETING. A meeting of the Corporators of the Southbridge and Palmer Railroad will be held at MONROE'S HOTEL in BURLINGTON, on the 28th day of JULY, commencing at 10 o'clock A. M., to see if they will accept the Act of Incorporation—to organize under the same, and to transact such other business as may come before the meeting. JAMES G. ALLEN, one of the persons named in the act of incorporation. Palmer, July 23, 1870. 1w

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.—HAMPDEN SS. PROBATE COURT.—To the heirs-at-law, and others interested in the estate of Sophia Keith, late of Palmer, in said county, deceased, Greeting: Whereas, Samuel R. Keith, administrator of the estate of said deceased, has presented to said court his petition for license to sell the whole of the real estate of said deceased, for the payment of debts and charges of administration, and for other reasons set forth in said petition.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be holden at Springfield, in said county, on the second Tuesday of August next, at two o'clock in the afternoon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same; and said administrator is ordered to serve this citation on you, and to file with the court a copy of this citation, and a copy of the petition, on or before the first day of August next, or on any day thereafter, on or before the first day of September next, or on any day thereafter, on or before the first day of October next, or on any day thereafter, on or before the first day of November next, or on any day thereafter, on or before the first day of December next, or on any day thereafter, on or before the first day of January next, or on any day thereafter, on or before the first day of February next, or on any day thereafter, on or before the first day of March next, or on any day thereafter, on or before the first day of April next, or on any day thereafter, on or 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JOHN PRINTING of all kinds executed in the best style, and at short notice.

G. M. FISK. C. B. FISK.

Somebody's Knocking.

There's somebody knocking. Hark! who can it be? It's not at the door; no, it's in the elm-tree. I hear it again; it goes rat-a-tat-tat. Now, what in the world can be the meaning of that?

I think I can tell you. Ah! yes it is he! It's young Master Woodpecker, gallant and free. He's dressed very handsomely (rat-a-tat-tat). Just like a young dandy, so comely and fat. He's making his visits this morning, you see; Some friends of his live in that tall old elm-tree; And, as trees have no door-bells (rat-a-tat-tat), Of course he must knock; what is plainer than that?

Now old Madam Bng hears him rap at her door; Why doesn't she come? Does she think him a bore? She stays in her chamber, and keeps very still, I guess she's afraid that he's bringing a bill. "I've seen you before, my good Master," she says; "Although I'm a maid, you can't be humping me. Rap on if you please; at your rapping I laugh. I'm too old a bug to be caught with your chain."

But poor little baby-bugs are no wiser; They run out to meet him. "Good morning!" he cries; Then gobbles them all with a rat-a-tat-tat. Without even stopping to take off his hat.

—The Nursery for July.

WHY HE MARRIED.

"And don't you know when you will pass through this part of the country again, Mr. Verley?"

"No, I don't," said the old bachelor, decidedly.

He was something of a bear to answer so crusty when Barbara Smith stood in the doorway, with the shadowy lashes drooping over her soft brown eyes, and the roses melting into deep carmine on her rosy cheeks, until her muslin dress was plain in comparison. Such a pretty, big-eyed, loving little Barbara she was, in all the blooming freshness of her eighteen summers, and the soft sigh that fluttered from her lips as the one horse carriage drove away, was checked instantly. Barbara had no idea of becoming a victim to unrequited love, though she had rather fancied Mr. Verley during his brief sojourn at her father's house.

Mr. Verley drove away through the rustling green draperies of the summer lanes, whistling sadly as he drove.

"I shall be in very good time for the 12-30 train," he meditated to himself. "Punctuality is the soul of business, and I never was one of the behind-hand tribe, thank Providence. Besides, I think it was becoming dangerous to remain in that place any longer. I am thirty-nine to-morrow, and that is just twenty years too old for me to go to making a fool of myself. Fancy me getting married! No you don't, Joseph Verley, my friend."

As he settled himself comfortably in the crowded railroad car, and opened a letter, the subject again occurred to his mind with curious persistence.

"The letter of my poor brother's executor came just in time, or I should certainly have lounged away more than would have been sensible or profitable. Poor dear Harold; I don't see what on earth possessed him to fall sick and die on his way from Venice, and leave his daughter on my hands too. Why could he not have left a son instead of a daughter? I never did understand a woman's ways, and what's more I don't want to. I am to meet her at Speedville, and take her home with me. Oh!" groaned Mr. Verley, referring despairingly to his letter, "and what am I going to do with her when I get her there, I'd like to know? I suppose she's a great creature, with ringlets and ribbons, and just as likely as not, an Italian lover-talking sentiment to her—a creature that reads Byron, and keeps an album, and eats slate-pencils and chalk. I'll send her to a boarding school, that's what I'll do with my niece—and perhaps when she has graduated there the schoolmaster can suggest some means of getting rid of her. Of course she'll have half a dozen huge trunks, and a bonnet box and a parrot cage—that's the way the women generally travel, I believe. I am glad I am out of the way of Barbara's fascinations now."

Mr. Verley looked out of the car window, in a sort of calm desperation at the prospect before him.

"I suppose she'll want a piano, and maybe a poodle dog, and there's no knowing what else. I don't see why Harold wanted to die and leave his daughter to my care just now. Speedville Station—twenty-seven miles further—I wish it were twenty-seven hundred miles—that's what I wish."

And with this vindictive sentiment in his mind, our hero tied a red silk handkerchief over his head, and tried to lose himself in a series of brief troubled dreams, wherein the vision of a tall, nice young lady figured conspicuously.

"Are we here already?" he stammered, starting to his feet, as the conductor bawled out "Speedville Station," and seizing umbrella, valise and travelling shawl, with the bustling bewilderment peculiar to people suddenly aroused from sleep.

Speedville was rather a large-sized village, situated at the junction of several railways, with an imposing American Gothic structure as depot. Into this building Mr. Verley walked, looking right and left for the young lady whose guardianship he was to assume.

"Of course," he reasoned, mentally, "She'll be on the lookout for me; women are proverbially curious."

But Harold Verley's daughter was not on the lookout for her uncle. When the crowd incident to the evening train had subsided and the people had gone their several ways, the only remaining occupants of the depot were Mr. Verley, a lame old man who sold peanuts and apples, and a decent-looking colored woman, with a brilliant Madras turban on her head, who took care of the building. Neither of these could be his niece, so Mr. Verley, after a little perplexed hesitation, addressed himself to the colored woman, who was busily polishing the window with a piece of crumpled newspaper.

"Ahem? I was to meet my niece here to-day, and I don't see her."

"Your niece, sir? what is her name?"

"Verley."

"O, yes, sir; she has been here these two hours, bless her dear heart; she's asleep now."

"Asleep!" gasped Mr. Verley; but the stewardess only answered him by bustling into the inner apartment and bringing out what appeared to be a compact bundle, with a pink face at one end of it, and a mass of long trailing embroidery at the other.

Joseph Verley recoiled as far as the angle of the wall would permit him.

"Why—it's a baby!"

"To be sure it is, sir," said the woman, "and as fine a little girl as I ever saw; bless her sweet blue eyes."

"But isn't there a nurse or some such person here who would take charge of her?"

"There was a nurse brought her on, sir, a queer, foreign-looking thing, with a yellow skin and hair as black as night, and big gold hoops in her ears; but she talked something about the next steamer—I couldn't understand her lingo, sir—and went right back to New York on the two o'clock train."

Joseph Verley stood aghast, staring at the rosy baby, as it lay crowing in the woman's arms, and wondering which of his lucky stars he should call on to aid him in this unlooked for emergency. A full grown young lady niece would have been bad enough—but a baby!

"So this is my niece," he muttered.

"And what am I going to do with her?"

He turned suddenly to the colored woman.

"What time does the next train for Winfield leave?"

"In an hour, sir."

"Would you be kind enough to take care of the child till then? I suppose I must take it home with me; for I can't very well drop it, or throw it under the car wheels."

"Sir!" ejaculated the astonished stewardess.

But Mr. Verley turned on his heel and strode out of the depot, scarcely able at first to comprehend the disaster that had befallen him.

The train was at the depot when he returned; and the woman awaited him with the sleeping infant in her arms.

"A sleeping child!" commented Mr. Verley.

"Well that's lucky."

"Where's the nurse sir?" inquired the woman.

"The nurse? what nurse?"

"Why, I supposed you went to get a nurse!"

"Never once thought of it!" ejaculated Joseph, mildly smiling his forehead.

"Here—give the thing to me quick, the train is moving."

He had hardly time to spring on board as the locomotive gave an unearthly shriek, while the baby followed suit in both respects.

He staggered to his seat holding the umbrella and child in one hand, while in the other his valise swung backward and forward.

"There! there! bless it's little heart!" he exclaimed, imitating the colored woman.

"We won't cry—no we won't."

But the baby evidently had an opinion of its own on the subject, and would cry in spite of the various blandishments practiced by the bewildered uncle—such as shaking the umbrella handle, swinging his watch, and trotting both knees.

People began to look around; reproachfully; young men shrugged their shoulders, and young ladies giggled.

"Hush! hush! there's a darling!" whispered Mr. Verley.

But still the baby wept and wailed, and gnashed its gums, for of teeth it had but two. Mr. Verley, began to look round in the car in search of some matronly dame of whom he could seek counsel, but in vain. There were only three ladies in the

car, and they were young, with round hats and dimpled cheeks.

"They don't know anything about it," groaned Mr. Verley, in anguish of spirit. "O why didn't I have common sense enough to go and get a nurse? I suppose there is no danger of a baby bursting its lungs; but I should think if there was such a contingency, this baby was in a fair way of meeting it. Well, roar away, my young friend; I can stand it as long as you can."

Vain boast, as futile as vain, as Mr. Verley very soon discovered. The baby not only cried, but it screamed, it kicked, it doubled itself over in more ways than a contortionist's wildest dreams could imagine, and became apparently frantic with passion. The perspiration broke out in huge beads on Joseph's brow; his face flushed, and still the ears thundered on.

"What's to become of me?" he pondered, holding desperately on to the struggling infant by the sash that encircled its little waist, and watching its purple face with a species of detestation. "I don't wonder Harold died! I shall die in a week, if this thing goes on. And it seems so easy for Barbara Smith to take care of her little brothers and sisters. If Barbara was here—"

And Verley put the baby into a sitting posture with a sudden jerk.

"I'll do it," quoth Mr. Verley; "I'll take the back express at four in the morning, and go straight there. Ah, you may stop crying, you little hypocrite; but it won't do any good; I'm not to be caught twice in the same trap."

Barbara Smith was watering her tube roses in the bright morning sunshine, as Mr. Verley drove up to the gate, with the valise and baby in the carriage.

"Dear me, Mr. Verley!" she ejaculated, blushing "celestial rosy red." "Why, what a sweet baby."

"Yes, very sweet," he responded, dryly.

"It is my niece that I was to meet at Speedville."

"Why, I thought she was a young lady!"

"So did I; but it seems she's not. Barbara, what do you suppose brought me back?" he added, speaking very fast for four the baby would cry.

"I don't know," faltered Barbara, crimsoning still more. "Perhaps you forgot something."

"Yes, I did."

"What was it?" said Barbara, a little disappointed.

"I forgot to ask you if you would marry me."

"Dear me! was that all?" said the young lady, demurely.

"Isn't that enough? Say, Barbara, will you?"

"I'll think of it," answered Barbara, evasively.

"No, but tell me now. Quick, the baby's waking up."

"Well, then—yes."

Barbara had taken the little thing in her arms, and disappeared before it had time to utter its waking wail.

A week afterwards Mr. Joseph Verley took the 12-30 return train, with his wife and niece, the happiest of reclaimed old bachelors, and it was all the unconscious baby's work.

PAPAL INFALLIBILITY.

The schema or dogma of infallibility, which has been adopted by the Ecumenical Council and proclaimed by the Pope, is as follows:

1. If any one should say that the Episcopal chair of the Roman Church is not the true and real infallible chair of Blessed Peter, or that it has not been divinely chosen by God as the most solid, indefectible, and incorruptible rock of the whole Christian Church, let him be anathema.

2. If any one should say that there exists in the world another infallible chair of the truth of the gospel of Christ our Lord distinct and separate from the chair of Blessed Peter, let him be anathema.

3. If any one should deny that the divine magistracy of the chair of blessed Peter is necessary to the true way of eternal salvation for all men, whether unfaithful or faithful, whether laymen or bishops, let him be anathema.

4. If any one should say that each Roman Pontiff, legitimately elected, is not by divine right the successor of blessed Peter, even in the gift of the infallibility of magistracy, and should deny to any of them the prerogative of infallibility for teaching the church the word of God pure from all corruption and error, let him be anathema.

5. If any one should say that general councils are established by God in the church as a power of feeding the divine flock in the word of faith superior to the Roman Pontiff, or equal to him, or necessary by divine institution in order that the magistracy of the Roman Bishop should be preserved infallible, let him be anathema.

A tipsy sailor spent some time in examining a cane-bottomed chair, and then said:

"Dang my buttons, but it was a cante fellow that twisted that cane around all them little holes."

Every coat, as well as every man, should go on its own hook.

Mr. and Mrs. George Babba of Alburgh, Vt., have had nineteen babies in their family within twenty-five years.

HANGING GARDENS OF BABYLON.

The vast structure built by Nebuchadnezzar, which has been celebrated in all ages as one of the wonders of the world, under the name of the hanging Gardens of Babylon, was really an artificial mountain—or meant to be such. It was built to gratify the desire of a wife of Nebuchadnezzar, named Amytis, who, having been a native of a mountainous country toward the north, soon grew tired, when she came to Babylon, of the level monotony of the country there, and, as young brides on the Western prairies of America often do at the present day, when they remember the green declivities and summits, and the secluded and romantic dells of their native New England, she said to her husband that she longed for the sight of a hill. Her husband, therefore, undertook to build her one.

The structure consisted of a series of platforms or terraces, supported on arches of masonry, placed one above the other, and raised so high that the upper one was above the walls of the city, so that the spectator, standing upon it, could not only look down upon all the streets and squares of the town, but could also extend his view beyond the walls, and survey the whole surrounding country. The several terraces were supported on immense arches of masonry. The lateral thrust of these arches was resisted by a solid wall twenty-two feet thick, which bounded and closed the structure of immense flat blocks of stone, cemented at the joints with bitumen. Above this pavement was a layer of reeds, and then another of bitumen, upon which, at the top of all, was a flooring of brick, which formed the upper surface of the platform. On this foundation was laid a thick stratum of garden mould, deep enough to afford support and nourishment for the largest trees. The gardens made upon these terraces were laid out in the most costly and elegant manner and were provided with statues and fountains, and with the choicest fruits, and the rarest and most beautiful shrubs and trees, and—parterres of brilliant flowers, and seats, and bowers, and ornamental arbors—with everything, in short, which the horticulturists of the day could devise to complete the attractiveness of the scene.

The ascent from each of these terraces to the one above it was by a broad and beautiful flight of steps, and visitors who ascended from one to the other saw on each successive platform new and ever changing beauties, in the varied arrangement of walks and trees and beds of flowers, and in the new views of the surrounding country which became, of course, wider and more commanding the higher they ascended.

There were spacious and airy apartments built among the arches below, which opened out upon the successive terraces. These apartments commanded very beautiful views, both of the gardens before them were splendidly decorated, and they were fitted with all necessary conveniences for serving refreshments to guests, and for entertainments of every kind. On the upper platform was a reservoir of water, supplied by vast engines concealed within the structure. Pipes and other hydraulic machinery conducted this water to all the lower terraces, in order to supply the various fountains, and to irrigate the ground. In fact, so vast was the extent, and so magnificent the decorations of this artificial hill, that as long as it endured it was considered, by common consent, as one of the wonders of the world.

A LAKE OF FIRE.—The Pall Mall Gazette mentions the recurrence of an extraordinary phenomenon spoken of by Herodotus, as having been observed in remote times by the tribes inhabiting the shores of the Caspian Sea. The huge salt lake is dotted with islands from which enormous quantities of naphtha are yearly taken. Early last month, owing to subterranean disturbances, the wells on these islands overflowed, and the inflammable substance spread over the entire surface of the lake. It accidentally took fire, and for forty-eight hours burned furiously over a surface of many thousands of square miles, presenting a magnificent and terrifying spectacle to the inhabitants of the surrounding country, who imagined the end of the world was at hand. The fish in the lake were entirely destroyed, and for miles around the vegetation was parched and the country made like a desert.

Are you troubled with roaches or ants? Then we can tell you how to manage them. Go to a drug store and buy a pound of powdered borax; scatter the borax on shelves or other places where the roaches or ants do congregate, and they will soon disappear. We have tried it on the little black roaches, large black ants, and little yellow ants, with equal success. The borax may also be, perhaps, an equally sure remedy for other vermin. In any event, there is no danger in trying it, as it is a harmless drug.

Mr. and Mrs. George Babba of Alburgh, Vt., have had nineteen babies in their family within twenty-five years.

Castle Building.

We wandered down the steep ravine When sunset flowers were really glowing, And all the vale with purple slown, And golden smoke was overflowing. The mountain slopes were still ablaze, The tree-tops burned like waving torches, And rainbow rays of lost haze. We finished all the woodland porches. So, hand in hand, we rested still, And upward looked through sunset splendour—So, heart with heart, in loving thrill, Grew mute beneath the glamour tender. And thus we built, with painted mist, Our castles grand from floor to coping, Until the last grand sunbeam kissed The gray ravine, and left us—groping.

Alas, my love! the darkness falls Full soon, to shroud our brightest dreaming; And golden roofs and crystal walls Are bared, full oft, on cloudy seeming. But hand in hand, and heart with heart, We wait until the twilight hoary, And wait until the shadows part, That hide from us our house of glory.

A REMARKABLE "RECOMMENDATION."

The San Francisco Era gives a copy of a peculiar certificate of character which one of its editors gave to Emeline. It read as follows:—

"She has black eyes and black hair. Whenever she comes home from a wake her eyes are blacker and she has 'less hair by three or four handfuls.' Emeline is engaged, and her young man is the most successful assuallator of butter and sugar and milk that ever emigrated from Ireland. He is equal to any demand of this kind upon his stomach. Emeline has been vaccinated, but it didn't take. This is the only thing about Emeline that we know of that won't take. Spoons take, and hem-stitched handkerchiefs take, and she can nail more pillow-cases and forks within a given time than any other girl of the same size and weight in the land of the free. Her 'Sunday out' comes twice a week, and she can wash stockings in the tea kettle more efficiently than any living woman. Her way of taking care of a baby is to hold it upside down by the leg until it bursts a blood vessel; and if she washes windows she 'never sluices water down' on the pavement 'unless a man is going by with a new high hat on,' then she slings it around by the tin cup full. Emeline's most unpleasant peculiarity is that she always blows the gas out when she goes to bed; but it is better to encourage this practice in the hope that she will suffocate herself some night. She would be much more efficient as a 'good, quiet, docile corpse than as a servant girl.' This was 'giving a character' with a vengeance. But the editor reckoned without his host. He confesses that this 'recommendation' must have been shown to Emeline's brother, because the latter has been 'sitting on our front-door step with a discomfiting elab for a week past, and we have gone in and out through the alley gate.'"

LITTLE THINGS MAY BE USEFUL.

There was once a prince, who, being displeased with one of his nobles, determined to punish him. The Prince commanded that he should be shut up in a high tower. Into this tower there was only one entrance, which was walled up immediately after the nobleman had been placed there. This all hope of escape seemed to be cut off, and the unhappy man was left to perish. Inside the tower there was a long winding staircase, by which the prisoner reached the top. While looking down from there, he observed his wife, who had come, indulging a faint hope that she might be able, by some means or other, to aid her husband in escaping from his place of confinement. On inquiring if she could be of any service to him, he replied: "Oh! yes; go and procure a black beetle, a little grease, a skein of silk, a skein of twine, and a long rope." The poor wife hastened to obtain what her dear husband asked for—wondering no doubt at the strangeness of his request. She soon returned furnished with the things. Her husband then directed her to put the grease on the beetle's head, to fasten the silk to its hind leg, the twine to the silk, and the rope to the twine, and then place the beetle on the wall of the tower. On being set at liberty on the wall, the beetle smelling the grease on its head, and not being able to discover where it was, crept up the tower in search of it, till it arrived at the top. The nobleman caught it, and taking the silk from its hind-leg, carefully drew it up. When he came to the end of the silk he found the twine, and next he came to the rope. Fastening this to a crook, he let himself down, and made his escape.

Snow-Sneeps.—The largest building in the world is the snow-sled on the Central Pacific Railroad, in the Sierra Nevada Mountains. It is 16 feet high and 22 miles long, covering an area of 1,800,000 square feet, or nearly 44 acres. Over forty million feet of lumber were used in its construction. Where avalanches or slides are imminent, the roof is carried to the cliffs, and bolted to the rocks when practicable, heavy timbers being used to brace and strengthen it. So far, it is said to fully answer the purpose intended. A wooden tunnel twenty-two miles long cannot afford a pleasant prospect to travelers.

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STREET FLIRTING.

The impression that pretty girls like to be smiled, winked and bowed at by gentlemen evidently prevails to an alarming extent among certain of our youths, who imagine that they possess irresistible charming physiques. A casual observer might not notice this fact, but those whose business requires them to be much on the street, cannot fail to do so. A lady, who possesses a becoming toilet is liable, one who possesses a pretty face likely, and one who possesses both almost sure to be stared and smiled at, and probably followed, by some shallow-brained fop, who imagines that every lady he meets is "struck" with his fine personal appearance and good clothes. Some of these self-satisfied youths are constantly in motion, and apparently their chief aim is to pass and repass attractive young ladies as frequently as possible in a given time and space. Others locate their "stunning" frames, in striking attitudes on prominent street corners, and allow the pretty damsels to pass before them on dress review, bestowing their serpentine greetings on all who are so fortunate as to notice them. A woman who feels flattered by, or who will return the recognition of a stranger, is either possessed of a degree of vanity very likely to prove her ruin, or is already beyond the possibility of any such change in her morals. There are of course circumstances under which acquaintances may be formed without such results, but our meaning is doubtless sufficiently plain without detailing the exceptions, which all sensible women understand and appreciate.

Some girls claim that the only attraction possessed by street flirtings, is that "there's fun in it," and nothing more serious liable to result from it. This theory will not hold good in near one-half of the cases, as fully that proportion of flirtings girls become unstable or demoralized women. It may be fun at first, for girls, but men rarely waste their time, and devote so much labor to the simplest quest of fun, as understood by the gullest misses. Girls who encourage it rarely if ever quit as refined and attractive members of society as when they commenced, and many a poor, down-trodden woman can trace her ruin to what she at first considered an innocent flirtation.

A WOMAN'S IDEAL KITCHEN.

To begin with, I would have a kitchen well lighted. Some, yes, a great deal of the broad, rich expansive sunshine coming right in boldly as if it had a perfect right to be there. That would of course necessitate large windows. And then I wouldn't give as much attention to the ventilation of a kitchen, as I would to that of a sleeping room. I would have a large circular device suspended over the cooking-stove, with a hole and a tube leading to the top of the house to carry off the savory smells which the process of cooking generates, and prevent them from permeating the entire house. For these smells, however savory and agreeable, are apt to take away something from our appetite; or at least to cause us to anticipate something better than reality. Then I would have a large sink with a permanent soapstone or marble wash bowl for washing the dishes; another for draining. I would also have an adjustable pipe, leading from the hot water tank to either of these drains. Besides this I would have sundry closets and cupboards arranged upon the walls so as to be tasteful and decorative, as well as convenient. Then I would have a space devoted to tiny drawers, such as one sees in a drug store, and labeled after this manner; soda, cream of tartar, nutmegs, allspice, etc.; so that at a glance I could discover just what I wanted, without rummaging to find these things in some out-of-the-way corner, placed there by some careless, untidy Bridget. This would save every new servant as to all the places of things. Cooking is becoming so complicated nowadays, that one needs all the arrangements, and as many utensils as a chemical laboratory; and the good architect should give the good material families "a place for everything."

—American Builder.

SHERMAN'S LOVE OF MUSIC.—Sitting before his tent, in the glow of a camp fire, one evening, General Sherman let his cigar go out to listen to an air that a distant band was playing. The music ceased at last—the general turned to one of his officers.

"Send an orderly to ask that band to play that tune again."

A little while, and the band received the word. The tune was "The Blue Juniata" with exquisite variations. The band played it again, even more beautifully than before. Again it ceased, and then, off to the right, nearly a quarter of a mile away, the voices of some soldiers took it up with words. Then a band, and still another band, played a low accompaniment. Camp after camp began singing; the music of "The Blue Juniata" became for a few minutes the oratorio of half an army.

A colored man who had killed a white man in Beaufort, S. C., has been found guilty of murder by a jury composed entirely of negroes.

The Journal.

SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1870.

It is thought that the French troops will be withdrawn from Rome before long. With Italy aching for Rome as her capital, and the Garibaldians ready to rise at any moment, what would the poor infallible do, under these circumstances?

The body of the French minister, M. Paradol, was sent home last week, and his son and daughter who have been stopping at Newport went on the same steamer. Yet they are ignorant of the death of their father and will not be told of it till their arrival at Paris.

We notice that the Democratic journals of this country take sides with France against Prussia, while the Republican papers universally sympathize with Prussia. Is it a political war that such should be the case, or is it the natural sympathy which Republicans entertain for justice and right?

The Germans in this country are enthusiastic in their support of Germany in its defence against France. Meetings are held in all the large cities of the Union, and resolutions of sympathy and proffered aid are adopted. Subscriptions are also made for the sanitary departments of the Prussian army.

Our Prohibitory friends are to hold a State Convention at Boston, August 17. They propose to nominate a clean State ticket, and take the field against all other parties. This project has long been threatened and now we shall see how large a vote the strictly prohibitory party can cast. Its friends will no doubt be surprised to find how small a figure they make.

The Republican State Convention is going to be a little late this year—the 5th of October at Worcester. The other parties will get their nominations made before that time, so that the Republicans will have clear sailing, in making their selection of candidates. It is not proposed, however, to change the present State officers, except where they refuse to serve, or the time of service has expired by limitation as in the case of the treasurer.

ENGLAND is getting very mad over a discovery that France endeavored to enter into a treaty with Prussia, by which the former was to obtain Luxembourg and Belgium. France denies the existence of any such proposition, but it is claimed that it is in the hand writing of the French minister, and more developments are promised. England now bristles up and is setting her house in order for a fight with France. No one can predict what the result may be.

ASTRONOMERS told us that in the early summer there were large spots on the sun, which accounted for the cold weather then. Since the long heated term commenced they attribute it to an increase of combustion in the sun. Perhaps so; but we guess the astronomers don't know much about it. We have not had so hot a summer since 1860, and hope we shall not have another for ten years to come. Vegetation suffers seriously, and the earth is dry as powder in many places.

Up to last Wednesday the heated term had been almost unendurable. The mercury had ranged among the nineties for several weeks. The earth had become dried like ashes, and everybody felt oppressed with heat. Since 1860, no such summer has been experienced. There may have been warmer days, but so many hot days in succession seldom occur. Those who can, have fled to the seashore, or mountains, but those who cannot, and the latter number is the more numerous, must suffer with patience what they cannot help.

The mission of Red Cloud, the great Indian Chief, to Washington, has resulted favorably. He goes back and tells the people of his tribe that unless they make a treaty of peace with the Great Father at Washington, he will forsake them and retire to civilized life. He is going to send his son East to obtain an education. A little more visiting of Indian Chiefs at Washington will have a better effect than sending soldiers to kill them. But it will spoil the business of a set of rascals on the border who get rich on Indian wars, and do all in their power to keep up hostilities.

The ocean race between the English yacht Cambria, owned by Mr. Ashbury, and the American yacht Dauntless, owned by James Gordon Bennett, Jr., ended on Wednesday, the Cambria coming in ahead, passing Sandy Hook at 3.45 p. m., 23 days and 5 hours from Daunt's Rock, England. The Dauntless arrived an hour and ten minutes later. It is remarkable that in a race of 3000 miles the yachts should arrive so nearly together, and the race was too close to prove that the Cambria excels the Dauntless in sailing qualities. The Dauntless unfortunately lost two men overboard at sea, and lay to over two hours hoping to save them; but nothing was seen of them. In the race two or three years since Bennett's yacht lost one man overboard.

A SAD CASE OF STROKE.—Conrad Frederick, a Cincinnati merchant who came to New York to send his family to Europe, died of stroke Monday in less than an hour after he sailed.

New York physicians claim that soda water is largely responsible for the great number of sudden deaths this hot weather.

ON THE RHINE.

"All quiet on the Rhine," is the gist of the daily war telegrams from Europe. The fact is, neither France or Prussia seem anxious to strike the first blow, but are both busy in massing their troops in preparation for the grand onslaught. Indeed, it begins to look as though the first great battle might be the last. Napoleon and Bismarck fully understand the importance of the prestige to be gained by the first victory, and each one seems to have a healthy fear of the other also. So they are husbanding their resources, strengthening their positions, and keeping their "eyes peeled" for the first good chance to strike. It is the general impression that France will make the first attack, Prussia, trusting to the great strength of her fortifications to repel any onslaught that can be made.

The French troops are concentrating at Metz and at Strasburg, both strongly fortified positions. The works at Metz are designed not only to defend that place, but if necessary to protect a beaten army. The broad valley of the Moselle and the approaches to the town are commanded by guns that would play with terrible effect upon an approaching enemy. A correspondent of the New York Tribune, writing from Metz, states that the French are evacuating all their garrisons and rushing to the front, en masse, and estimates the force that the Emperor will have at hand and available at 800,000. The Emperor has issued a decree conferring the title of regent upon the Empress, who will exercise the functions of that office during the Emperor's absence at the seat of war. She will not be authorized, however, to go beyond his wishes and instructions, of which the ministry will have cognizance. Reporters are to be rigidly excluded from the French line. A French squadron has sailed to blockade the Prussian ports.

Prussia is concentrating her troops at Mayence and at Coblenz, with headquarters at Frankfurt-on-the-Maine. Mayence, on the left bank of the Rhine, is one of the bulwarks of Germany and the standing menace of France. Coblenz is one of the best fortified places in Prussia. It is protected by four forts on the left bank of the Rhine, built some twenty years ago at a cost of \$5,000,000. The chief strength of the city lies, however, in Ehrenbreitstein, a village and fortress situated on a large rock which towers above everything for miles around, and which on three sides is absolutely impregnable. Its fourth side is comparatively weak, but is protected by several lines of defences. Four hundred heavy guns are mounted in the fortress, which sweep the Rhine in all directions.

On the top of the rock is a great platform, which serves as a parade ground, and which covers large arched cisterns, supplied with water by springs without the walls, and capable of containing a three years' supply. There is also a well, sunk 400 feet in the rock, communicating with the Rhine. Wednesday was observed by the subjects of King William as a day of fasting and prayer for the success of the German armies. All of South Germany goes with Prussia.

Russia, Austria, Italy, and some of the smaller powers have issued proclamations of neutrality. The Czar of Russia significantly says that he will remain neutral "so long as the interests of Russia do not suffer," which means that he will "dip in" just as soon as he sees a chance of profiting by so doing. The sale of Russian army horses has been stopped and all leaves of absence canceled. Should the Czar enter the conflict, he would without doubt take sides with Prussia.

The latest dispatches from Europe would seem to indicate that a great battle will take place in a few days. Napoleon, with his son, left Paris for the front on Thursday, and has established his headquarters at Metz. Both sides are now well prepared, and the grand attack must soon come off.

The wedding of Gen. Butler's daughter, one evening last week, was of the sensational kind. Blanche Butler married Senator, or General Ames, and according to accounts furnished the press, everything was of a splendid nature. There were six ushers to show the company into the church. There were four bridesmaids to support Miss Blanche. There were four groomsmen (three Colonels and one Major) to cheer and sustain Gen. Ames. There were eight policemen to keep the peace. The residence of Gen. Butler was illuminated, and therein were music and dancing. The Governor of the State attended. So did the Massachusetts United States Senators. So did many Members of Congress. So did many Army Officers. "Pressure of business" alone restrained President Grant from hastening to the wedding—sickness alone, Admiral Farragut. We are told precisely how many chemists, drawers, and petticoats the bride had; how many ruffles they contained, and that the whole wardrobe was open to the inspection of certain visitors before the wedding. Now may the pair be happy.

NO MORE WARRANTS.—At a convention of scythe manufacturers at Springfield, last week, it was resolved to discontinue the practice of warranting scythes, for one year. It is said that many a close-fisted fellow has finished his haying, and with a solemn countenance returned his scythe to the merchant as too soft or too hard, when the fact was his haying was done and he had no more use for the scythe, but could use the dollar he paid for it very handsily.

WATER FOR WISE.—The sacrament is administered every Sunday in the Mormon Temple in Salt Lake City, water being used instead of wine. They intend to substitute wine as soon as they can manufacture it from their own grapes.

The Fire Flood.

During the past week there has been a large number of very destructive fires, destroying property to the value of more than a million of dollars. The long heated term has made everything of a combustible nature as dry as tinder, and when the fiery element once gets started it spreads with great rapidity.

On Monday afternoon East Boston was visited with a terrible conflagration, the flames holding undisputed sway over a portion of that city for more than three hours, crossing and re-crossing streets, and for a while baffling the efforts of the firemen, who labored night, enduring not only the intense heat caused by the fire, but also the extreme natural heat of the day. Commencing in a planing mill, corner of Deane and Border streets, it rapidly spread to the adjoining buildings, destroying some fifty or more, including a Presbyterian and a Baptist Church, and spreading over an area of more than six acres. A high wind drove the flames in all directions, and a short supply of water retarded the firemen in their efforts to stay the flames. Many firemen were overcome by the heat, and had to be taken to their homes. The loss is upwards of \$200,000, with limited insurance. More than one hundred families were rendered homeless.

A fire on Washington, corner of Devonshire street, Boston, the same afternoon destroyed the upper story and French roof of a building owned by the Harvard College corporation, and occupied in part by A. M. Lunt, job printer, in whose office the valuable stock of Little, Brown & Co., consisting of law works, was badly damaged by water. The whole amount of damage done by the fire will reach \$100,000. During the fire a fireman fell through a scuttle in the fifth story to the ground causing his death in a few minutes.

The office of the National Bank Note Company and the Major and Knapp Engraving Company, in the upper part of the large block corner of Broadway and Rector street, New York, were visited by fire on Sunday night, and pretty much burned out. The loss was very heavy on valuable plates, dies, stones etc., used in engraving and lithography, and is estimated at \$500,000.

The sugar refinery of Newhall, Bore & Co., at Philadelphia, seven stories high, and filled with valuable machinery and a large stock of refined sugars, was burned Tuesday night. During the fire a fireman fell on an adjoining building, crushing it and carrying down nine firemen, all of whom are believed to have been killed. All the surrounding houses were much damaged. Total loss estimated at half a million.

South Berwick, Me., was visited by a fire Monday night, which destroyed houses, stores and barns to the amount of \$40,000, on which there was an insurance of \$175,000.

Another large fire in Boston, Wednesday morning, destroyed Nickerson & Co.'s ropewalk, corner of Humeau street, and Harrison Avenue, together with several tenement houses, causing a loss of \$75,000, and rendering homeless about 40 families.

THE FALL ENCAMPMENT.—Gen. Butler, commanding the Massachusetts militia, has issued an order for a muster of all the troops in the State, numbering 5600 men, which will take place at Concord on the 5th of September, continuing five days. This will be the first general encampment of our militia since the rebellion. The camp will be known as "Camp Andrew," in honor of our late Governor. We heartily commend the following section in Gen. Butler's order, and trust that its suggestions will be carried out, thus avoiding much of the odium that usually attaches to these encampments:—

"Let us show that the war has disciplined and not demoralized us; that disorders and irregularities of the camp will not be subjects of carping criticism, but will be subjects of our own banishment from our tents. To that end let us banish from our tents the most fruitful source of all wrong and disengagement—intoxicating liquors. They will not be tolerated at Division Headquarters. Upon consultation the General Commanding is assured that none will be found at the headquarters of either brigade, and he most fully hopes and advises that none will be used or permitted upon the field, save with the other poisons in the medicine chest of the several surgeons."

THE RACES AT WORCESTER.—The annual college regatta came off at Worcester last Friday. The interest in the races was heightened by the entrance into the contest of two new colleges—Brown and Amherst. The Brown crew surprised everybody by winning the Freshmen race, Yale coming next, Harvard third, and Amherst last. Harvard and Amherst both claimed fouls. The greatest interest was of course manifested in the University races. Both the Yale and Harvard crews were looking finely, and for the first time in five years Yale came in ahead of Harvard, the latter coming in minus a rudder. The Harvard crew at once put in a claim of foul, and the umpire awarded the champion flag to the Harvard crew. The Yale crew were much incensed at the decision, which they considered unjust, and they at once challenged the Harvard crew to another race on Saturday, which was declined. Much complaint is made against the strong prejudice manifested in favor of the Harvard crew.

A BIT OF A ROMANCE.—A servant girl, an American, in Neponset, has been engaged to a young man in Charlestown until within a couple of months. After an engagement of two years she thought it was time to be married; but the young man was not ready, and finally they separated at her suggestion. Last week the young man was taken sick, and on his death bed, Saturday night, he sent for her, acknowledged that he had done wrong and wished to make reparation, and informed her that he had made his will, leaving her a house worth \$4000 unencumbered. He died a few hours afterwards.

A DESTRUCTIVE WEAPON.—They have a new arm in the French army called the "grape revolver," and a recent experiment exhibited its sweeping deadliness. Three hundred disabled horses were placed at the extremity of a plain and two of the small arms of the grape revolvers fired at them. In three minutes not a horse was alive.

ONE THING AND ANOTHER.

It now costs but fifty cents a head (poll) to live in Tennessee.

Nothing strange in this weather for a Wisconsin hen to lay a hard-boiled egg.

Newark claims to have had an eighteen-months boy die of delirium tremens.

Nobraska is the only State that had a completed railroad when admitted.

A New Yorker bets \$10,000 that Napoleon will be in Berlin within 90 days.

A. T. Stewart is reported to have made \$1,000,000 by the recent rise in gold.

Russia pays her Minister at Washington \$25,000 a year in gold, besides rations.

Madame Catacacy is the most elegantly dressed lady in Washington.

The value of the silver ore brought to one mill in San Francisco averages \$10,000 per day.

Minnesota has 6000 post offices, 5994 more than twenty years ago.

A Mrs. Chamberlain delivered the oration at Lakeville, Minnesota, on the Fourth of July.

Little boys don't bathe off Long wharf, New Haven, since a six-foot shark was caught there Tuesday.

A Hudson, N. Y., newspaper is so hard up for an item that it has had to "spread" on a "sun-struck umbrella."

The Chicago Tribune reports that the wheat stored in several of the elevators is hot, and that is the forerunner of souring.

A Troy woman has been discharged from arrest for stealing money from her husband, the judge deciding such a theft impossible.

Some ingenious biped has a machine to make a man rise early in the morning. A young Benedict says a six-months-old baby can beat it to death.

A blind rope-walker is attracting immense crowds all through the West. No stronger desire has ever been crucified to see a man break his neck.

Fainting is the latest epidemic among the females in the New Bedford High School; cause, sympathetic nervousness, with the additional influence of coarsets.

An Ohio man rents a grove to Sunday-school picnics, etc., and has been assiduously laboring to keep the snake crop down, this year, by killing about \$500.

Foundlings are so plenty at Oshkosh that ladies answer the door-bell with great trepidation, fearing to find a small Moses on the steps.

Two young men and a girl have been arrested in Michigan just for keeping house, in Mormon fashion, in a sugar camp, and foraging on the neighbors for provisions.

An Ohio paper tries to make the world believe that Mr. Munner cured his rheumatism by carrying a potato in his pocket, and that the vegetable was transformed into a stone.

Literary.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL and PACKARD'S MONTHLY for August comes to hand somewhat later than usual, on account of a fire which occurred in the building where it is put in type. Its contents, however, are as interesting and as valuable as ever. One or two articles from the "Madame Demorest," the well-known modiste, is portrayed and sketched; "Insanity vs. Inequality," the conduct of insane Asylums; "Physical Education," is learnedly and instructively treated; "Personals" and "Matrimonials" receive a severe but merited handling by one of our well-known writers. We cannot but commend this August number to the reading community. Price 30 cents; \$3 a year. Published by S. R. WELLS, 389 Broadway, New York.

We have received the FOLIO, a journal said to have a larger circulation than that of all other musical papers combined, edited by Dexter Smith, the well-known Song Writer. The publishers offer to send a specimen copy, containing over one dollar's worth of new music, beautiful songs and piano pieces, to any one, free. Send for it. Address White, Smith & Perry, Boston.

OLD AND NEW for August has the following table of contents: Old and New. Pink and White Tranyau. Mrs. H. B. Stowe. Northern Pacific Railroad. Geo. M. Steele. She Writes. (Chap. XIII.) Elsie Polko. Francis of Assisi. S. Farrington. American Political Literature. Edward A. Pollard. The Passion Play. Chinese Transcendentalism. John Edgar Johnson. John Whopper, the Newsboy. (Chap. II.) A List. Validity of our Knowledge of God. Orville Dowey. The Fenian Campaign. C. H. Tuttle.

The Examiner contains reviews of Lothar, Sicilian Tales, Foreign Theological Writers, Life of Galileo, Gregory's Sermons, Keble's Poems, the Magyars, Jefferson on the Clergy. Record of Progress has articles on Progress of our Prisons, Freedmen's Savings Banks, Railroads Abroad and at Home, Public Buildings at Washington, Views at the Capitol.

Terms—Yearly subscription, \$4.00; single numbers, 35 cents. Specimen number, with terms to clubs and agents, mailed, postpaid, on receipt of 35 cents. ROBERTS BROTHERS, Publishers, 143 Washington St., Boston.

CRIME IN PHILADELPHIA.—On Thursday evening the 14th inst., a gentleman in Philadelphia was walking out with his intended wife, when, in passing South Broad Street Park, they noticed three fellows crouched upon the grass along the fence. On arriving opposite to these vagabonds the three sprang up, two taking hold of the gentleman and the third the lady. Within a few seconds there was an acquisition of four more ruffians, who turned their attention to the gentleman, and he was driven off. The crowd then took the lady and dragged her across the fields to the coal oil refinery on the Point Breeze road, where a nameless outrage was perpetrated upon her. Her screams proved maddening, and they only desisted when their lust was satisfied. Before leaving, they forced her to disgorge her pocketbook, out of which they took all her money except seven cents, which they generously left her to pay her fare to the city with. She then reached Broad Street, and, with the assistance of a gentleman who was driving, managed to reach the city. Three of the villains have been arrested, and one of them has given information on which the remaining four will be captured.

PALMER AND VICINITY.

The pew rents of the Baptist church are now due, and payable to L. Dimock.

LEDLOW.—The house of Edmund Fuller was destroyed by fire, Sunday night. Loss \$1,000, partly insured.

No circus here yet, this season; they go around us, like the showers. We can spare the former better than the latter.

A TRAVELING "Punch and Judy" showman pitched his tent in our streets, Wednesday, to the delight of the boys.

SEVERAL small fires have been set along the railroad lines leading from this place. The grass in many places is dry as tinder, and a spark sets all ablaze.

Dr. J. B. Gould proposes to have a singing school in this place, closing with a grand concert, if a sufficient number of names can be secured. He already has schools in Belchertown and Ware.

"ALWAYS AT HOME."—A group of youngsters were studying the sign of our homeopathic physician, the other day, and wondering what that long word could mean. At last one of them, struck with a brilliant thought, exclaimed, "Oh! I know what it means; it means he's *allus* at home!"

DROWNED.—The body of a French boy, 10 years of age, was found in the canal at Thorndike, Thursday morning. He had been missing since Wednesday afternoon, and it is supposed he was climbing after a bird's nest in a tree standing on the edge of the canal, and lost his hold, falling into the water.

THE END OF THREE ORPHAN BOYS.—John Sheridan, 10 years old, a member of the State Primary School, living with Patrick Hickey of Westfield, was drowned in the river at that place on Monday, while bathing. Eight years ago this month, Frank Curtis, another boy of the same age, taken from the Monson Institution by Mr. Hickey, was drowned near the same place in the river.

On the 6th of July, 1869, William Robinson, 16 years of age, another ward of the State, suddenly left Emory H. Allen of Brookfield, and it was supposed that he had run away, but on Wednesday last his remains were found in the woods about a quarter of a mile from Mr. Allen's house, where he had hung himself with a small cord to a tree. It is supposed that he committed the act while in a fit of despondency.

SOUTHBRIDGE AND PALMER RAILROAD.—A meeting of the corporations and associates of the Southbridge and Palmer railroad was held at Monroe's Hotel, in Brimfield, Thursday last. It was voted to accept the charter. The meeting organized and elected as directors, James C. Fisk of Boston, J. G. Allen, Ebenezer Brown, and Wm. R. Parks of Palmer, John Wyles and A. L. Converse of Brimfield, Emory L. Bates and David Wright of Southbridge, William Edwards and S. C. Hartwell of Southbridge, Elijah Shaw and D. F. Parker of Wares, and C. B. Drake of Holland. The directors subsequently organized and elected Jas. G. Allen of Palmer President, Jas. C. Fisk of Boston Vice President, Marshal W. French of Palmer Treasurer, and Henry F. Brown of Brimfield Clerk, and adjourned to Saturday August 6th, at 2 P. M. to perfect the organization.

A DOG STORY WITH A MORAL.—Not long ago, Henry H. Totman of Gilbertville came to Palmer with a nice little dog which he sold to Wm. Finerty, a hostler at the Palmer House stable, for \$1. Finerty got the dog licensed at an expense of \$2, and kept him a few days, when a man from Ware put in an appearance and claimed the dog, carrying him off. The contentment of young William fell at this misfortune, and when Totman chanced to visit Palmer again the present week, he besought him to refund the \$1 which had been paid for the dog. Totman refused to refund, and William consulted the local oracle of Justice, Judge Gardner, who sent a bailiff after Mr. Totman, and decreed that he should pay back to William the amount he had paid for the dog, together with license fees and expense of keeping, the whole, including the judge's fees, which are always an important item, amounting to \$5.50. After some delay he raised the money and departed for Gilbertville highly disgusted with the way justice is administered in Palmer.

MONSON.—The valuation of the town of Monson for 1870 is \$1,318,000. The tax assessed is \$15.50 per \$1000. Whole amount of taxes raised, \$21,596.53. There are 678 polls. The following is a list of tax-payers over \$100: D. N. Cornburn, \$290.46; R. A. Chapman, 137.63; F. Fay, 153.13; Wm. N. Flynt, 222.75; Wm. N. Flynt & Co., 322.25; Mrs. J. G. Flynt, 196.46; Austin Fuller, 120.89; D. G. Green, 198.96; C. W. Holmes & Sons, 292.50; C. W. Holmes, 532.07; C. W. Holmes, 157.64; R. Homer, 147.36; C. B. Jones, 125.24; Horatio Lyon, 118.60; Merrick, Fay & Co., 255.50; C. H. Merrick, 153.13; Monson Woolen Co., 286.75; Alfred Norcross, 258.99; L. F. Newton, 110.67; W. S. Nichols, 121.74; T. F. Packard, 119.80; N. Porter, 692.45; E. E. Towne, 138.79; W. Tanner, 105.38; J. L. Bradley, 130.85; Chas. Carpenter, 111.66; C. P. Fay, 107.73; A. J. Northrop, 112.28; H. A. Rinder, 102.91; D. Foskit, 188.38; E. N. Fay, 105.69; Monson & Brimfield Co., 217; R. S. Munn, 120.39; J. L. Reynolds, 68.93; Lyman Shaw, estate, 109.39; Alvin Blanchard, 129.37. Non-residents—J. M. Converse, Palmer, 237.31; A. V. Blanchard & Co., 224.52.—Merrick, Fay & Co. will soon commence on their summer term of manufacturing.

SOUTH WILBRATON ITEMS.—S. F. Merriam was tried before Justice Spellman, a few days since, for an assault on D. B. Merriam, and fined \$5 and costs, amounting to \$15.27, from which sentence he appealed to the Superior Court. This was a continuation of the old Merriam quarrel, which has its location on the Green in the North Village. Wm. N. Davis was also up for disturbing the peace and threatening the lives of horses and individuals. He was ordered to find sureties in \$800 to keep the peace and he of good behavior for three months. He procured the sureties by not leaving the Commonwealth, agreeing not to return during the time, preferring the State of Connecticut to the House of Correction here. Michael Delehanty, of Longmeadow, was also up for assault and battery on his grandfather, a man of 90 years. He was fined \$5 and costs amounting to \$15.14, which he paid, and seemed pleased with the result. Manassah Knowlton was up for drunkenness. His case is continued to the first day of August. Hiram Hendrick, a man of more than three score years, had a paralytic stroke Saturday last, losing the use of his right side. His

recovery is quite doubtful.—A son of Edwin O'Brien, some 14 years old, met with a serious accident recently. While on a load of hay the oxen started suddenly, and he fell upon one of the stakes, thrusting it through the skin of the neck, making an ugly looking gash of more than four inches long. Dr. Ballard dressed the wound, and he is fast recovering.—Dr. Manning, of Palmer, is here, or has been here for the past two weeks, more or less, and proposes to cure almost any case which other medical men cannot. He finds almost all the community here have "Liver Complaint." From the "big jugs" he carries about it is presumed his medicines are quite satisfactory. He has some *tuff* cases under his care, which when he makes whole I will report. S. W.

ITEMS FROM THE WARE STANDARD.

THE United States census enumerator has nearly completed his labors in Ware, and gives us a population of about 4600.

CATTLE SHOWS AND FAIRS at Barre, this year, on September, 29 and 30; at Athol, Oct. 5 and 6; and at Palmer October 11 and 12.

THE "Amherst Mail Pouch," published by Postmaster Sklener, is popular, and we are to have a "Hampshire Mail Pouch," shortly.

SEE advertisement of auction sale, horses, carriages, &c., by E. F. Hildcock. It is a rare chance for those in want of such things.

SENTENCED.—The young man, Ross, who figured about here as a horse thief a few weeks ago, was arraigned last week at Cambridge, pleaded guilty, and was sent to jail for 18 months.

SOME rustics stole the horse of our friend Coney, the cigar man, the other evening, got a free ride homeward and hitched the team to a fence post on the Braintree road, where it was found.

COME TO GIBERT.—Henrietta Boardman, possibly known to many in Ware, and lately of Montague, has been put under \$5000 bonds for appearance at the next term of the Supreme Court, for keeping a disgraceful house and seducing innocent girls into it.

NEW COACH.—Have you seen the new coach and six of the Major's? It beats everything yet out. Its stay in town has ever is short, as it is designed to run from Gilbertville to Barre. We are sorry to have it leave, but though we can't have everything, haven't we a Railroad?

WE strolled up to Gilbertville a few days ago to note the growth of the settlement. Now that the railroad is completed to this village business is increasing, and Messrs. C. F. Hildcock & Co. have been obliged to enlarge their capacities by getting a new store. Hawley has put in a big stock of goods, and another new store is about to open.

THE camp meeting, on the 7th of August, near the house of A. Parka Ellis in Hardwick, will begin at 10 o'clock a. m., and three services will be held during the day. Preaching by Rev. Eleazer Owen of Westfield. Coaches will run from Ware, and Bates will put on a team to the grove at \$1.25 for the round trip. A large crowd is expected. Mr. Ellis has put the grove in very good order; seats are provided, and a preacher's stand is built.

ROMANTIC.—Rosalia Welzheimer, a German girl, came to Ware, four years ago, to work in one of the mills, and was soon after followed by a brother and mother. Last week, a young man named Carl Vosburgh arrived here from New York. Both Rosalia and Carl are from Baden, were old school mates in the "fatherland," and the sequel will be a wedding, as during these years of separation the lovers have kept up a correspondence and engagement which has resulted in their thus coming together again.

RAILROAD HEARING.—The directors of the Ware River R. R., at their late meeting at Coldbrook, gave a hearing on the location of the road from Gilbertville to Barre. Mr. Ellis, chief engineer of the road, submitted a report of his surveys, neither of which seemed satisfactory. Mr. Brimfield, in behalf of Barre, protested against further procedure, and that thorough surveys of these routes are made. The people of East Templeton also desired further time, as they are engaged on a survey of their route. Accordingly, the adjourned meeting will be held to-day, July 30, at Ware.

A WIFE OUTRAGED BEFORE HER HUSBAND.—A man in Hillsdale, N. Y., who was recently married, was called up one night, not long since, by a couple of men, who stated that they wished to see him upon important business. He dressed him upon went out, when they told him the object was to violate the person of his young wife; and presenting him to stand aside while they completed their purpose. He threatened to murder both of them if the affair leaked out; but it has finally been made public. The parties are said to be well known.

FRIGHTENED TO DEATH.—Mrs. Vincent Colyer, after rescuing her little girl from being run over by a double team, Saturday evening, in New York, suddenly put her hand to her forehead, exclaiming in a faint voice, "I was scared so much," and fell heavily to the ground and died in three minutes.—As Mrs. Margaret Seeler was walking on 15th St., Philadelphia, on Monday, some person cried "mad dog." She turned, and saw the mad dog immediately behind her, and fell dead from fright.

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS FOR SOLDIERS.—Congress having provided for a release every five years of artificial limbs to soldiers and seamen who lost limbs in the service, instructions have been published, stating that upon applications for limbs, orders will be mailed by the surgeon-general upon any manufacturer selected, to furnish satisfactory limbs, free of charge, to soldiers or sailors. Transportation to and from the place of fitting will also be furnished.

A FEMALE FOOT RACE.—Two Cleveland women have made a match for a foot race. One is a married woman, and the other a widow. They will race in costumes prepared for the occasion, the dresses to have skirts reaching about to the knees. One point is yet in dispute—one of the women wishes to run barefoot, the other insists that both shall wear shoes. Both ladies are in daily training for the race.

HOW THEY SUFFER.—The Capucks have to pay the following prices for their cattle: beef, 5 to 7 cents; lamb, 6 to 12 cents; mutton, 4 to 8 cents; veal, 2 to 4 cents; pork, 5 to 14 cents; flour, \$3.75 per 100 lbs.; butter, 20 cents per pound; potatoes, 45 cents per bushel; eggs, 15 cents per dozen.

QUITE A FALL.—A hostler in Buffalo, N. Y., while endeavoring to pitch some hay from the third story of a stable to the cellar, through a spout, the other day precipitated himself head foremost down the spout, which is twenty-four by eighteen inches, and fully fifty feet long. He was about drunk at the time, and with the usual luck of men in that condition he escaped death, though his skull was fractured, and it was found necessary to perform the delicate operation of trepanning, the doctor taking off two square inches from the brain. It is thought he will recover.

A FOOLHARDY LEAP.—Frank Thorne, of Buffalo, N. Y., will, on the 13th of August, jump from the new suspension bridge at Niagara into the river, 195 feet below. He has tested his lungs, and finds that he can hold his breath for thirty seconds, which will give him ample time to reach the water, descend thirty feet and come up again. If he can only keep himself upright during the descent, he will probably come out all right, and in that case will receive \$10,000. A great jump—and a great fool.

DON'T YOU DO IT, FANNY.—Henry Ward Beecher writes a letter to Fanny Fern advising her, among other modes of amusing herself at Litchfield, Conn., to climb to the roof of his parental mansion "and sit on the edge with your feet hanging over the eaves." It is to be hoped that Fanny will do nothing of the sort.

UPWARD OF Forty Thousand bottles of NATURE'S HAIR RESTORATIVE were sold from Jan. 1st to June 1st, which fact tells its own story. It's so clean, and looks so nice that the ladies are all delighted with it. See advertisement.

MANY persons suffer with sick headache and nervous headache, usually induced by constipation, indigestion, &c. Such persons will find relief if not cured, by keeping the bowels open with small doses of Parson's Purgative Pills.

The attention of our readers is directed to the advertisement of COE'S DYSPEPSIA CURE, in another part of this paper.

This truly valuable medicine is recommended by all who use it. Read the certificates.

HAVE you inflammatory sore throat, stiff joints, or lameness from any cause whatever? Have you rheumatic or other pains in any other part of the body? If so, use Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. Our word for it, it is the best pain killer in this country.

CAUTION to purchasers of the Peruvian Syrup (a protected solution of the protoxide of iron)—Beware of being deceived by any of the preparations of the Peruvian Bark, or Bark and Iron, which may be offered to you. Every bottle of genuine has PERUVIAN SYRUP (not Peruvian Bark) blown in the glass. EXAMINE THE BOTTLE BEFORE PURCHASING.

DR. PERCIVAL'S ALT. EXT. or Golden Medical Discovery is not a fancy drink made of poor poisonous strychnine whiskey, pure spirits and refuse liquors, spiced and sweetened to please the taste, and lead tapers on to ruin, as are the so-called "Bitters" of the day. It is a pure medicinal extract of native roots and herbs, and is a speedy, safe and sure remedy for all severe, acute and lingering coughs, loss of appetite, "Liver Complaint," or "Biliousness," and Constipation of the Bowels. Nothing equals it for purifying the blood and curing Pimples, Blotches, Eruptions, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofulous and all skin diseases. Sold by druggists.

Twenty-seven Years' Practice in the Treatment of Diseases incident to Females, has placed DR. DOW at the head of all physicians making such practice a specialty, and enables him to guarantee a speedy and permanent cure in the worst cases of Suppression and all other Menstrual Derangements, from whatever cause. All letters for advice must contain \$1. Office, No. 7, Endicott St., Boston.

N. B.—Board furnished to those desiring to remain under treatment. Boston, July 1, 1870.

Coughs, Influenza, Sore Throat, Colds, Whooping-Cough, Croup, Liver Complaint, Bronchitis, Asthma, Bleeding of the Lungs, and every affection of the Throat, Lungs and Chest, are speedily and permanently cured by the use of VIGOR'S BALM OF WILD CHERRY.

This well-known preparation does not dry up a cough and leave the cause behind, as is the case with most medicines, but it loosens and cleanses the lungs and allays irritation, thus removing the cause of the complaint.

CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED by a timely resort to this standard remedy, as is proved by hundreds of testimonials received by the proprietors. Prepared by SETH W. FOWLE & SON, Boston, and sold by druggists generally.

Job Moses' SIR JAMES CLARK'S FEMALE PILLS.—These invaluable Pills are unfailing in the cure of all those painful and dangerous diseases to which the female constitution is subject. They moderate all excesses and remove all obstructions, from whatever cause.

TO MARRIED LADIES They are particularly suited. They will, in a short time, bring on the monthly period with regularity, and although very powerful, contain no hurtful ingredients. In all cases of Nervous and Spinal Affections, Pains in the Back and Limbs, Fatigue on slight exertion, Palpitation of the Heart, Hysterics and Whites, they will effect a cure when all other means have failed. The pamphlet around each package has full directions for its use, or will be sent free to all writing for it, advised, or will be sent free to all writing for it, advised, or will be sent free to all writing for it, advised.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Job Moses' Sir James Clark's Female Pills are advertised in the name of "JOB MOSES" on each package. All others are worthless.

N. B.—In all cases where the GENUINE cannot be obtained, One Dollar, with fifteen cents for postage, enclosed to the sole proprietor, JOB MOSES, is returned to the sender, by mail, by return mail, sealed from any knowledge of its contents.

Consumption.—The three remedies "SCHENCK'S PULMONIC SYRUP," for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, and every form of Consumption. The most powerful action of this medicine repairs the ulcers in the lungs, promotes the discharge of the corrupt matter by expectoration, purifies the blood, and thus cures Consumption, when every other remedy fails.

"SCHENCK'S SEA-WEED TONIC," for the cure of Dyspepsia or Indigestion, and all diseases arising from debility. This tonic invigorates the digestive organs, supplies the place of the gastric juice when that is deficient, and then enables the patient to digest the most nutritious food. It is a sovereign remedy for all cases of indigestion.

"SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS," one of the most valuable remedies ever discovered, being a vegetable substitute for calomel, and having all the useful properties ascribed to that mineral, without producing any of its injurious effects.

To those who desire to know how to use his medicine, he can be had gratis or sent by mail by addressing his principal office, No. 15 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

PLEASE! PLEASE! PLEASE!—Outward applications are money thrown away. The only permanent cure is DR. HARRISON'S PULMONIC LOZENGES. They strike at the cause. They are pleasant, non-toxic, and they require no abstinence of food. They are exactly suited to obviate the cause of the disease. For sale at all druggists. Sent by mail, by return mail, sealed from any knowledge of its contents. Price of the article blank. Ask your druggist for Nature's Hair Restorative, and take no other.

Caution to Females in Delicate Health.—Dr. Dow, Physician and Surgeon, No. 7 Endicott Street, Boston, is consulted daily for all diseases incident to the female system: Prolapsus Uteri or Floppy Albus, Suppression and other menstrual irregularities, are all treated on new pathological principles, and speedy relief guaranteed in a very few days. So invariably certain is this new mode of treatment, that most obstinate complaints yield under it, and the afflicted person soon rejoices in perfect health.

Dr. Dow has, no doubt, had greater experience in the cure of diseases of women than any other physician in Boston.

Boarding accommodations for patients who may wish to stay in Boston a few days under his treatment.

Dr. Dow, since 1845, having confined his whole attention to an office practice for the cure of Prolapsus Uteri, Female Complaints, acknowledged no superior in the United States.

N. B.—All letters must contain one dollar, or they will not be answered.

Office hours from A. M. to 9 P. M. Boston, Aug. 1, 1870.

BORN.—At Hardwick, 21th, a daughter to OSCAR W. SOUTHWORTH.

MARRIED.—At Three Rivers, 9th, by Rev. L. F. Shepley, Dr. J. S. CLARK and ALDONA E. SQUIRES, grand daughter of Oscar Hanks.

DIED.—At Palmer Centre, 26th, of consumption, ELLEN HARVEY, 21.

At North Brookfield, 11th ult., a daughter to GEORGE E. GILMORE.

At North Brookfield, 12th, DELIA A. A. 24 years and 9 months, wife of George E. Gilmore; 18th, of cholera infantum, DELIA ISABELLA FAY, 37 days, daughter of George E. Gilmore.

L. G. CUSHMAN'S Livery Stable, opp. Monson Bank, Single and Double Teams furnished for Wedding Parties, Picnics, Excursions, Funerals, &c.

DISSOLUTION OF CO-PARTNERSHIP.—Between the undersigned heretofore existing under the name of Holden & Maynard, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. O. P. Maynard assuming all the debts and responsibilities of the late firm.

STAR LIGHTNING ROD PROPERTY AT AUCTION.—Will be sold at Public Auction, at the residence of C. B. Brown, in the village of Brimfield, on

TUESDAY, AUG. 24, 1870, At 10 o'clock A. M., the following Personal Property, viz:

6 GOOD HORSES, 3 set DOUBLE HARNESES, 3 Single Harnesses, 1 set Clark's Patent Check Reel,

ONE NICE TOP CARRIAGE, 1 Sleigh, 1 Shilling Carriage Pole, 1 Hay Cutter, 1 extra set of harness, 1 Lap robe, 2 Blankets, 2 Saddlebags, 2 Halters, 1 Saddle, 1 Wagon Jack, 1 set Sleigh Bells.

Also, HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, 1 Carpet, a lot of new and second-hand goods, and many other articles not mentioned.

E. F. HITCHCOCK, C. S. HITCHCOCK, Auctioneer. Brimfield, July 30, 1870.

TREMENDOUS EXCITEMENT.—AT—No. 5 STATE ST., SPRINGFIELD.

THE OLD FOGS MUST LOOK OUT, FOR SHAW is bound to smash things in the way of

BOOTS AND SHOES. This stock is one of the LARGEST outside of Boston, comprising a full and complete assortment. I have a large lot of Ladies' Boots, made in the State, and of the very best quality, and the LATEST STYLES.

Next comes the MEN'S GOODS: A Man's Calf Boot, in 3 widths, all warranted custom-made, for \$3.50; also, a fair one for \$3.00. In connection with these, I have the FINEST BOOTS made in the State. Also, FINE PUNCH CUPS, all hand sewed, and Fair stitch, in 3 widths, that defy competition. Also, Men's Thick Boots from \$1.00 to \$2.00. Also, Men's Congress Boots, Oil Goat, Glove, Calf, Patent Calf and Seal Skins, of the finest stock and work to be found.

Remember the place—NO. 5 STATE ST. Springfield, June 25, 1870.

NATURE'S HAIR RESTORATIVE. Contains NO LAC SULPHUR—NO SUGAR OF LEAD—NO LITHARGE—NO NITRATE OF SILVER, and is entirely free from poisonous and health-destroying drugs used in other Hair Preparations.

PARASOLS REPAIRED.—AND—ENGRAVING DONE TO ORDER!—AT—W. H. CLARK'S WATCH & JEWELRY STORE. PALMER, MASS.

P. O. P. C. H. A boy 5 years old can buy just as cheap as a full grown man, at

PACKARD'S ONE PRICE CLOTHING HOUSE, 4 FOOT'S BLOCK, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Where may be found one of the largest assortments of

READY-MADE CLOTHING! HATS, CAPS, AND FURNISHINGS. In Western Mass.

COME AND SEE US BEFORE YOU BUY. WE BELIEVE WE CAN DO YOU GOOD. Don't forget the place,

4 FOOT'S BLOCK, SOUTH OF DRUG STORE. Springfield, Mass., July 16, 1870.

FAY, HODLEY & CO., MUSIC STORE. The largest and finest stock of Musical Merchandise ever offered in Springfield. Pianos, Organs, Violins, Guitars, Sheet Music, Accordions, Concertinas, Drums, &c., &c. FAY, HODLEY & CO. are sole agents for the best Pianos and Reed Organs in the world—those of Steinhilf and Sons and Mason & Hamlin, and for several other less valuable instruments. Particular attention is invited to the

UPRIGHT PIANOS. Of STEINWAY & SONS. The old upright Piano was not well constructed, did not remain in tune satisfactorily, and acquired a bad reputation. Steinhilf & Sons, after repeated costly experiments, have radically changed and improved the class that are highly commended by all tuners, have great volume and beauty of tone, fullness of sound, and present an elegant appearance in the drawing-room.

MAIN STREET, UNDER HAYNES' HOTEL, Springfield, Mass., July 16, 1870.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.—HAMPDEN SS. Probate Court. In the estate of SOPHIA KEITH, late of Palmer, in said county, deceased, Greeting:

Whereas, Samuel R. Keith, administrator of the estate of said deceased, has presented to said court his petition for license to sell the whole of the real estate of said deceased, for the payment of debts and charges of administration, and for other reasons set forth in said petition.

You are hereby called to appear at a Probate Court to be holden at Springfield, in said county, on the second Tuesday of August next, at two o'clock in the afternoon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same, and said administrator is ordered to serve this citation by publishing the same once a week, three weeks successively, in the Palmer Journal, a newspaper printed at Palmer, the last publication to be two days at least before said court.

Witness, WILLIAM S. SHUTTLIFF, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twentieth day of July, in the year one thousand eight hundred and seventy. SAMUEL R. SPOONER, Register.

TO THE PEOPLE OF PALMER, MONSON AND NEIGHBORING TOWNS. When you visit Springfield, to purchase Boots or Shoes, call at

HITCHCOCK & BREWSTER'S, 124 Main Street.

They are selling the best of Goods at low prices. Ladies and Gentlemen will find it for their interest to call. HITCHCOCK & BREWSTER, 124 MAIN STREET, Springfield, June 25, 1870.

NOTICE is hereby given that the subscriber has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of ELIJAH CHAPIN, late of Palmer, in the county of Hampden, deceased, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bonds as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

LUCINDA DAVIS, Administrator. 163w

THE NEW METHOD! More practical knowledge of the Piano can be obtained in THREE MONTHS, by the NEW METHOD, as taught by Mrs. W. H. CLARK, than by the old in as many years.

CLASS BEGINS IN THIS PLACE AUG. 1st. Palmer July 24, 1870.

HOOP SKIRTS AND CORSETS! Ladies in want of the above articles, OF FINE OR MEDIUM QUALITY, OR EXTRA SIZES, Are invited to call at our rooms on Bank St.

Mrs. C. PHIPPS. Ware, July 23d, 1870.

A WATER POWER FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE IN SILVER ST., MONSON. Also, 15 acres of Land, 100 Fruit Trees, 1 1/2 acres of Wood Land, and a nearly new House and Barn, to be sold for half what it is worth, the dam being washed away by flood.

July 23, 1870. J. W. AVERY, Holyoke, Mass.

REMOVAL. The subscribers, having moved their stock of goods to the new store south side of the river, will be pleased to see all their former customers; and, thankful for past favors, hope by Good Bargains, Fair Dealing, and close Attention to Business, to merit a large share of their patronage in future.

H. H. BARTLETT & CO'S COLUMN. LAWRENCE BLOCK, PALMER, MASS.

Again we wish to call the attention of our friends to our method of promoting trade. We are cheered by the universal favor with which the CASH SYSTEM has been received by the public at large. And we shall commence to-day with our

FIRST ANNUAL CLEARING OUT SALE. —OF— DRY GOODS!

This is the first SPECIAL SALE OF SUMMER GOODS, And it will be for the interest of all buyers to examine this stock. We are bound to have a

LIVE STORE AND FRESH GOODS! WE HAVE A COUNTER ESPECIALLY FOR SUMMER GOODS, which we are selling at about one half the cost to clean them all out.

We have a LARGE STOCK OF COTTONS, And are selling them Very Low.

CRASH AS LOW AS 6 CTS. PER YARD. A SPLENDID HOOP SKIRT FOR 45c. See our Hosiery Counter—a full line, CHEAP.

GROCERIES. Good Molasses, 40c per Gal. 14 lbs. Good Crackers for \$1 00 6 lbs. Seedless Raisins for 1 00 15 Bars Soap for 1 00 Kerosene Oil, 114 Fire Test, 34c per Gal. New Large Family Mackerel, \$1.75 per Kit. FLOUR, ALL GRADES, from \$6 to the VERY CHOICEST BRANDS.

Our TEAS are of the finest quality, and right off the ship, which saves one profit for the buyer. GOOD JAPAN, 90c.

BOOTS & SHOES! THE FINEST STOCK IN THE COUNTY, and the Lowest Prices, can be found. HEAVY BROGANS, Job Lot, \$1.00; Shoes for \$1.50.

CROCKERY. HOW IT GOES! STILL ANOTHER CRATE JUST OPENED! The 19th since Jan. 1, of James Edwards & Sons' Stone China, and at prices that are within the reach of every family.

It will pay any person to travel forty miles to buy \$25 worth. Glass Ware of every description.

We keep the Largest Stock of YANKEE NOTIONS In this vicinity.

The only true and economical way to buy Goods is to buy for CASH, pay your money and take your goods, which will save any man from ten to twenty per cent., and which will amount to hundreds of dollars at the end of the year, and make you much happier. Try it for one year, and you will have plenty of money.

H. H. BARTLETT & CO'S. Is the place, where they do that kind of trade. Palmer, July 9th, 1870.

A REMINDER. To Debilitated Persons, To Dyspeptics, To Sufferers from Liver Complaint, To those having no Appetite, To those with Broken Down Constitutions, To Nervous People, To Children Wasting Away, To any with Debilitated Digestive Organs,

Or suffering with any of the following Symptoms, which indicate Disordered Liver or Stomach, such as Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness or Distention of the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fullness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swinging of the Head, Hurried and Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a Lying Posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Chill, Yellowing of the Skin and Eyes, Itching in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, &c., Stitches or Flashes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of Evil, and Great Depression of Spirits.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS. A Bitters without Alcohol or Spirits of any kind. Is different from all others. It is composed of the pure juices of the Roots, Herbs, and Berries, (or the medicinal properties of the worthless or inert portions of the ingredients) not being used. Therefore in one bottle this Bitters is contained as much medicinal virtue as will be found in several gallons of ordinary mixtures. The Roots, &c., used in this Bitters are grown in Germany, their vital principles are extracted in that country by a scientific chemist, and forwarded to the manufactory in this city, where they are compounded and bottled. Containing no stimulants, this Bitters is free from the objections urged against all others; no desire for stimulants can be induced from their use, the most inveterate drunkards, and cannot, under any circumstances, have any but a beneficial effect.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC. Was composed for those not inclined to extreme bitters, and is intended for use in cases where some alcoholic stimulant is required. In connection with the tonic properties of the Bitters, each bottle of the tonic contains one bottle of the Bitters, combined with pure SANTA CRUZ RUM, and dissolved in such a manner that the extreme bitterness of the Bitters is overcome, forming a preparation highly agreeable and pleasant to the palate, and containing the medicinal virtues of the Bitters. The price of the Tonic is \$1.50 per bottle, which many persons think too high. They must take into consideration that the stimulant used is guaranteed to be of a pure quality. A poor article could be furnished at a cheaper price, but is it not better to pay a little more and have a good article?

The medicinal preparation should contain none but the purest ingredients; and they who expect to obtain a cheap compound, and be benefited by it, will most certainly be cheated.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS, —OR— HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC, —WITH— HOOFLAND'S PODOPHYLLIN PILL, WILL CURE YOU. They are the Greatest BLOOD PURIFIERS.

Known to the medical world, and will eradicate diseases arising from impure blood, Debility of the Digestive Organs, or Disordered Liver, in a shorter time than any other known remedies.

REMEMBER THAT HOOFLAND'S GERMAN REMEDIES. Are the oldest remedies now before the public, for the cure of Dyspepsia, Debility, Liver Complaint, &c.

REMEMBER THAT HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC. Is composed of the ingredients of the Bitters, combined with pure Santa Cruz Rum, favoring Extracts, &c., and is one of the most agreeable preparations ever offered to the public.

REMEMBER THAT HOOFLAND'S GERMAN REMEDIES. Have been certified to by persons occupying the most dignified positions, both publicly and socially.

REMEMBER THAT HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS. AND HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC. Will cure every case of MALARIA, Or Wasting Away of the Body.

REMEMBER THAT HOOFLAND'S GERMAN REMEDIES. Are the medicines you require to purify the Blood, excite the torpid Liver, to healthy action, and to enable you to pass safely through any hardships or exposure.

DR. HOOFLAND'S PODOPHYLLIN, Or Substitute for Mercury Pills. TWO PILLS A DOSE. The most Powerful, yet Inoffensive, Vegetable Cathartic known.

It is not necessary to be apprehensive of these Pills to produce the desired effect; two of them act quickly and powerfully, cleansing the Liver, Stomach and Bowels of all impurities. The principal ingredient, Podophyllin, or the Alcoholic Extract of Mandrake, which is by many times more powerful, acting and searching than the Mandrake itself. Its peculiar action is upon the Liver, cleansing it speedily from all obstructions, with all the power of Mercury, yet free from the injurious results attached to the use of that mineral. It is just as good, because it makes a larger profit on it. These Remedies will be sent by express to any locality, upon application to the Publishers, at the PHILADELPHIA STORE, 631 ALICE ST., PHILADELPHIA.

CHAS. M. EVANS, Proprietor, Formerly C. M. JACKSON & CO.

These Remedies are for sale by Druggists, Storekeepers, and Medicine Dealers everywhere.

MONEY CANNOT BUY IT! BUT THE DIAMOND SPECTACLES WILL. RESERVE IT. THE DIAMOND SPECTACLES.

Manufactured by J. E. SPENCER & CO., N. Y., which are now offered to the public, are pronounced by all the celebrated Opticians in the world to be the MOST PERFECT, Natural, Artificial help to the human eye ever known. They are ground under their own supervision, from minute Crystal Globes, melted together, and derive their name, "Diamond," on account of their hardness and brilliancy.

THE SCIENTIFIC PRINCIPLE. On which they are constructed brings the core or centre of the lens directly in front of the eye, producing a clear and distinct vision, as in the natural, healthy eye, and preventing all unpleasant sensations, such as shimmering and wavering of sight, dizziness, &c., peculiar to all others in use.

THEY ARE MOUNTED IN THE FINEST MANNER. In frames of the best quality, of all materials need for that purpose. Their FINISH and DURABILITY ARE NOWHERE SURPASSED.

W. H. CLARK, PALMER, MASS. And GEO. E. GRANT, Monson, Mass. Jewelers and Opticians, are Sole Agents for the above-named towns, from whom they can only be obtained. These goods are not supplied to peddlers, at any price. July 17

GOLD! STOCKS! BONDS! &C. CHAS. B. FISK & CO., JOURNAL OFFICE, PALMER. BUY AND SELL.

GOVERNMENT BONDS, STATE, COUNTY and RAILWAY BONDS, RAILWAY STOCK, BANK STOCK, and other Bonds, Stocks, Mortgages, and Securities, on commission.

Conpous and Dividends collected. Gold bought and sold. Collections made on all points. Particular attention paid to the negotiation of FIRST CLASS SECURITIES. Palmer, June 25, 1870.

JUST RECEIVED! AT BALDWIN & VAUGHAN'S NEW YORK CLOTHING HOUSE. A new line of the following Goods, viz:

GENTS BLUE TRICOT SUITS, of superior quality and style, LIGHT AND DARK SCOTCH SUITS, Very desirable, beautiful styles of light colored Pants and Vests, adapted for the present season.

YOUTH'S FINE BLUE TRICOT TROUS SUITS. Splendid Youth's Suits in Scotch and other styles of goods. Also, THE BEST STOCK OF BOYS' SUITS and nobly that we have ever had on hand. Springfield, May 21, 1870.

TURNER'S TIC DOULOUREUX, —OR— UNIVERSAL NEURALGIA PILL. A SAFE, CERTAIN, AND SPEEDY CURE FOR NEURALGIA and all NERVOUS DISEASES.

ITS EFFECTS ARE MAGICAL. An UNFAILING REMEDY for Neuralgia Facialis, often perfecting a cure in a single day. No form of Nervous Disease fails to yield to its wonderful power. Even in the most serious cases of Chronic Neuralgia, affecting the entire system, its use for a few days affords the most astonishing relief and rarely fails to produce a complete and permanent cure. It contains no materials in the slightest degree injurious. It has the unqualified approval of the best physicians. Thousands in every part of the country, gratefully acknowledge its power to subside the tortured nerves, and restore the failing strength.

Sent by mail on receipt of price and postage. One package \$1.00 - Postage 6 Cents. Six packages \$5.00 - " 37 " It is sold by all dealers in drugs and medicines. TURNER & CO., Proprietors, 120 Tremont St., Boston, Mass. n27 cowly

KING & MEACHAM, BARTON'S BLOCK, Dealers in FRESH AND SALT MEATS, TRIPE, POULTRY, &C.

Together with a full assortment of FRESH and SALT FISH, LOBSTERS, &c. TUESDAYS and FRIDAYS regular peddling days for Fish. Monson, July 16th, 1870. 3w

GOLD COUPONS BOUGHT BY CHAS. B. FISK & CO., JOURNAL OFFICE, PALMER.

J. MCGREGORY, Dealer in Marble, Monuments and Gravestones, of all descriptions, at the old stand, and at the lowest prices. I have no successors. J. MCGREGORY, 60w

FOR SALE! A small House, very cheap. Inquire of J. S. LOOMIS, Palmer, March 29th, 1870. 11

ROOFING PAINT. Several barrels of Water Proof Roofing Paint or sale cheap, at the JOURNAL OFFICE. Palmer, April 18, 1868.

FOUR GOOD COWS for sale by E. N. FAY. Monson, May 28, 1870. 11

\$10 A DAY.—Business entirely new and honorable. Liberal inducement, and comprehensive circulars free. Address J. C. RAN, & CO., Biddford, Me. July 18m

BOOK BINDING.—Persons can get their magazines, periodicals, &c., bound by leaving them at THIS OFFICE.

Chang, one of the Chinese twins, is pining for North Carolina, but Eng will not leave Europe, and Chang does not feel as if he could come home without him.

A visitor at Cape May recently missed his pillow in the morning, and after searching a while found it laid up over his ear, like a bit of lead pencil.

A boy in Lima, Mich., ran away from school to go fishing, and got drowned, thereby giving to school teachers a new point against the truants.

Since Queen Victoria took her place on the English throne, thirty-three years ago, every other throne in Europe has changed occupants.

Should old acquaintances be forgot? Not if they have money.

LOCAL BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

PALMER.

ALBERT BURLEIGH, Carpenter and Joiner, and dealer in Lumber, Doors, Windows, &c.
ALLEN & GARDNER, Counselors and Attorneys at Law, Notary Public, and Insurance Agents.
ANTIQUE HOUSE, by E. B. Shaw, east of Railroad Bridge.
BROWN & ROBINSON, Dealers in Hardware, Iron, Steel, Paints, Oils, and Glass.
B. H. JOHNSON, Carpenter and Joiner, and Mover of Buildings.
C. H. KNOX, News Room and Stationery, at the Post Office.
CALVIN HUTCHCOCK, Boot and Shoemaker, and Repairer of Boots and Shoes.
DRESSMAKING, by Miss S. A. Graves, Trimmings furnished.
E. S. BROOKS, Watch Repairer, Cross Block, Work done promptly and in the best manner.
E. L. DAVIS, Dealer in Fancy Goods, Yankee Notions, Laces, Hosiery, Hoop Skirts, &c.
F. DODGE & CO., Dealers in all kinds of Fresh and Salt Meat, Hams, Sausages, Lard, &c.
F. J. WASSUM, Merchant Tailor, and Dealer in Gent's Furnishing Goods.
G. M. FISK & CO., Job Printers, and Agents for Book-Binding, Lithography, Engraving, &c.
H. G. CROSS, Ambrotype and Photograph Rooms, Cross Block.
HENRY JONES, Barber and Hair-Dresser, opposite the Depot.
J. W. MUNGER, Merchant Tailor, and Manufacturer of Custom Clothing.
JOHN C. BROWN, Billiard Rooms, Cross Block.
JOHN SHAW, Brick Mason and Plasterer, Residence at the Antique House.
J. S. LOMIS, Dealer in all kinds of Iron, Furnaces, Boilers, and Castings.
J. E. KELLOGG, Auctioneer. Office—H. H. Bartlett & Co.'s Store.
P. A. MCGEE, Carriage-Maker and Repairer, at the old stand of N. Smith & Co.
MRS. S. WHITMAN, Dress and Cloak Maker, Milliner, and dealer in Fancy Goods, opposite Antique House.
KASSAWANNO HOUSE, by J. W. Weeks, opposite the Depot.
S. W. SMITH, Dealer in Groceries, Provisions, Flour, &c.
S. R. LAWRENCE will pay the highest cash price for Hides and Skins.
G. L. CUTLER & CO., Iron Founders, and Dealers in Anthracite and Bituminous Coals, Furnace St.
T. H. REED & CO., Dealers in Stoves, Tinware, Lamps, &c.
W. H. CLARK, Watchmaker and Engraver, Shop in Ferry Block, South Main Street.
WOOD & A. S. DUNN, Dealers in Groceries and Medicines, Books, Fancy Articles, &c.
WILLIS BROS., Dealers in Dry Goods, Millinery, Carpets, and Groceries Ware.

W. A. R.

ALMER F. RICHARDSON, Licensed Auctioneer, with C. H. Hutchcock.
C. H. HUTCHCOCK, Groceries, Dry Goods, Flour, &c.
O. H. M. WETTERELL, Paper Box manufacturer. All orders faithfully executed.
C. S. KNIGHT, Life, Accident, and Fire Insurance Agent.
CHARLES S. ROBINSON—Every line of Goods found in a general first-class store.
CHAS. PHILIPS, Agent for Sewing Machines and Musical Instruments.
E. G. & J. T. STEVENS, authorized agents for the Anchor, Inman, Cunard, Taylor, and Williams' lines of steamships.
E. C. MERRIAM, Agent for the Cunard, Inman and Anchor lines of steamships from N. Y. to Liverpool and return, via Boston. Office at Geo. H. Gilbert & Co.'s.
F. D. RICHARDS, Attorney and Counselor at Law.
G. K. CUTLER, Bookseller and Stationer, and dealer in Paper Hangings, Musical Instruments, and Sheet Music.
GEORGE W. GOODALE, dealer in Beef, Pork, Lamb, Mutton, Tripe, Poultry, Provisions, &c.
H. P. PAGE, Fancy and Sign Painter, at Zenas Marsh's.
H. M. CONEY & CO., dealers in Hardware, Agricultural and Mechanical Tools, Paints, Oils, and Glass, Furniture and Wood Ware. Special attention given to Framing Pictures.
HARTWELL HOUSE—F. S. Crosby, Proprietor. First-class in its appointments, and a comfortable home for the traveling public.
J. HERBERT, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Sandford's Block.
J. E. BYRNE, Ware Bakery—Breads, Crackers, Cakes, etc., supplied to families and the trade.
J. M. AIKEN, Photographer and Dealer in Rustic and Oval Frames, Albums, &c., 215 Block.
JOHN E. PRICE, Horse and Ox Slaughter; Blacksmithing and General Jobbing.
JOHN W. CUMMINS, at the Post Office, dealer in Fancy Goods, Stationery, Confectionery, &c.
JAMES KENNEDY, Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, Flour, Fish, Crockery, &c.
L. C. WHITE & CO., Manufacturers of Carriages and Dealers in every variety of American and Foreign Carriages.
L. H. LITTON, Dealer in Ready-Made and Trimmed Cuffs, Caskets, and Cottage Cuffs, Prospect St.
MRS. F. WATROUS, Dress and Cloak Maker, Ware.
MRS. S. HYLAND, Dealer in Dry Goods, Cloaks, Shawls, &c., opposite School House, North Street.
MICHAEL GLAVIN, Merchant Tailor, Over public's store, Main Street, Ware.
P. MCMAHON, Jr., Dealer in Cigars, Tobacco, &c.
PETER MULLIGAN, Merchant Tailor and Manufacturer of Custom Clothing, opposite the Bank.
P. H. SAGENDORPH, Dealer in Fine Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, and Fancy Goods, and also, Boots, Shoes, Trunks, Bags, &c.
PATRICK J. CROW, Dealer in Cigars, Tobacco, Confectionery, &c.
T. MURPHY, Repairer of Boots and Shoes in the best style, Ware.
W. A. CORNETT BAND—Music for all occasions. Apply to M. J. McEvoy, Lender, or A. Warburton, Sec'y.
W. M. KURTZ, Harness Maker and Carriage Trimmer.
W. J. NEWCOMB, House, Carriage, and Sign Painter. Paper Hanging, Unpolishing, &c.
W. H. H. FLETCHER, Upholstering, Prop'r, Good Terms to Let at low prices.
W. F. CONY, Manufacturer and Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Cigars and Tobacco.
WM. J. McEVY, Auctioneer. Special attention paid to sales of Furniture.
ZENAS MARSH, Painter, Glazier, Paper Hangar, Sign Painter, and Dealer in Sash and Blinds, Bank Street.

MONSON.

E. E. TOWNE, Dealer in Flour, Fish, Salt, Lime, Fertilizers, Groceries, Nails, Farming Tools, Hardware, Boots, Shoes, Paints, Oils, Medicines, &c.

BARRE.

MASSAHOIT HOUSE, Barre, Mass. J. F. Brooks, Proprietor.

GILBERTVILLE.

C. F. HUTCHCOCK & CO., Groceries, Dry Goods, Boots, Shoes, Paints, Oils, Medicines, &c.
J. HAWLEY, Dry Goods, Millinery, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, &c.

NEW SALEM.

NEW SALEM HOUSE, New Salem, Mass.: A. B. Oatman, Proprietor. Also, deputy sheriff for Franklin county.

WINCHENDON.

E. W. WARD, Livery and Boarding Stables, Winchendon, Mass.

WARREN.

D. W. SHIPARD & CO.—Every line of Goods kept in a first-class country store.
FARMER & SUTTON, Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, &c.

SPRINGFIELD.

PHYNCHON HOUSE, on the European Plan. N. S. Chandler, Proprietor.

INDIANAPOLIS, BLOOMINGTON, AND WESTERN RAILWAY.

SEVEN PER CENT. GOLD LOAN.

The bonds are in denominations of \$1,000 each secured by a first mortgage on 200 miles of road, from Indianapolis, the largest city and most important railroad center in the State of Indiana, to the city of Pekin in Illinois.

ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY MILES OF the lines are now in full operation, and equipped with New, First-Class Rolling Stock, consisting of 25 Locomotives, 23 Passenger Coaches, 17 Baggage and Express Cars, 750 Box, Stock, and Coal Cars, and more will be added as the wants of the country require. The earnings of the road are already GREATLY IN EXCESS OF THE INTEREST ON THE WHOLE ISSUE OF BONDS. The balance, twenty-five million of dollars, is in the hands of the State, and will be paid in full on the 1st of January, 1877.

There are thirty-six depots on the line, located in cities and towns that contain, in the aggregate, a population of one hundred and ninety thousand, averaging over 250 to each square mile, within a radius of half a mile of the track; and within twenty miles of the track, there is a population of about six hundred thousand.

It passes through the counties of Marion, Hendricks, Montgomery, Fountain, Warren and Vermillion, in the State of Indiana, and Vermillion, Champaign, De Witt, Elletts, McLean and Rosewell counties, in the State of Illinois, on the line of the old emigrant State road which was laid out in the best portion of those States before the time of the war, and was the main line of Western travel, and consequently became more thickly settled than other sections of the West, as the numerous cities, large villages, and products of these counties demonstrate.

Besides the large agricultural productions of this section, the manufacturing interest is very extensive in the large towns, and is rapidly increasing. The coal mines at Danville on this line are extensively and profitably worked, and furnish BUSINESS FOR OVER THREE HUNDRED COAL CARS on this line at present, and MORE THAN TWICE THAT NUMBER WILL BE REQUIRED TO CARRY COAL on completion of the remaining line.

From the present earnings on 180 miles it is safe to assume that the LOCAL BUSINESS ALONE WILL BE AMPLE NOT ONLY TO PAY THE BONDED DEBT, BUT LARGE DIVIDENDS ON THE STOCK.

In addition to the population and wealth of the country, and that it is necessary to support a first class road and make it a profitable investment through local trade, it forms a grand central trunk line for through business, and is surpassed by any road of equal length in the West.

At Indianapolis it connects by main lines with the cities of Columbus, Cleveland, Pittsburg, Cincinnati, and with the Pennsylvania Central, Baltimore and Ohio, and Great Northern roads. At Pekin, the western terminus, connections are made with Peoria, Quincy, Keokuk, Burlington and Omaha. At Bloomington, with the Illinois Central Road, which runs northwest 600 miles to Fort Dodge, Iowa. A very large business will be done with this line. At Danville it connects with the Toledo and Erie Roads. A map will show all these to be very important connections in making through lines over this route.

The loan is placed beyond any contingency by the present earnings from local traffic on One Hundred and Eighty Miles, which must necessarily be doubled when the train runs through.

THE BONDS ARE CONVERTIBLE at the option of the holder into stock at par at any time, which adds greatly to their value. They will be registered in the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company at New York.

COUPONS PAYABLE APRIL AND OCTOBER, FREE OF TAX.

TOTAL ISSUE \$5,000,000—\$2,000,000 of which are placed in trust with the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company to redeem and cancel \$2,000,000 of the bonds issued to the Danville, Urbana and Springfield, and Pekin Railroad, now merged into this road, making the loan only \$3,000,000, OVER HALF OF WHICH IS PAID FOR BY THE STATE OF INDIANA AND THIS MARKET. The balance we offer at 90 and ACCRUED INTEREST. At this low price the Bonds, being so amply secured, will be quickly marketed.

We have been thoroughly posted in regard to the road from the start, have closely inspected it from time to time during construction, and being familiar with the wealth and resources of the country, and the responsibility and integrity of the officers and directors of the Company and the present earnings of the road, it is with pleasure that we recommend THE BONDS AS THE CHEAPEST AND SAFEST INVESTMENTS IN THE MARKET, sure of a high dividend among the best railroad securities in the country.

All marketable securities received in exchange at market rates. Bonds delivered to all points, FREE OF EXPRESS CHARGES.

TURNER BROTHERS, BANKERS, NO. 14 NASSAU STREET, New York, July 9th, 1876.

LADIES, TAKE NOTICE!

BERMAN BERGER IS COMING!

Such a variety of styles as I will bring with me this time never seen in a country town before.

SUCH RICH AND ELEGANT STYLES

As my Bazaar will contain this time! No matter how extravagant, how fastidious, or how particular your taste is. Ladies, my

LARGE STOCK OF GOODS

Warrant me to say, with confidence, I CAN SUIT YOU THIS TIME, IF NEVER BEFORE!

I call your attention to my Large Stock of

SILKS!

FOR SUITS AND JACKETS. Very few ladies are judges of a Black Silk. Consequently, you should buy your Silks of a man who is a judge, and whom you can rely upon.

If you want to be sure, Ladies, to get a Good Silk which will wear well and will not crack,

WAIT FOR ME,

And you will get a good article, and Lower than you can buy it in Springfield or Worcester.

MY ADVICE TO YOU, LADIES, if you want to buy the right kind of goods, is to buy of BERMAN BERGER, who is the man who has got the assortment and good styles.

Any Lady wishing to purchase a nice READY-MADE SILK GARMENT should surely wait and examine my large stock.

IN WHITE Piques I will have an immense assortment. In fact, you will find as good an assortment in my cart as you would in any first-class city store.

WAIT! WAIT! DO WAIT!

BERMAN BERGER.

PALMER SAVINGS BANK, PALMER, MASS.

PALMER SAVINGS BANK OFFICE, Cross Block, Palmer, Mass.

DEPOSITS received at any time and put on interest on the first day of succeeding month.

GEORGE T. HILL, President.

VICENT PRESIDENT.

F. Morgan, Albert Norcross, Henry F. Brown.

JAMES G. ALLEN, Secretary.

M. W. FRENCH, Treasurer.

DIRECTORS.

G. M. Fisk, John Foster, Edward F. Morris, Ebenezer Brown, Elias Perkins, R. E. Reynolds, W. Lawrence, J. G. Longley, A. L. Converse, D. W. Ellis, Ira G. Foster.

AN APPETITE.

If one can't eat, to his best.

It nothing else the hunger roasts.

What gives him not a moment's rest.

Till he's devoured the widow's son's?

DODD'S NERVE.

For sale by all druggists. Price One Dollar.

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AGENTS WANTED! A RICH FIELD!! A NOBLE WORK!!

THE NEW PICTORIAL FAMILY BIBLE.

WITH OVER 1000 ILLUSTRATIONS!

50,000 REFERENCES,

A FAMILY RECORD,

AND FAMILY ALBUM.

THIS GREAT WORK contains a storehouse of information that can only reach the mind through the eye. Its illustrations carry one back to the most important era of the world, and are of the most comprehensive review of the Scriptures, representing the most interesting Views, Characters, Symbols, Historical Events, Landscape Scenes, Antiquities, Customs, &c., &c. They attract the eye, correct erroneous impressions, awaken new thoughts, and furnish clearer views of Divine Truth. As a help to parents, ministers, and Sabbath-school teachers in fulfilling the duties of their separate and high vocations—and to all others to whose immortal souls are interested—this splendid pictorial volume cannot be overestimated. It is the

BEST EDITION FOR THE FAMILY, MOST VALUABLE FOR THE STUDENT, MOST INSTRUCTIVE FOR THE TEACHER, MOST APPROPRIATE FOR THE CHILD, MOST USEFUL FOR THE MINISTER, MOST INTERESTING FOR THE FARMER, MOST ELEGANT FOR THE PARLOR, MOST PROFITABLE FOR THE STUDY.

THE PICTORIAL FAMILY BIBLE contains an unusually large range of Statistical, Chronological, and Genealogical matter. It is printed on excellent paper, from clear and open type, in a compact and handsome quarto volume, and is bound in the most durable and attractive manner, while the prices are sufficiently low to place it within everybody's reach.

EXPERIENCED AGENTS wanted throughout the country for its sale, with whom liberal arrangements will be made. An opportunity of equal promise is rarely or never presented.

MINISTERS, TEACHERS, STUDENTS, FARMERS, YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN—Those who are desirous of securing the most profitable of all employments—are invited to correspond with us with a view to an agency. Not a few such are now reaping from \$500 to \$700 annual profit in its sale. There is a great want for the book and a rich field offered, while it will elevate the spiritual condition of the people, and furnish a profitable source of income to the agent.

CANVASSERS ON THE NUMBER PLAN will be furnished the work in about fifty parts, at 25 cents each—a handsome illustration in type, in a compact and handsome quarto volume, and is bound in the most durable and attractive manner, while the prices are sufficiently low to place it within everybody's reach.

AGENTS ON THE INSTALLMENT PLAN will be furnished the work in fine bindings. This is also quite popular and profitable in cities and large towns.

We are also the publishers of POTTER'S STANDARD EDITIONS of Family, Pulpit, Pocket, and Photograph Bibles and Testaments—more than two hundred different styles—so well known everywhere for their accuracy of text, beauty of finish, and durability of binding. Always ask for Potter's Standard Editions, and get the best. Catalogues containing styles and prices furnished on application.

For circulars containing a full description of THE PICTORIAL FAMILY BIBLE, and terms to Agents, send to the Publishers, JOHN E. POTTER & CO., 614 and 616 Sanson Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

PUBLISHERS, JOHN E. POTTER & CO., 614 and 616 Sanson Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

MILLINERY!

Having decided to remain in PALMER another season, I take this occasion to return my acknowledgments to the public for the liberal encouragement hitherto received; and having just returned from New York with all the

NEW AND DESIRABLE STYLES!

NO. 14 NASSAU STREET, New York, July 9th, 1876.

LADIES, TAKE NOTICE!

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Such a variety of styles as I will bring with me this time never seen in a country town before.

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For sale by all druggists. Price One Dollar.

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COE'S COUGH BALSAM.

This long tried and popular Remedy is again called to the attention of the public. As often as the year rolls around, the proprietors annually make their how-to the people, and remind them that amongst the many things required for the health, comfort and sustenance of the family through the long and tedious months of winter, Coe's Cough Balsam should not be forgotten. For years it has been a household medicine—and mothers anxious for the safety of their children, and all who suffer from any disease of the throat, chest and lungs, cannot afford to be without it. In addition to the ordinary four ounce size, long in the market, we now furnish our mammoth family size bottles, which will, in common with the other size, be found at all Drug Stores.

FOR CROUP.

The Balsam will be found invaluable, and may always be relied upon in the most extreme cases.

WHOOPING COUGH.

The testimony of all who have used it for this terrible disease during the last ten years, is that it invariably relieves and cures it.

SORE THROAT.

Keep your throat wet with the Balsam—taking little and often—and you will very soon find relief.

HARD COLDS AND COUGHS.

Yield at once to a steady use of this great remedy. It will succeed in giving relief where all other remedies have failed.

SORENESS OF THE CHEST, THROAT AND LUNGS.

Do not delay procuring and immediately taking Coe's Cough Balsam, when troubled with any of the above named difficulties. They are all preliminary symptoms of Consumption, and if not arrested will sooner or later sweep you away into the valley of shadows from which none can ever return.

IN CONSUMPTION.

Many a care-worn sufferer has found relief, and today rejoices that her life has been made easy and prolonged by the use of Coe's Cough Balsam.

IN SHORT,

The people know the article, and it needs no commendation. It is for sale by every Druggist and Dealer in Medicines in the United States.

THE C. G. CLARK CO., Sole Proprietors, New Haven, Ct.

READ! READ!! READ!!!

THE ATTENTION OF THE PEOPLE

is called to the

WORLD'S GREAT REMEDY,

COE'S DYSPEPSIA CURE!

This preparation is pronounced by Dyspeptics as the only known remedy that will surely cure that aggravating and fatal malady. For years it has won its fearful title, carrying before it an untimely grave, its millions of sufferers.

COE'S DYSPEPSIA CURE HAS COME TO THE RESCUE!

Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Sourness or Acidity of Stomach, Rising of Food, Flatulency, Lassitude, Weariness, Finally terminating in Death.

Are you surely cured by this potent remedy as the patient takes it? Although but five years before the people, what is the verdict in the case? Hear what Lester Sexton, of Milwaukee says:

[From LESTER SEXTON, Milwaukee.] MILWAUKEE, Jan. 24, 1876.

Messrs. C. G. Clark & Co., New Haven, Conn.: Both myself and wife have used Coe's Dyspepsia Cure, and it has proved perfectly satisfactory. I have no hesitation in saying that we have received great benefit from its use.

Very respectfully, (Signed) LESTER SEXTON.

A GREAT BLESSING.

[From Rev. L. F. WARD, Acorn, Lorain Co., O.] Messrs. Strong & Armstrong, Druggists, Cleveland

GENTLEMEN:—It gives me great pleasure to state that my wife has derived great benefit from the use of Coe's Dyspepsia Cure. She has been for a number of years greatly troubled with Dyspepsia, accompanied with violent paroxysms of constipation, which so prostrated her that she was all the while, for months, unable to do anything. She took, at your instance, Coe's Dyspepsia Cure, and has derived GREAT BENEFIT FROM IT, and is now comparatively well. She regards this medicine as a great blessing. Truly yours, Jan. 13th, 1876. L. F. WARD.

CLERGYMEN.

The Rev. ISAAC AIKEN, of Alleghany, testifies that it has cured him after all other remedies had failed.

DRUGGISTS.

Any Druggist in the country will tell you, if you take the trouble to inquire, that every one that buys a bottle of Coe's Dyspepsia Cure from them speaks in the most unqualified praise of its great medicinal virtues.

COE'S DYSPEPSIA CURE

Will also be found invaluable in all cases of Dyspepsia, Dysentery, Colic, Summer Complaints, Griping, and in fact every disordered condition of the stomach.

Sold by Druggists in city or country everywhere at \$1 per bottle, or by application to

THE C. G. CLARK CO., Sole Proprietors, New Haven, Ct.

THE AMERICAN BUTTON-HOLE, OVERSEWING SEWING MACHINE.

Has taken premiums in Europe and America sufficient to sustain its claims as the

BEST SEWING MACHINE EVER INVENTED.

WHAT IT CAN DO:

It will do the finest of sewing, hemming, felling, cording, tucking, braiding, binding, gathering, quilting, &c.

It can work a beautiful button-hole, making a fine penit, as by hand.

It will work a beautiful eyelet hole.

It will embroider over the edge, making a neat and beautiful border on any garment.

It is two machines in one—a Button-Hole Working and Sewing Machine combined.

It is to last a life time, and hence they want the one that will do the most work and at the best, and the "American Button-Hole and Sewing Machine" combined can do several kinds of sewing not done by any other machine, besides doing every kind all others can do.

The Palmer Journal.

VOLUME XXI.

PALMER, MASS., SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1870.

NUMBER 22.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,
BY
GORDON M. FISK & CO.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—Two Dollars a year. A discount of 25 cents made to those who pay in advance. Six months, \$1.00; three months, 50 cents. Single copies, 5 cents.
ADVERTISEMENTS.—Inserted at the following rates: One square, one week, \$1.00; 25 cents per square for each week after the first. One square, one year, \$7.00. Legal advertising, \$1.75 per square for three insertions. Notices in editorial columns, 20 cents per line; no charge less than \$1.00. Oblique notices, 5 cents per line; no charge less than 25 cents. Notices of funerals (under the head of deaths), 25 cents each. Special Notices (before marriages and deaths), 50 cents per cent advance of regular rates. The space occupied by twelve solid nonpareil lines constitutes a square. A liberal discount to merchants advertising largely and by the year.
JOB PRINTING of all kinds executed in the best style, and at short notice.
G. M. FISK. C. B. FISK.

What the Ferns Said.

We are only leaves; no bloom
Findeth room
On our thick unpeeping green;
We are mean,
Poor and useless, but for one
Gift alone.
In the brook we see a trace
Of our grace;
Greenness like ours ought to hide
By the side
Of some forest stream or pool,
Clear and cool.
No gay birds stay here, they fly
Through the sky
To the gardens, where they find
Close enshrined,
In some flower-cup, the color
Hardly duller
Than that flashing like a gem
Upon them.
Where green rocks on hilly crest
Stand close pressed
With an inch between,
We are seen.
We to loved eyes bring balm,
And a calm
To all eager souls that look
In each leaf
For a pure and perfect sign
That doth shine
In our leaves; a blessed word
Of the Lord.

MAUDE'S MISTAKE.

"Marry Justin St. John? No."
"But why 'no' so emphatically? I know you love him."

The pink on Maude's cheek glowed to a guilty crimson, as gentle Lucy Mordaunt looked up, a quiet, searching inquiry in her calm, truthful eyes.

"You are accustomed to drawing very unwarranted conclusions, my dear Lucy; perhaps this is one of them."

Miss Campbell's voice had a hard, metallic ring in its tone as she thus lightly answered, and she laughed loudly, but it was a constrained merriment.

"Look at me, Maude, dear."

Lucy went from her chair over to the scarlet lounge, whereon Maude, in her floating white dress, looked like a lily among roses. She took both Miss Campbell's hands in her own.

"Listen, my dear. Six weeks ago who was your lover?"

A vivid glow leaped suddenly to Maude's cheeks, and she turned away as if annoyed at the query.

"No, you must confess to me, Maude. Tell me who, on the last picnic at Pine Grove, was to you fairest among ten thousand—who carried you captive by his elegance, his refinement, his intelligence, his chivalry?"

"Oh, you allude to Justin St. John; but then—"

"Exactly; it was Justin St. John, and the noblest fellow I ever saw. True, then, you had not met Mr. Jameson?"

"Lucy, you are cross. Haven't I a perfect right to marry John Jameson if I see fit?"

"Not unless you love him, Maude. You know you do not care a straw for him. You do not need to tell me how truly you love Justin St. John, for your own heart whispers it, Maude. Be true to your own womanhood. Give up all thoughts of the old man, because he has half a million, and betroth yourself to the lover who cannot offer you a fortune but in his own priceless love."

Lucy's cheeks glowed as she spoke, earnestly and enthusiastically.

"It's all very well, Lucy Mordaunt, for you, with a fortune at your command, to talk about love in a cottage and all that sort of romance. But I—I am poor."

"And you will, then, marry a man old enough to be your grandfather because you will be rich?"

And Maude Campbell's eyes flashed, as she returned the quick, impulsive answer, "I will."

It was a splendid apartment. The plate-glass windows were shaded by orange and white satin curtains, that lay piled in gleaming, golden beauty upon the carpet, the deep pile of which received Maude Campbell's light footfall, and gave no returning echo.

With an impatient gesture she threw herself in the embrace of a capacious armchair; and her eyes lighted with anger, her cheeks flushed, her lips daintily apart, disclosing the pearls within, she gazed at the luxury surrounding her.

There were old paintings, so valuable that the gold coins one might have covered their surfaces with, could not have bought them. There were magnificent statues resting on marble pedestals, and one, a fairy-proportioned figure, that held the silver and crystal light that threw a moon, like radiance over the scene, seemed peering at her with human eyes. Costly vases, filled with rare flowers; volumes heavy in their golden azure and scarlet dresses—

books whose leaves were a picture to behold.

Flowing laces, rustling satins, drooping silks, clinging velvets, diamonds, carriages, servants, dinners, admiration, envy—all these were the pictures that crowded through Maude Campbell's restless brain as she lay half dreaming. A sudden spasm of intense pain throbbled over her face; then she sprang to her feet, holding her hands tightly over her heart.

"Lucy is right. I am bartering all that is dear to me—all I hold sacred—all I love—for money, money!"

She went to a mirror—a tall, gold framed glass whose apex, surmounted by a winged serpent, with eyes of satanic allurements reached the ceiling; whose base rested on a marble stand, which two cupids held on their dimpled shoulders. A flash of pardonable pride met her gaze as she viewed her reflection, and a glorious reflection it was. "Peerless" her lovers called her, and truly it was the truth.

Maude Campbell was tall—taller than the Venus de Medici. Her shoulders were broad but sloping and straight; her bosom a perfect curve of grace; her hands large, but, oh, so wonderfully beautiful and womanly, with their long slender fingers, the delicate, filbert shaped nails, the warm pink palm! Her head was noble, and she carried it with the air of a duchess. Her hair was of midnight blackness, with a slight wave rippling over its glossy darkness. Her mouth small, and her lips dainty, ripe, and laughly.

But her eyes—Maude Campbell's eyes! Not dark-blue, not brown, not hazel, certainly not black—what are they? You knew they were wondrous eyes, so gleaming, so scintillating were they! You felt those eyes; you admired those eyes; but you never knew whether they were lapis-lazuli or of thundercloud darkness.

There Maude Campbell stood before the mirror, while a flash of womanly pride lighted her statuesque face, as she noted how becoming the trailing, blood-red silk was that she wore; how well the cool, calm, stately pearls contrasted with her eager, passionate eyes.

Suddenly a frown, first of thoughtfulness, then of anger, crept over her brow; and with a gesture of impatience, she turned away from her review of herself.

"I know I am beautiful. People tell me so, and I can see it myself. And of what avail is it unless I can make my fortune by it? I may be pretty, but I am certainly poor; yes, indebted to a generous charity for the very shoes on my feet, the very food I daily eat!"

Her teeth closed with a very hiss, and she murmured to herself, "True, Mr. Mordaunt, and little Lucy have been father and sister to me; yet I am dependent; they are simply almoners of their own bounty. I must be rich: I should die were I deprived of the luxuries, the elegancies that have surrounded me since I was a tiny girl."

She arose and from a little inlaid drawer drew forth a miniature portrait, and with her eyes full of that eager, passionate light, pressed it to her lips.

"Justin, my darling, this is my last career; it is my farewell! Oh, Justin, you will never know how my heart aches with love for you; how I long to have you fold me to your heart and tell me how you love me! Justin, my darling, I cannot marry you. You are poor and I am poor; and—Mr. Jameson is worth half a million!"

With a trembling, icy hand, Maude closed the drawer; she paced the floor a moment, clutching her hands in the agony of that unnatural sacrifice. Her heart gave many a superhuman struggle against the bond of slavery she unrelentingly cast about it; and then, emotionless, bewilderingly fair and heartless, Maude Campbell went forth to fight her way from love and content, to riches and ambition.

Above them the clear, blue sky, around them the leafless chestnuts, their brown arms all aglow with the glory of the setting autumn sun; beneath them the leaf-strewn forest path, where, in a perfect blaze of warmth and beauty, lay piles of orange, russet, and crimson, and dull green foliage.

There the two stood alone with Nature in Nature's vast-aisled temple.

"Maude,"—and Justin St. John's voice came in a tenderly-loving murmur, while his arm stole around her tapering waist—"Maude, my darling, the time has come when I can no longer refrain. I love you; I love you Maude!"

He bowed to kiss her, his whole face lighted by hope and joy.

With a quick little gesture of deprecation she wheeled aside; and then looked up at him, her wondrous eyes filled with amazement.

"Why, Mr. St. John?"

That was all she said; but the flush on her cheek deepened, and her eye brightened.

"I may repeat it, then? Come to me, Maude, and let me hear you tell me I am as dear to you as you are to me. Come, Maude?"

She gently shook her head.

"Mr. St. John, you must not allow yourself to be mistaken. Forget what has passed, and let us finish our walk as we com-

menced it—good friends, and nothing more."

She extended her hand, and Justin St. John grasped it with a might that brought a cry of pain to her lips.

"Maude Campbell, you dare not set aside my offers of love! You, my teacher? Maude, what does it mean?"

His voice was full of quivering anguish. Then, by a mighty effort, Maude silenced the loyal cry in her heart, and looked coldly up at him.

"It means this—simply this. We never, as long as you sun shines, can be more to each other than we are to-day—nor even as much, if you annoy me further."

Her voice was cold and calculating, for she was thinking of John Jameson, and his half-million, so that she did not see the look of supreme pain that came over St. John's handsome face, and the white, haunting quiver of his mustached lip, as, for an instant, he bent beneath the sudden force of the unexpected blow.

"Then, Miss Campbell, we will return as we came. But may God keep me in this hour, when the woman I love tells me that I annoy her by offering her as honest, as true a love as ever man possessed!"

Homeward they went, while the sun sank lower and lower; while a damp chill succeeded the general warmth of the air; and as they silently, gravely bowed adieu at the house door, a sudden gust of wind fresh from the dim forest aisles, came shrieking upon them like a wail of despair, to both their bleeding hearts.

The glory of autumn had given way to the Frost King; and from the windows of Lucy Mordaunt's palatial home cheerily streamed broad banners of ruddy light over the snow, while within all was gaily and revelry.

Maude Campbell was there, queen of grace and beauty, as usual, surrounded by her admirers as a sovereign by her courtiers.

Lucy Mordaunt, gentle and lovely, had her time employed as hostess, while Maude entertained a large portion of the guests.

"Lucy," and Maude's voice came a confidential whisper to Miss Mordaunt, "let's run to the library to rest a moment or so; that last dance has fatigued me wonderfully."

Arm-in-arm the ladies passed into the library.

With a weary sigh, Maude threw herself into an arm-chair.

"Oh, Lucy, I am so tired—not of our party, but of the people—almost of life!"

Her face was bitter and grieved in its expression.

"What! not the envied Miss Campbell talking in that strain, so melancholic and forlorn?" And Lucy leaned her sun-bright head against Maude's shoulder.

"What nonsense! and yet, Lucy dear, when I see you so full of hope, and joy, and animation, I think to myself, she has all things to live for, I none."

She spoke very bitterly.

"You none, beautiful Maude?"

"Yes. I have cast away all that I ever did—ever will care for, Lucy. You little think that I rejected Justin St. John last October?"

"No, Maude?"

"I did. I repeat it, I loved him! Oh, Father in heaven, how I loved him! But, Lucy, I must marry a rich man—I must barter all I hold dear for the love of ease that governs me with a power that I cannot withstand! Lucy, I hate him! I loathe him! I despise him! But I am going to accept John Jameson when he proffers me his hand, and all because that hand offers me a fortune. He will die! he must die! and then you know what his rich young widow can do?"

There was a tearful tension in her voice—a bright glitter in her eyes that frightened timid Lucy.

"Maude, you must not, you are wicked to talk so. If you have spurned Mr. St. John it was your own fault. If you marry Mr. Jameson, you must learn to respect him—to love him!"

"Never! the childlike dotard! I, Maude Campbell, to fall in love with John Jameson! It is his fortune, Lucy!"

With the same steely ring in her tones, she returned to the saloon.

Half an hour later, Mr. Jameson, with all the gallantry of a youth of twenty, begged her to grant him an interview the next morning at nine.

She allowed it, and the pleasure-seekers retired to their homes.

Arrayed in her tasty morning-robe, Maude proceeded to the parlor to greet her lover.

"It has come," she thought, as, descending the stairs, she caught a glimpse of his bowed form, as he chatted to Lucy Mordaunt, who sat sketching by the window.

As Maude entered the door, Lucy gracefully excused herself, and went into the inner parlor.

"Miss Campbell—Miss Maude, if I may presume to say it, and Mr. Jameson made his most delightful salaam—I need hardly mention the object of my call this morning. My intention was to offer you my heart, my hand, my name, and my fortune."

He paused; and if Maude noticed the dubiousness of his words, she only bowed respectfully.

"But, so old a dotard as I, whom you hate, loathe, despise, would be very presumptuous to do it. Therefore, Miss Maude, I announce the object of my call to be one of thanks—sincere, grateful thanks to you that, when you discussed this subject so freely to Miss Mordaunt last evening in the library, you spoke sufficiently loud for me, in the next room, to get the benefit of it. I rejoice, though my dream is over,"—here his voice trembled in spite of himself—"I awoke before it was too late."

He bowed adieu, and was gone ere Maude, in her speechless surprise and mortification, was aware of his departure.

With a cry of pain and rage, she ran to the window to see him descending the steps.

"My dream, too, is over. Fate seems determined to deny me wealth, so I'll make the best of it. I can obtain love, though." And her breath came quicker as she thought of Justin St. John. "He loves me still, I know he does. Justin, darling, you shall be mine yet."

Her face beamed with delightful hope, Maude stepped to the door of the adjoining parlor. Voices arrested her attention, and she stopped. The door was ajar; she could listen; she could hear; she did hear; she could see; she did see.

"Lucy, I know it has only been a couple of months since Maude rejected my suit. But I have learned to be thankful for my escape from her mercenary hands. I have learned to forget her; and, Lucy, my own true little girl, I have learned to love you as I never loved Maude Campbell. Darling, may I place this ring on your finger—may I call you mine—my very own forever?"

"Your very own, forever, Justin St. John!" He silently placed a sparkling jewel over her plump little finger.

"They are diamonds, my pet, of the purest water. I am not Justin St. John the poor man, though as a poor man I have won my prize. I am Justin St. John, the millionaire, whose money can outbid Mr. Jameson twice over."

Maude Campbell heard the words. Her face grew deadly pale, and with a quiver that shook her heart-strings, she turned silently away, a lone woman.

A NEW SECT.

A strange religious fanaticism has recently broken out in New Jersey. The peculiar form of worship develops itself in puffing, blowing, whistling, shouting, jumping, wrestling, falling to the floor and rolling over and kicking. Both women and men engage in the exercise. Baptism is by immersion in the village mill-pond, in the dead hour of the night. On Sunday they hold continuous service, and take a recess for meals only, refusing to read a newspaper, or even to receive a letter on that day. They permit no persons excepting those belonging to the Band to join with them in singing or jumping, or any other of their exercises, although no objection is made to the attendance of outsiders. John Rhinesmith, a wealthy farmer, is the chief man among them. Recently this leader of "Jehovah's Band" baptized a convert in his mill-pond, amid unearthly cries, the whole gang at one time shouting "fire!" to the alarm of others in the neighborhood, it being then after midnight. The fanatics, when jumping, say their "spirits" rise far above their bodies, and that were they dawning upon a looking-glass, not so much as a bruise or a scratch could be seen. At the meetings a dozen will be on the floor at once, pounding and kicking, the women shrieking in the wildest manner, and others praying, whistling or puffing, as if for a wager. And yet, as ridiculous as appears this newly-perfected religion, it is making considerable headway.

REVOLTING OUTRAGE.—A German was arrested in New York last week for violating the persons of his two daughters, aged respectively thirteen and eleven years. Going home one afternoon in a drunken condition, in the absence of the mother, who was working out, he took the eldest into the bedroom, where, it is said, he succeeded in "outraging her." On making her escape from him, he went into the hallway and brought the second one in, and in his efforts to outrage her inflicted some severe bruises on her person. He was committed for trial.

A POWERFUL FIRE EXTINGUISHER.—They have a steam tug in New York which is used in extinguishing fires that may occur along the water-front, either of that city or Brooklyn and which is capable of throwing 8,000 gallons per minute, drawing it from the river, and throwing it in eight streams, which can be concentrated all on one point if necessary. She is kept ready to start at a moment's warning, day or night.

TOUGH BOY.—A four-year-old Pittsburgh boy lately fell down a precipice 300 feet to the railroad track, right before a train, whence he was snatched, not much hurt, by a switchman.

Winnie.

Bless me! here's another baby,
Just as cunning as can be,
Eyes as blue as bonnie blue bells,
Breath as sweet as rosmariny.
Smile a tiny, flashing sunbeam,
Hair of purest, fairest gold,
Fingers and shoulders full of dimples,
Little Winnie eight months old.

DREAMING IN THE SUMMER TWILIGHT.

BY SADIE.

Ware, July 25th, 1870.

Ware is a lovely little nook, almost hidden among the hills, and seeming so peaceful in its repose, so perfect in its retirement, that the angel of death, or the dark spirits of sorrow, poverty, and crime, would never dare invade such an Eden, or cast a shadow from their sable wings, over the homes of the rich or the cottage of the poor.

The grand old hills, covered with their emerald mantle, richly embroidered with lovely wild flowers, and crowned with luxuriant forest trees, waving their branches in the summer air, look like warriors of old guarding the treasure at their feet; while the sky, so clear and soft, seems a solid dome of sapphire, with here and there a pearl of oriental beauty flashing across the azure surface.

Summer! glorious, golden haired, bright eyed summer, with thy balmy breath and robe of gorgeous flowers, with thy white brow, wreathed with the pale water lilies, and thy bounteous hands scattering the blushing roses over earth's green carpet, oh! how I love to feel thy sweet presence, and dream away the fleeting hours on thy peaceful bosom; and while the spell is on me I forget the great busy world, filled with multitudes of men and women, intent only on selfish pleasures and gay pursuits, and I imagine myself in an ideal world, peopled with loving spirits, and where naught but joy and love can come.

Thus sitting alone in the purpling twilight, gazing upon the vast expanse of meadows, green woodland, kingly hills, smiling in verdurous splendor, and avon lifting my eyes to the blue heavens, my thoughts turn to the world beyond the stars; and I seem to see in the deepening shadows' pale hands waving, and dear familiar faces smiling from the snowy clouds, while the night wind, murmuring through the trees, chants a requiem over the grave of departed joys and hopes forever vanished. And the stars' shining and glittering amid the vast expanse above, seem like loving angel eyes beaming upon me, a poor sinful mortal, and eager to welcome me to a bright abode, where there is perfect happiness, perfect rest; and I long to escape from the future, the dark, mysterious future, that comes all too fast, for "we know what we are, but we know not what we may be;" and then, when the curtain is lifted, and my airy castles melt away, I sigh for the radiant dream, which has faded all too soon.

How weird the hour, how lone, how sad,
And stillness reigns around,
While shadowy forms seem gliding past,
In the twilight gloom profound.

And hark! the night winds gently moan,
Like a dirge from the spirit land,
While from the mystic east around,
Waves many a spectral band.

And from the soft azure dome above,
The golden stars look down,
Seeming bright angel eyes that watch
O'er humble cot, and kingly crown.

And oh! I sigh for a brighter world,
Where naught but joy can come,
Where loved ones meet, and never part,
In that blissful, happy home.

But all too soon the vision's flown,
The dream dispelled and gone,
While back to earth I take my way,
Unhappy, sad, and lone.

POOR FELLOW!—A Chicago man was attacked one night, and injured by what he supposed was a vicious dog, and thinking the dog was mad, he applied a mad-stone to the part affected for two weeks, at an expense of \$200, and was cured. What was his surprise to learn that instead of being bitten by a rabid dog, he had been bit in the rear by a Billy goat. How they do bother him about it!

THE DIFFERENCE.—A Western editor, recently married, believes that "everybody should live on the sunny side of their houses as much as possible, and allow the sun's genial rays to penetrate the roofs." Sakes alive! Folks around here are doing their prettiest, now-a-days, to keep away from the "sun's genial rays," and to induce a gentle breeze to "penetrate the roofs."

A CONSUMED.—If a hundred doctors "disembowled" three bushels of grapes in an afternoon at Lakeside last year, how many will twice that number of editors "turn into pl" in the same length of time?—*Dr. Nichols' Journal of Chemistry.*

Judging from our own capacity in that line, Doctor, call the number twelve bushels.

AN OLD MAN.—Patrick Cahill, 103 years of age, and supposed to have been the oldest resident of Lowell at the time of his death, was buried in that city, the other day.

THE POLICE COMMISSIONERS OF NEW YORK have decreed that every patrolman shall wear "a shirt collar, a neck-tie, and gloves."

BARE FLOORS VS. CARPETS.

The almost universal use of carpets in this country is remark-worthy. Scarcely a family can be found of means so slender as not to have at least one carpet. But no one that has once become used to floors well finished and uncarpeted will ever consent to deface them again and damage the usefulness and healthfulness of the room by introducing woven woolen, to be ground up by trampling feet and swept away by the daily broom and be filled with the gathering dust of the stove and the miscellaneous dirt of a half-year.

Because of this general addiction to carpets, carpenters put cheap stuff and poor workmanship into our floors; broad boards that warp and start the nails, knots and cross-grained stuff that by using becomes rough and unsightly, unseasoned mop-boards that shrink away from the floor, and various other blemishes to conceal which from the eye a carpet seems needed. "Never mind what sort of a floor it is, the carpet will hide it." By and by the floors are so bad that we put straw on them to save the carpet; or better, use carpet paper to dull the corners and shield the nail heads that would otherwise wear away the woolen.

If we had well laid floors of straight-grained oak or ash or yellow pine, the surrender of our carpets would be a less difficult reform. And yet the cost of our carpets put into the material and workmanship of the floor will make all the difference between a good and a bad floor, and will outwear a half-dozen carpets.

The advantages of a bare floor are very numerous. For music, for dancing, for pleasant conversation, for cleanliness, for economy of labor in taking care of it, the bare floor is superior. Housekeepers will be prompt to contradict this last item. They will insist that the naked floors require daily scrubbing, and that to scrub a floor is of course more work than to sweep a carpet. But a well laid floor of smooth, straight grain, thoroughly oiled, and never washed with warm water or soap will by and by take on a surface like a carpenter's plane. It will darken by age and not need scrubbing, but dusting only. The going over of such a floor with a large damp cloth to remove the morning's dust takes far less time and labor than sweeping a carpet.

The floating particles of woolen which may be seen in every sunbeam are beyond question injurious to the health. The dust which rises in clouds from a carpet at every frolic of the kittens or playing of the children at the close of winter, causes much irritation of the throat and lungs and predisposes to croup and colds.

And when spring comes just think how little is left of the horror of house cleaning, when we are once emancipated from taking up carpets and putting down carpets.

In winter a dark floor with a half dozen ornamental mats, easily taken up and shaken at the door, will be found to satisfy the eye and be quite as comfortable for the feet as our present carpets. And if instead of naked plastered ceilings we adopt the Philadelphia style of papering overhead, we shall save far more warmth by our paper than we can possibly lose by surrendering our carpets.

Without being very sanguine that our advice will be followed, we proffer it in all sincerity: Let us have neat floors and no carpets. Try it once.—*Rev. T. K. Beecher.*

NO MORE BALLOONS.—The Hartford Chief of Police has forbidden the sale of small red rubber balloons, so much in vogue as children's toys, on account of a recent explosion of one on coming in contact with a lighted cigar, injuring two persons. Besides their explosive character the coloring matter contained in them is very poisonous.

WANTED THE HAIR.—There is a young and beautiful lady at Cincinnati who has lost her hair and her lover simultaneously. She cut off her blonde tresses to make them grow longer. The lover became indignant; there was a quarrel, and they separated.

A VAGRANT IRISH WOMAN at Worcester was made drunk on Sunday by a crowd of young Irish ruffians, who then took her to a retired place and violated her person. The brutes all escaped before the appearance of the police.

ADMIRAL DAHLGREN, although employed at sea for many years, was always a great sufferer from sea-sickness, and is said to have often had the headache for months continuously from this cause. His wife denies this.

A Southern reporter in furnishing "his account" of the recent execution at Richmond, Va., says: "After hanging for four minutes, his soul left its earthly tenement and went where the woodbine twined."

The Boston committee on health is about to erect street urinals of a similar character to these which have for many years been established institutions in Paris.

Needless to say, although it has no law, has an uncommon number of lawyers.

These societies, however, are opposed to the plurality of wives.

A WOMAN WITH SIX HUSBANDS.—Aram-bitious Irish woman named Emma Jane Wilson has been arrested in New York, she having no less than six Chinese husbands all living with her in a low tenement house. Her arrest was caused by one of her husbands, who was jealous because she married a seventh husband Friday night who was not a genuine Chinaman, but a Manila man. Until her last alliance they all lived together harmoniously.

RAMB GROWTH.—The population of Berlin has increased, between the 1st of January and 30th of June of the present year, partly through births and partly through immigration, by 80,000 souls. This augmentation is unexampled in the history of the North German metropolis.

LOCAL BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

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ALBERT BURLING, Carpenter and Joiner, and dealer in Lumber, Doors, Windows, &c.
ALLEN & GARDNER, Housekeepers and Attorneys at Law, Notary Public, and Insurance Agents.
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BROWN & ROBINSON, Dealers in Hardware, Iron, Steel, Paints, Oils, and Glass.
B. H. JOHNSON, Carpenter and Joiner, and Master of Buildings.
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DRESSMAKING, by Miss S. A. Graves. Trimmings furnished.
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S. H. LAWRENCE will pay the highest cash price for Hides and Fats.
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ZENAS MARSH, Painter, Glazier, Paper Hanging, Sign Painter, and Dealer in Sash and Blinds, Bank Street.

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HERMAN BERGER IS COMING!
Such a variety of styles as I will bring with me this time never was seen in a country town before.
SUCH RICH AND ELEGANT STYLES
As my Bazaar will contain this time! No matter how extravagant, how fastidious, or how particular your tastes. Ladies, my
LARGE STOCK OF GOODS
Warrant me to say, with confidence, I CAN SUIT YOU THIS TIME, IF NEVER BEFORE!
I call your attention to my Large Stock of
SILKS!
For SUITS and SACKS. Very few ladies are judges of a Black Silk. Consequently, you should buy your Silks of a man who is a judge, and whom you can rely upon.
If you want to be sure, Ladies, to get a Good Silk which will wear well and will not crack,
WAIT FOR ME,
And you will get a good article, and *Lower than you can buy it in Springfield or Worcester.*
MY ADVICE TO YOU, LADIES, if you want to buy the right kind of goods, be it SHAWLS or DRESSES, is to patronize the man who has got the assortment and good styles.
Any Lady wishing to purchase a nice READY-MADE SILK GARMENT should surely wait and examine my large stock.
In WHITE Piques I will have an immense assortment. In fact, you will find as good an assortment in my cart as you would in any first-class city store.
WAIT! WAIT! DO WAIT!
HERMAN BERGER.

NATURE'S HAIR RESTORATIVE.
Having decided to remain in PALMER another season, I take this occasion to return my acknowledgments to the public for the liberal encouragement hitherto received; and having just returned from New York with all the
NEW AND DESIRABLE STYLES!
would respectfully call their attention to my stock of
BONNETS AND HATS
OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS!
AT PRICES WHICH MUST SUIT.
IMBONS, LACES, FLOWERS, &c.,
AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES! A full line of
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COLLARS AND CUFFS,
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CAMBRIC BANDS,
BUTTONS, BRAIDS, VELVET RIBBONS, APRONS, CORSETS, &c., &c.
Palmer, May 7th, 1870. MRS. S. WHITMAN.

MONEY CANNOT BUY IT!
FOR SIGHT IS PRICELESS!
BUT THE DIAMOND SPECTACLES WILL PRESERVE IT.
THE DIAMOND SPECTACLES
Manufactured by J. E. SPENCER & CO., N. Y. Which are now offered to the public, are pronounced by all the celebrated Opticians in the world to be the MOST PERFECT, Natural, Artificial help to the human eye ever known.
They are ground under their own supervision, from minute Crystal Pebbles, melted together, and having their name, "Diamond," on account of their hardness and brilliancy.
THE SCIENTIFIC PRINCIPLE
On which they are constructed brings the core or centre of the lens directly in front of the eye, producing a clear and distinct vision, as in the natural, healthy sight, and preventing all unpleasant sensations, such as glimmering and wavering of sight, dizziness, &c., peculiar to all others in use.
THEY ARE MOUNTED IN THE FINEST MANNER
In frames of the best quality, of all materials used for that purpose. Their FINISH and DURABILITY CANNOT BE SURPASSED.
W. H. CLARK, PALMER, MASS.,
And GEO. E. GRANT, Monson, Mass.,
Jewellers and Opticians, are Sole Agents for the above-named towns, from whom they can only be obtained. These goods are not supplied to retailers, at any price. jels 1y

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AN APPETITE.
If one can't eat, to do his best.
If nothing nice the hunger comes.
What gives him not a moment's rest
Till he's devoured the widow's wares?
DODD'S NERVEINE.
For sale by all druggists. Price One Dollar. j9 1y

DENNISON'S PATENT TAGS AND SHIPPING CARDS.
BLANK, OR PRINTED TO ORDER.
The best thing out. AT THIS OFFICE.
THIS IS NO HUMBUG!
By sending 35 CENTS, with age, height, color of eyes and hair, you will receive, by return mail, a correct picture of your future husband or wife, with name and date of marriage. Address W. FOX, P. O. Drawer No. 24, Falmouth, Me. j9 1y

J. MCGREGORY, Dealer in Marble, Monuments, and Gravestones, of all descriptions, at the old stand, and at the lowest prices. I have no successor.
Wilbraham, Feb. 1, 1870. J. MCGREGORY. 6m

10 A DAY.—Business entirely new and honorable. Liberal inducements. Descriptive circulars free. Address J. C. RAND & CO., Biddeford, Me. jels 3m

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THE AMERICAN BUTTON-HOLE, OVERSEAMING SEWING MACHINE
Has taken premiums in Europe and America sufficient to sustain its claims as the
BEST SEWING MACHINE EVER INVENTED.
WHAT IT CAN DO:
It will do the finest of sewing, hemming, felling, coring, tucking, braiding, binding, gathering, quilting, &c.
It can make a beautiful button-hole, making a fine pearl, as by hand.
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It is two machines in one—a Button-Hole Sewing and Sewing Machine combined.
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It took the GOLD MEDAL at the late Mechanics' Fair at Boston, and always takes the HIGHEST PRIZE wherever exhibited.
For sale in PALMER by MRS. S. WHITMAN, Milliner and Dressmaker.
A Good Assortment of MILLINERY and FANCY GOODS always on hand.
DRESSMAKING in the latest fashion, at short notice. South side of the railroad bridge, nearly opposite Antique House.
Parties in want of a machine will do well to call before purchasing.
Machines sold on MONTHLY PAYMENTS. 1y

MILLINERY!
Having decided to remain in PALMER another season, I take this occasion to return my acknowledgments to the public for the liberal encouragement hitherto received; and having just returned from New York with all the
NEW AND DESIRABLE STYLES!
would respectfully call their attention to my stock of
BONNETS AND HATS
OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS!
AT PRICES WHICH MUST SUIT.
IMBONS, LACES, FLOWERS, &c.,
AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES! A full line of
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COLLARS AND CUFFS,
LACE AND MUSLIN EDGING,
CAMBRIC BANDS,
BUTTONS, BRAIDS, VELVET RIBBONS, APRONS, CORSETS, &c., &c.
Palmer, May 7th, 1870. MRS. S. WHITMAN.

COE'S COUGH BALSAM!
This long tried and popular Remedy is again called to the attention of the public. As often as the year rolls around, the proprietors annually make their bow to the people, and remind them that amongst the many things required for the health, comfort and sustenance of the family through the long and tedious months of winter, Coe's Cough Balsam should not be forgotten. For years it has been a household medicine—and most anxious for the safety of their children, and all who suffer from any disease of the throat, chest and lungs, cannot afford to be without it. In addition to the ordinary four ounce so long in the market, we now furnish our mammoth family size bottles, which will, in common with the other size, be found at all Drug Stores.

FOR CROUP,
The Balsam will be found invaluable, and may always be relied upon in the most extreme cases.
WHOOPIING COUGH.
The testimony of all who have used it for this terrible ailment during the last ten years, is that it invariably relieves and cures it.
SORE THROAT.
Keep your throat wet with the Balsam—taking little and often—and you will very soon find relief.
HARD COLDS AND COUGHS
Yield at once to a steady use of this great remedy. It will succeed in giving relief where all other remedies have failed.

SORENESS OF THE CHEST, THROAT AND LUNGS.
Do not delay procuring and immediately taking Coe's Cough Balsam, when troubled with any of the above named difficulties. They are all preliminary symptoms of Consumption, and if not arrested, will sooner or later sweep you away into the valley of shadows from which none can ever return.
IN CONSUMPTION,
Many a care-worn sufferer has found relief, and to-day rejoices that his life has been made easy and prolonged by the use of Coe's Cough Balsam.

READ! READ! READ!!!
THE ATTENTION OF THE PEOPLE is called to the
WORLD'S GREAT REMEDY,
COE'S DYSPEPSIA CURE!
This preparation is pronounced by Dyspeptics as the only known remedy that will cure before that aggravating and fatal malady. For years it swept on its fearful tide, carrying before it an untimely grave, its millions of sufferers.
COE'S DYSPEPSIA CURE HAS COME TO THE RESCUE!
Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Sourness or Acidity of Stomach, Rising of Food, Flatulency, Lassitude, Weariness, finally terminating in Death.

Are as surely cured by this potent remedy as the patient takes it. Although but five years before the people, what is the verdict of the masses? Hear what Lester Sexton, of Milwaukee says:
[From LESTER SEXTON, Milwaukee.]
MILWAUKEE, Jan. 24, 1868.
Messrs. C. G. Clark & Co., New Haven, Conn.:
Both myself and wife have used Coe's Dyspepsia Cure, and it has proved perfectly satisfactory as a remedy. I have no hesitation in saying that we have received great benefit from its use.
Very respectfully, (Signed) LESTER SEXTON.

A GREAT BLESSING.
[From Rev. L. F. WARD, Aton, Lorain Co., O.]
Messrs. Strong & Armstrong, Druggists, Cleveland
GENTLEMEN—It gives me great pleasure to state that my wife has derived great benefit from the use of Coe's Dyspepsia Cure. She has been for number of years greatly troubled with Dyspepsia, accompanied with violent paroxysms of constipation, which so prostrated her that she was unable to do anything. She took, at your instance, Coe's Dyspepsia Cure, and has derived GREAT BENEFIT FROM IT, and is now comparatively well. She regards this medicine as a great blessing. Truly yours,
Jan. 13th, 1868. L. F. WARD.

A. D. BRIGGS & CO.,
CIVIL AND MECHANICAL ENGINEERS.
Builders of TRUEBELL'S PATENT TRUSS BRIDGE, and other Iron Bridges, Roofs and Turn-Tables.
Also, Howe's Patent Truss Bridge and Roof, and other Timber Bridges and Turn-Tables.
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
May 21, 1870. 3m
J. K. WARREN, M. D.,
HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
At JAMES GAMWELL'S,
PALMER, MASS.
April 30th, 1870. 1y

LUMBER FOR SALE AT HENRY GLEASON'S MILL, North Dana.
30,000 FEET HARD PINE INCH BOARDS.
Inquire of H. Gleason, North Dana, or the subscriber, WM. BOND.
Agent for the Wood Mowing Machine and Lock Bar.
Leicester, May 22, 1869. 20 1y

NEW FISH MARKET.—Joshua Lewis will serve to order all varieties of Fresh, Dried and Salt Fish, in season. Families supplied from the cart, which will take orders and deliver. A share of patronage is solicited.
Ware, June 4, 1870. 3m
AGENTS WANTED—(\$10 PER DAY)
by the AMERICAN KNITTING MACHINE CO., Boston, Mass., or St. Louis, Mo. jels 3m

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SORENESS OF THE CHEST, THROAT AND LUNGS.
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AGENTS WANTED!
A RICH FIELD!!
A NOBLE WORK!!!
THE NEW PICTORIAL FAMILY BIBLE.
WITH OVER 1000 ILLUSTRATIONS!
50,000 REFERENCES,
A FAMILY RECORD,
AND FAMILY ALBUM.

THIS GREAT WORK contains a storehouse of information that can only reach the mind through the eye. Its illustrations carry one back to the most important era of the world, and are of themselves a comprehensive review of the Scriptures representing the most interesting Views, Characters, Symbols, Historical Events, Landscapes, Scenery, Antiquities, Costumes, &c. They attract the eye, correct erroneous impressions, awaken new thoughts, and furnish clearer views of Divine Truth. As a help to parents, ministers, and Sabbath-school teachers in fulfilling the duties of their separate and high vocations—and to all others to whom immortal souls are entrusted—this splendid pictorial volume cannot be overestimated. It is the

BEST EDITION FOR THE FAMILY.
MOST VALUABLE FOR THE STUDENT,
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THE PICTORIAL FAMILY BIBLE contains unusually a large range of Statistical Tables, Chronological, and Genealogical matter. It is printed on excellent paper, from clear and open type, in one large and handsome quarto volume, and is bound in the most durable and attractive manner, while the prices are sufficiently low to place it within everybody's reach.

EXPERIENCED AGENTS wanted throughout the country for its sale, with whom liberal arrangements will be made. An opportunity of equal promise is rarely or never presented.

MINISTERS, TEACHERS, STUDENTS, FARMERS, YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN—Those who desire the most profitable of all employment—entirely suited to correspondence with a view to an agency. Not a few such are now averaging from \$500 to \$700 annual profit in its sale. There is a great need for the book and a rich field offered, while it will elevate the spiritual condition by constant contact with and conversations upon its beautiful and eternal truths.

CANVASSERS ON THE NUMBER PLAN will be furnished the work in about fifteen days, at 25 cents each—a handsome illustration in oil to accompany each part. This plan is very popular in cities.

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R. H. EDDY, Solicitor of Patents.
Late Agent of the U. S. Patent Office, Washington (under the Act of 1837.)
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After an extensive practice of upwards of twenty years, continues to secure Patents in the United States; also in Great Britain, France, and other foreign countries. Carvants, Specifications, Bonds, Assignments, and all papers and drawings for Patents executed on liberal terms, and with dispatch. Researches made into American or Foreign works to determine the validity of utility of Patents or inventions, and legal or other advice rendered in all matters touching the same. Copies of the claims of any patent furnished by remitting \$4. Assignments recorded at Washington.

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"I regard Mr. Eddy as one of the most capable and successful practitioners with whom I have had official intercourse."
CHAS. MASON, Commissioner of Patents.
"I have no hesitation in assuring inventors that they cannot employ a person more competent and trustworthy, and more capable of putting their applications in a form to secure for them an early and favorable consideration at the Patent Office."
EDMUND BUNKE, Late Commissioner of Patents.
"Mr. R. H. Eddy has made for me thirteen applications of all but one of which Patent have been granted, and that is now pending. Such unmistakable proof of great talent and ability on his part, lends me to recommend him to all inventors who wish to procure their Patents, as they may be sure of having the most faithful attention bestowed on their cases, and at very reasonable charges."
JOHN TAGHART, 1y
BOSTON, January 1, 1870.

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Policies issued for any length of time—from one month to five years.
FOR FARMERS, we insure against Loss or DAMAGE by FIRE or LIGHTNING, and when Live Stock is insured, policies cover that stock whether in Barn, Highway, or Field, against loss by LIGHTNING.
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We represent companies having over \$13,000,000 assets. There are none better. Losses Promptly Adjusted and Paid at this Agency.
ALLEN & GARDNER, Agents.
Palmer, Jan. 1st, 1870. 1y

PEABODY MEDICAL INSTITUTE,
No. 4 Bulfinch St. (opposite Revere House), BOSTON.
The trustees of this institution take pleasure in announcing that they have secured the services of the eminent and well known Dr. A. H. HAYES, late Surgeon U. S. Army, Vice President of Columbia College of Physicians and Surgeons, &c.
This institution has published the popular medical book entitled "THE SCIENCE OF LIFE; OR, SELF PRESERVATION," written by Dr. Hayes. It treats upon the Elements of Health, Premature Decline of Manhood, Seminal Weakness, and all Diseases and Abuses of the GENETIVE ORGANS. Thirty thousand copies sold the last year. It is, indeed, a book for every young man in particular. Price only \$1.00.
This institution has just published the most perfect treatise of the kind ever offered to the public, entitled "SEXUAL PHYSIOLOGY OF WOMAN; AND ILLER DISEASES," profusely illustrated with the very best engravings. This book is also from the pen of Dr. Hayes. Among the various chapters may be mentioned, The Mystery of Life; Beautiful Obedience; Beauty; its Value to Woman; Marriage; General Hygiene of Woman; Purity; Change of Life; Excesses of the Married; Prevention to Conception, &c. In beautiful French cloth, \$2.00; Turkey Morocco, \$3.50. Either of these books are sent by mail, securely sealed, postage paid, on receipt of price.
The thoughtful clergyman recommends these books for their high moral tone, and all earnest and skillful physicians earnestly recommend them to the public as the only scientific and reliable treatise on the kind published in America.
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ALBION H. HAYES, M. D., Resident and Consulting Physician.
N. B.—Dr. H. may be consulted in strictest confidence on all diseases requiring skill, secrecy, and experience. INVARIABLE SECRECY AND RELIEF.

WHAT ARE
DR. J. WALKER'S
CALIFORNIA VINEGAR BITTERS?
THEY ARE NOT A VILE FANCY DRINK, Made of Poor Rum, Whiskey, Proof Spirits, and Refuse Liquors, doctor, and sweetened to please the taste, called "Tonic," "Bitters," "Appetizers," &c., that lead the tippler on to drunkenness and ruin, but are a true medicine, made from the native roots and bark of California, free from all Alcoholic Stimulants. They are GIVING GREAT PLEASURE AND LIFE-GIVING PRINCIPLE, a perfect Tonic and Invigorator of the System, carrying off all poisonous matter, and restoring the blood to a healthy condition. No person can take in long travelling, according to directions and remain in good health. \$1.00 will be given for an incurable case, providing the bones are not destroyed by mineral poisons or other means, and the vital organs wasted beyond the point of repair. J. WALKER, Proprietor, R. H. McDONALD & CO., Druggists and Genl. Agents, San Francisco, Cal., and 24 Commerce St., N. Y. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS. j9 1y

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WINE BITTERS!
This rich and delightful tonic is made with pure CALIFORNIA WINE, blended with health-giving roots, seeds and flowers.
1000 CASES FOR SALE by the PROPRIETORS.
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REED ORGAN COMPANION.
A New Collection of Popular Instrumental and Vocal Music, for Piano, Organ, and Violin. Gems, Songs, Ballads, &c., arranged expressly for Cabinet Organs.
Preceded by a Fresh and Easy Course of Instruction.
BY WM. H. CLARKE.
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OLIVER H. DITSON & CO., Boston.
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CITY MARBLE WORK.
H. K. COOLEY,
Manufacturer and

NUMBER 23.

very deep, for a strange genius, in describing it, says, by looking into it you can see them making tea in China.

The Journal.

SATURDAY, AUG. 18, 1870.

They are having a long season at the watering places, and the crowd of visitors is now at its highest pressure. Newport, Long Branch and Saratoga are brim full of visitors. The turnouts are extravagantly rich and showy, and of course fashion reigns supreme.

The Republican Congressional Committee have issued an address to the people setting forth the reasons why Republicans should continue to support the candidates of their party. The work of a Republican Congress is recapitulated and the reduction of taxation given. The administration of Gen. Grant is endorsed and a good face put on the condition of the country.

AND now comes S. P. Cummings, the Labor apostle, who announces that a State Convention will be held at Worcester September 8th, in the interest of Labor Reform. He calls for funds to carry on this movement, and promises to hold conventions in every congressional district. Come right along, Mr. Cummings, and do not stand on the order of your coming.

GEN. GRANT has been talking on the European war to a reporter of the New York Sun. He thinks the war will be a long one, and that most of the European nations will become involved before it is closed. He thinks that the war will be waged after the manner of our late campaigning with the rebels, and that Prussia has the inside track. He talks sympathetically with Prussia, if we must believe what the reporter says; but it is fair to allow that reporters manufacture about half of all they get by interviewing distinguished men.

SINCE the Waterloo defeat of Napoleon in 1815 the French have experienced no reverse so disastrous as the great battle fought last Saturday. They were greatly outnumbered and outmaneuvered. From all accounts it was Bull Run repeated, but on a much larger scale. The French admit Paris to be in danger, and they have no thought but to save themselves. There is trouble also in Paris. The French ministry has resigned and a new one has been appointed. Meantime the Prussians are massing about the French intrenchments, at Metz and Strasbourg, and any day may witness another battle. One more defeat and the Napoleon dynasty will be ended.

DR. LIVINGSTONE'S long absence in Africa is at last accounted for—at least, if we can believe Capt. Burton, the British Consul at Damascus, and a man well informed as to the tribes of Central Africa, having traveled extensively both in the Old and the New World. He says the Doctor was induced, much against his wishes, to marry a rude and blustering native princess; and when he afterward proposed to leave her and prosecute his travels, his father-in-law and mother-in-law interposed such potent objections that he was virtually kept a prisoner. The captain says the doctor's friends, who were acquainted with the facts, were so disgusted with the proceedings that they have kept them secret until lately.

JOHN REAL, the man who shot a policeman in New York two years ago, was executed on Friday last week. He was one of the New York roughs, and had considerable political influence. He staved off sentence for a long while, his case having passed through all the courts, and at last an unsuccessful effort was made to get his sentence commuted. He did not give up hope till the evening before his execution. He stated that the policeman whom he shot had an old grudge against him, and took every occasion to maltreat him, often pounding him with his club. The last time he did this Real shot him in self-defense. He said Gov. Hoffman would have pardoned him if he had not been opposed to his election. He went to the gallows with remarkable coolness, and died almost instantly after the trap was sprung.

HOW IT'S DONE.—Did you ever wonder how our debt was being paid off so rapidly? A recent transaction will illustrate the *modus operandi*. At Charleston, S. C., six packages of tobacco were seized and sold by order of the U. S. District Court. The proceeds were \$34.91, of which the District Attorney took \$20, the clerk \$0.75, and the Marshal \$5. The remainder, \$8.96, was solemnly ordered to be paid into the U. S. Treasury to aid in paying off the public debt.

ANOTHER SUICIDE.—The private secretary to the Consul of the French Legation, at Washington, committed suicide on Saturday afternoon, by shooting himself below the heart. He left letters giving the motive as a desire to obtain rest and peace, which he hoped to find in the grave, from bodily and mental illness. He was a member of a noble French family, and had passed several years in this country under an assumed name.

FALL OF A PLATFORM.—On Thursday forenoon, a platform in Mechanics Hall, Worcester, gave away, precipitating 150 children to the floor, bruising quite a number but fortunately killing none. The children had just taken their seats for a musical rehearsal.

A bear recently passed through a field of Levi Goodrich, of Lunenburg, Vt., while the men were at work in the field. He passed within five rods of the men, growling as he went to the woods.

A GREAT PRUSSIAN VICTORY!

A great battle has been fought, and a great victory won by the Prussians. Two weeks ago the French troops were pressing forward to the frontier to the cry of "On to Berlin," and it was confidently predicted that the Emperor would be in the German capital in 15 days. The Prince Imperial accompanied his father to the front and received his "baptism of fire" and picked up his cannon ball, while the soldiers "wept at his tranquility" under fire. They have wept again. They didn't weep at anybody's tranquility, however, this time. "Loulou and I" are no longer at the front. The Prince, with his ball, has been sent home to his mamma, and Napoleon has "put" for the rear. There is no more "On to Berlin" talk. "Save Paris" is now the cry. Prussia is flushed with success, while France is alarmed for her safety.

On Saturday the right center of the French army, under Marshal McMahon, was attacked by the Prussians, under Crown Prince Frederick William, in overwhelming force, and after a severe battle, in which the French were terribly cut up, they retreated in disorder, pursued by the victorious Prussians. At the same time the French corps of Gen. Frossard, on the left center, was attacked by the Prussians under Gen. Von Goeben. A tremendous fire ensued, lasting from one o'clock, p. m., till night, when the Prussians assaulted the French position, on the hills near Saarbrück, and carried it at the point of the bayonet, notwithstanding a most determined resistance. The Prussians followed up their victory, and the French were totally routed and put to flight. The fighting was renewed on Sunday, with continued success for the Prussians. They drove the French back at every point, and occupied Lanterbourg, Worth, Haguenau, Forbach, and the fortress at Bitch. Six thousand prisoners were captured by the Prussians, besides six mitrailleurs, thirty cannon and two eagles.

As a result of the Prussian success a general advance of their whole line was made, while the French retired to the fortresses of Strasbourg and Metz. Marshal Bazaine has been appointed commander-in-chief of the French army, with Gen. Trochu as Major General, Gen. Leberet retiring. The French were both outnumbered and outnumbered, and Napoleon found a new deal necessary. A correspondent writing from Forbach states that 30,000 soldiers were cut to pieces by the fault of their leaders, and that the universal cry is "Give us generals we can trust." The French are concentrating on the road to Paris, and the troops are represented as being in excellent spirits. It hardly seems possible that the Prussians can take either Strasbourg or Metz, as they are among the strongest fortifications in the world. Both can be surrounded by water. At Metz the waters of the Seille can be raised, flooding the surrounding country for six miles.

The receipt of the Emperor's dispatches, acknowledging the French defeats, caused the most intense excitement at Paris. The Empress issued a manifesto calling upon Frenchmen to rise as one man in the hour of their country's danger, and repel the invader. An uprising of the people was so much feared that the ministers thought it necessary to issue a proclamation over all their signatures, assuring the people that all was not yet lost, and conjuring them to abstain from all riotous demonstrations. The Bourse, and the houses of German bankers were closed, to avoid their being sacked by the excited populace. Paris was at once declared in a state of siege, and thousands of men set at work strengthening the fortifications. The Chambers were convoked, and met on Tuesday, when a great row ensued. It was proposed to recall the Emperor, and that the chambers should assume the direction of public affairs. From words some of the deputies came to blows, and a recess had to be taken in which to "cool off." Such was the dissatisfaction manifested with the Government that finally the entire ministry resigned. A new cabinet was formed on Wednesday, composed of staunch Bonapartists, headed by Count Palikao. During the session of the chambers on Tuesday a wild crowd assembled outside, and refused to disperse. They were repeatedly charged upon by the police, but re-formed after each charge. Many of the national guard threw down their arms and fraternized with the people, while other detachments remained passive in their barracks.

The French are unanimous for the prosecution of the war, but unless Napoleon wins a decisive victory soon his dynasty will be in great danger. Success is his only safety, and no one knows it better than he. Indeed, he is reported to have said that he would return to Paris victorious or dead. Another defeat, and his downfall is sure.

YACHT RACE.—The great race of the New York Yacht club for the possession of the Queen's Cup (brought to this country from England, several years since, by the yacht America) came off at New York on Monday amidst great excitement. The length of the course was 40 miles, and eighteen yachts competed for the prize. The Magic, an American yacht, won the race in 3 hours, 58 minutes, Bennett's yacht Dauntless coming in second. The English yacht Cambria, which won the ocean race recently, came out the eighth in this race. The old America, referred to above, came in fourth, and showed splendid sailing qualities.

HEAVY DEVALUATION.—A cotton broker in New Orleans, named Geo. B. Shute, absconded on Saturday, with a telegraphic letter of credit and cash in his possession amounting to over \$100,000, and estimated by some at \$200,000.

ONE THING AND ANOTHER.

CHINA claims to have had life insurance companies 3000 years ago.

...A steam paving machine for stone pavement is a success in Paris.

...France has "maggot factories" which turn out food for fish-ponds.

...An Albany girl took poison because another girl declined her brother's hand.

...Eight cents is the regular fee of a "regular" Chinese doctor.

...Parisian ladies carry summer muffs of lace and perfumery.

...A Terre Haute man has got a divorce on account of his wife's profanity.

...Brigham Young doesn't agree with his mother-in-law, and she frequently attacks him in platons.

...A California jail is so dilapidated that a permanent guard is required to keep the prisoners in.

...A man was lately hung in Ohio whose scaffold was covered with flowers, presented by sympathetic young ladies.

...The taxes in Newport are lighter than in any other city in New England, and probably less than in any city in the United States.

...Terrapin Tower, the old lookout at Niagara, is partly undermined and must go over the falls.

...An officer at Cincinnati, seeking a delinquent, was pointed to a coffin in a hearse before the door, and told "That's him."

...Rev. Mrs. Hanaford, of New Haven, was called up at midnight, a few nights ago, to marry a couple who could not wait.

...An Illinois doctor, to be sure a patient was really beyond further fee-paying, burnt him with a hot iron. He was to die to resist.

...A lady at Saratoga appeared at one of the hops wearing a necklace of sapphires and diamonds which was valued at \$10,000.

...Mr. Jacob Green, of Thompson, Conn., died on the 1st inst., and his wife on the 2d, both of old age, the deaths occurring within twenty-four hours of each other.

...A Troy hod-carrier has inherited \$50,000. He was just half way up a ladder when he heard of it, and he just let go of the hod and said he'd have to be excused.

...A Jersey maid servant becoming imbued with the spirit of the country, applied, gave exhibitions in the costume of Eve before the fall, a few nights ago.

...An Iowa clergyman began a funeral sermon:—"In the beginning was the devil, and the devil was with whiskey, and the devil was whiskey, and whiskey was the cause of this man's death."

...A Philadelphia cook considers herself aggrieved, because five members of her employer's family smashed up all the family crockery and cutlery over her head.

...A Minnesota baby would have been stolen out of its cradle by a big wildcat, but for the pluck of a black-and-tan terrier, which kept the brute at bay till the mother came in.

...A Missouri farmer, attacked in his wheat-field by a big rattlesnake, was bitten once, but his faithful dog coming up, engaged the snake and fell a victim to his poison. The farmer drank two quarts of peach brandy and was saved.

...A Jersey widow, finding her charms fading, applied a "magical balm," a few nights ago, and woke next morning to find her hair all fallen off, and blotches as large as ginger cookies all over her face. She wants to interview the balm man.

...Miss Caroline Wood, of Iowa, has reclaimed 160 acres of wild prairie land, and planted 200 fruit and 4000 maple trees all with her own hands. She rather wants an accomplished husband to play the piano and do housework.

...An indignant husband at Richmond drove an intruder to the top of the house, where he had the choice of stepping out of the window, or looking into a six-shooter just entering the door. He jumped.

A BAD JUMP.—Frank Thorne, of Buffalo, N. Y., who was to jump from the suspension bridge into the Niagara this month, met with a severe accident last week Wednesday. He made a leap from the top of Watson's elevator, 135 feet high, into the dock, at Buffalo, and when about half way down he gradually lost his erect position, and struck the water upon his right side, with a tremendous concussion. It was thought that he was killed; but, though badly bruised, he will recover. He probably will not attempt the leap at Niagara.

ATTEMPTED MURDER AND SUICIDE.—On Tuesday afternoon a German in Hartford, named Paul Fix, shot his wife through the breast, inflicting a dangerous, though not necessarily fatal wound. He then fired three shots at a Mrs. Raible, his wife's cousin, and closed up by putting four bullets into his own head, from which he will probably die. Domestic troubles and drunkenness were the cause of the shooting.

ALMOST A RIOT.—On Saturday night, in Boston, in the "South Cove district," a policeman arrested a boy named Richard Burke, when a crowd collected and attempted to rescue the prisoner. The officer discharged four shots into the crowd, wounding four boys seriously. An infuriated crowd attacked the officer with brick-bats and paving-stones, but they were finally dispersed by a force of policemen.

CONSIDERATE.—A refractory pig got loose in New Britain, Conn., a few days ago, and sought refuge in a dry goods store. A dog went for him, bit his tail off and then seized him by the ear and led him back to his proper quarters, after which he returned picked up the tail and returned it to the animal.

PALMER AND VICINITY.

LOOK OUT for the tax collector these days.

THREE RIVERS.—John E. Crane proposes to sell his harness shop and homestead, and go West.

RACING horses on Main St. was a pastime, Monday evening, with several men who had nags to trade.

The law firm of Allen and Gardner has been dissolved, and Mr. Gardner takes the office rooms vacated by Mr. Harlow.

The visits of Mosely's powder cart, from Westfield, seriously disturb the nerves of some of the boarders at the Nassauwan House, where the cart puts up over night.

DR. WARREN has opened an office at the house of Mrs. Dr. Vaill. The public library has been removed to his office, and the doctor will take charge of it for the present.

OUR POPULATION.—The population of Palmer is 3634, of whom 1942 are Americans, 1250 Irish, 344 French, 35 English, 39 Scotch, 24 Germans. There are 729 families living in 672 houses.

BRIMFIELD.—Alfred Homer, a highly respected citizen, died on Friday last week. He has held the office of county commissioner, represented the town in the legislature, and was prominent in Agricultural societies for many years.

GIVEN OUT.—The poor crop last winter, and the exceedingly hot weather, have been too much for the dealers, and the supply has given out here. The hotels and markets are supplied from Springfield. The rest of us must go without.

The drought has become so severe in this vicinity that several brooks, never before known to be dry, have not a drop of running water in them. Wells and aqueducts have given out, and our hotels depend upon the river for most of their water.

WIDOW SETT BROWN'S horse, standing in front of Wood & Allen's drug store, was frightened at the cars on Wednesday and ran down Church street, where the wagon was overturned, throwing out a lady and little child. The wagon was badly broken, but the occupants escaped serious injury.

THREE DAYS' HORSE FAIR.—The Palmer Club will hold a three days' fair on the Palmer Park, on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 30th, 31st and Sept. 1st. The premiums are liberal, and arrangements are making for a first class exhibition. The Club is organized with S. C. Herring for President, J. Morgan, Vice President, F. M. Dodge, Secretary, J. F. Holbrook Treasurer. There are seventeen directors who are to manage affairs on the Park.

At the probate court held at Springfield on Tuesday, an inventory was filed on the estate of Elijah Chapin of Palmer. Accounts rendered on estates of Henry Charles of Ludlow, Henry L. Coe of Ludlow, Samuel R. Keith of Palmer were allowed. The report of the executor of the estate of Sophia Keith, deceased, was accepted. The report of the executor of the estate of Seth Brown and John Furber of Palmer.

BODY OF A LOST GIRL FOUND.—On the 23d of June Martha E. Clark, aged 13, daughter of Fidelia Clark of Thorndike, wandered away from home, and though her mother advertised for her at the time, no trace could be found of her. On Saturday last her body was found in the river about two miles above Thorndike, so decomposed that it was only recognized from the dress she wore. She had been subject to fits, and it is supposed she wandered away while in one.

THORNDIKE.

Frank M. Murdock has opened a first class dry goods and grocery store in the building for many years occupied by Gamaliel Collins. He intends that his assortments shall always be fresh, and calculated to meet the wants of the community. Dr. Ruggles has a saw which litters twenty-two pigs on Tuesday. A train of cars on the Ware River Railroad ran over one of Wm. McElwain's cows Tuesday, injuring her so that she had to be killed.

MR. HARLOW'S lecture last Monday evening, on the materialistic tendencies of the age was a well conceived subject, neatly put in form and well delivered. It went to show that all our enterprises in life—business, politics, love and religion, were turned to selfish purposes, with a view of benefiting the material man, while the higher spiritual designs were lost sight of and too often ignored. Mr. Harlow bids fair to make his mark as a social philosopher and public orator, and we expect to hear from him in the future.

POLICE.—Last Friday evening Henry E. Gimby, colored boy, stepped off the express train at the depot, when he was set upon by several young fellows who attempted to prevent him from getting on the train. In the melee the Grimby boy stuck a knife into the leg of Patrick Dewire. For this offense he was arrested at Worcester, and brought back to receive judgement from Judge Gardner, who inflicted a penalty of \$10 and costs, amounting to \$27, which the boy's father paid. Charles McCarthy's cow, of Thorndike, got into Cornelius Kallher's cabbage patch, and when Cornelius went to see McCarthy about it, high words arose which resulted in an assault upon McCarthy. Kallher settled the matter by paying \$7.

SOUTH WILBRAMHAM ITEMS.—A. B. Newell, who has taught the High School here for several years, commences a fall term at Academy Hall Monday, 22nd inst. The prospect of a full school is good. His efforts should give him a paying number of pupils. Rev. Mr. Chamberlain, the vacation minister here, is absent, having a vacation of three sabbaths, during which time the church is closed. Rev. Mr. Round, at the M. E. church last sabbath, P. M., gave a discourse on the infallibility of the pope. Next sabbath he is to give the opposite side of the picture. Rev. A. W. Bennett, the evangelist, preached a discourse in the south-west district in Monson on the death of a child of Austin Chapin.

CAUTION TO THE LADIES.—We find in our exchanges several accounts of ladies suffering severely from wearing "jute" chignons. It seems from recent investigations, that the bark from which these "switches" are made is infested by small insects with brown pointed heads, numerous legs and a fuzz on their backs. They crawl like a caterpillar and burrow in the flesh like a wood-

tick. Several ladies in Springfield have been dangerously sick from wearing these switches, and a post mortem examination showed that a young lady's recent death at West Waterville, Me., was caused by these insects, they having eaten through the skull and attacked the brain. Ugh! After such a revelation as this, w-hair is the woman who will wear one of the "nasty things?"

TAXES.—The valuation of Palmer for 1870 is \$1,348,937—real estate \$890,427; personal \$458,510. Total amount of taxes \$24,122. Rate \$1.33 to the \$100. No. of polls, 845. Tax on polls \$2.58. The following persons pay a tax of \$100 and over: H. H. Bartlett & Co., \$114; Ebenezer Brown, 139; Boston & Albany Railroad, 119; A. V. Blanchard & Co., 204; Wilson Brainard 108; Talma & Loman Brown, 123; Boston Duck Co., \$2,770; Eliza Converse, \$397; E. M. & M. A. Childs, 167; A. N. Dewry, 317; John Feeuey, \$107; Marble Ferrell estate, 163; Dr. Wm. Holbrook, 110; David Knox, \$233; Isaac King, 13; R. Lawrence, 150; Franklin Morgan, 219; Geo. Moores, 195; Charles R. Shaw, \$100; Timothy Steyer, 181; Joseph Thompson, 124; Joseph Vails estate, 102; John T. Wright, 420; Thorndike Co. 3,589.

MONSON.

"Richard Rumble," the witty correspondent of the Galesburg (Ill.) Free Press, who is amusing the public generally with his letters to that paper, was formerly a pupil under the instruction of Rev. James Tufts of this village. His descriptions are entertaining and his style easy and unaffected. His irregular habits, while in Monson, were such as to put him for some time literary pursuits. We hear however that a change in this respect has enabled him to write without cessation for the past year. His friends, for he has many in this vicinity, are glad to hear of his success.—The handsomest bricks manufactured in this section are from the new yard of Wm. H. Rogers. They are made and dried in moulds and are "square as a brick," in every respect. They are sold at very reasonable prices.—The project of building a new church south of the Academy is being discussed considerably, and it is thought that \$25,000 can be easily raised for the purpose. As the majority of mail matter, freight, telegraph and express business is done south of the railroad bridge, it would seem as though some of the public buildings should be located where they would best accommodate the largest number.—H. H. Perry has the sole agency for the sale of the B. Shoulton organs and melodeons and is making sales to quite an extent in this vicinity.—Henry Squier caught eight plovers on Wednesday last which weigh twenty-four pounds, and says there are more of the same sort in Holland pond.—Frank Carpenter has commenced the publication of the Oracle, a sprightly little advertising sheet, and proposes issuing it once a month hereafter.—The fall term of Monson Academy commences the 17th.—S. J. Miller of Ludlow paid King & Meacham, the purchase money for the cattle which they paid the thief who traded the stolen oxen to Mr. Miller. Mr. M. looses about \$100 by the operation.

RAILROAD ACCIDENTS.—Last Saturday night, as a passenger train was proceeding slowly on the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad, one of the cars was thrown from the track at Joy's Run, and precipitated down an embankment one hundred feet, shattering the car to pieces and killing 12 persons, and wounding about twenty.—A passenger train on the Norwich and Worcester Railroad collided with a freight train at Putnam on Tuesday afternoon. Both engines were considerably damaged. The accident was caused by a misplaced switch, but no one was killed or seriously injured.

ONLY TWENTY-FOUR YEARS.—The Mormon City of Salt Lake has only been settled twenty-four years, and the event was celebrated on the 25th ult. There is something very remarkable in the prosperity, industry and growth of this colony. Whatever may be the merits or demerits of their religion, they have done for the great western plains what would not have been done in a century by any other people. They have built a thriving city, and made productive farms on a barren waste of soil. For this they are entitled to proper credit.

GOOD ENOUGH FOR HIM.—A man named Etheridge, living in Saugus, has been detected in the commission of a series of revolting and unnatural crimes, in which several young boys were his victims. Legal proceedings were at once being instituted by several citizens, but, pending their movements, three or four mothers got together and gave the wretch a cow-hiding on the streets. He offered resistance at first; but the lashes proved too potent, and he turned and fled from the town, and has not been seen since.

A BIG ELOPEMENT.—Two children, named Tubbs and Schermerhorn, male and female, neither above the age of six years, eloped from Hudson, Michigan, last week, and had reached the town of Osseo, several miles distant, before they were discovered on the train, and locked up to await the arrival of their parents. They had all their dolls and other things packed in a bag.

A SINGULAR CASE.—Two cows in Fryburg, Me., got into a "quarrel" the other day, on the banks of the Saco river, and hooked and pushed and twisted until they got their horns locked, when one of them went over the bank and broke her neck, and of course dragged the other too, both going into the water, the living one only to be held down by the dead one till drowned.

THE FIRST CASE.—An English life insurance company has paid the insurance for the death of a man one hundred and three years old, who took out his policy in 1769. It is said to be the first instance in which an insurance has ever been paid on the life of a centenarian.

A swarm of bees entered the Orthodox church at Gloucester on Sunday afternoon, seriously annoying many of the congregation and causing considerable commotion.

ITEMS FROM THE WARE STAEADARD.

C. A. STEVENS, Esq., is building a large store and freight-house, 70x30 feet, near the depot, for his own use.

The express office is located at the store of H. M. Coney & Co., and Hendricks, the agent, is very attentive and obliging.

LIGHTNING.—During the shower of Thursday week the house of J. A. Cummings was struck by lightning. No damage of consequence.

Rev. Mr. Miles of Charlestown occupied the pulpit of the East Cong. church last Sabbath, in the absence of the pastor, Rev. Dr. Perkins.

Knox, the station agent of the Railroad here, has made friends of our entire business community by his fidelity to our freighting interest.

THE STONE BRIDGE will speedily become a reality—at least, Mr. Flynt, of Monson, who contracts to build it, is running in the stone as fast as possible. The job will cost \$16,000.

ESQUIRE RICHARDS calls our attention to the fact that the fellows named in our police record, last week, were not arraigned for misplacing a railroad switch, but for disturbance of the peace. We gladly note the correction.

OUR MAILS, now-a-days, are slightly irregular, but we shall soon have them all right. We now have two eastern mails by stage, one arriving at 12.30 p. m. and the other about 6.30 p. m. We also have two western mails, one at about 1 p. m. and the other about 6 p. m.

DROWNED.—Lendall Sturtevant, aged about 15 years, and son of Seneca Sturtevant of Hardwick, was drowned, a few days ago, in the pond near his father's shop. He had gone into the water to bathe and was seized with a fit which prostrated him, it is supposed, as the stream where the body was found is very shallow.

TOWN MEETING.—There will be a town meeting this (Saturday) p. m. at 3 o'clock. There will be but two questions before the meeting, one in relation to rebuilding the school house in No. 4, and the other to see what action the town will take in regard to exchanging their stock in the W. R. R. for the mortgage bonds of the company.

SEIZURE.—Deputy State constable Lewis seized a barrel of liquor on Monday evening, on one of Grant's teams, and consigned to a denizen of the "top of Ware." The next morning the same officer took a keg containing ten gallons of whiskey from the express wagon of Mr. Hendrick. The Railroad it seems does not as yet prove a safe deliverer of whiskey.

The usual monotony of Main street was disturbed on Thursday morning by a slight scrimmage near the saloon of M. J. McEvoy. Frank Dunlavy, without provocation, assaulted Herbert Goodwin, and but for the intervention of foreign powers would have received the penalty of his crime on the spot, but in default thereof he was taken before Justice Richards and fined.

The public will be glad to know that the extension of the Ware River Railroad to Barre is a fixed fact, despite the difficulty of compromising with the people of Barre, on using their loan of \$75,000. Last Saturday we understand that a sub-contract was completed with Mr. Keyes of Wisconsin, Me., to grade the ten miles from Gilbertville to Barre, and he is assured that his teams and men would be on hand for work by the last week in this month.

The carp meeting on Sunday last, in Hardwick, drew together a large audience ranging from 200 in the morning, to double that number in the afternoon. The best of order was preserved, and there was hardly any need of the presence of Deputy State Constable Lewis and assistant, except to look out for the carriages and orchards. Rev. Eleazer Owen of Westfield preached at 10 1/2 A. M., and 1 P. M., giving two interesting sermons on the mission and coming of Christ. At 5 P. M., Elder Powell of Three Rivers preached on the necessity of faith in the promises of God, after which a social meeting for prayer was held at 8 o'clock. The entire day's services were interesting.

THE REASON WHY.—The story of the woman who has not spoken to her husband for twenty years, which has been going the rounds of the papers of late has just received a satisfactory explanation. The woman has not had a husband for twenty years.

The store of a druggist in Bath, Me., was set on fire the other day by a large show bottle in the window which was filled with colored alcohol. The fluid had collected the rays of the sun in such a manner as to act as a powerful sun glass.

While a drove of Texas cattle were being driven through Buffalo, the other day, two steers stampeded from the others, gored a boy to death and seriously injured three other persons, one man having both shoulders broken.

Newport boasts of three hundred cottages and villas, worth from \$15,000 to \$200,000 each, and one worth \$300,000, which are occupied only in the summer.

A lady in Midland, Michigan, was lately bitten by a potato bug on the neck. The poison is spreading through her system, and fatal results are feared.

The loss by the recent fires in the woods on Long Island will amount to upwards of \$200,000; nearly 15,000 acres of woodland have been burned over.

A CARD.—At a meeting of the Directors of the Palmer Public Library Association, it was voted to extend the thanks of the Association to F. P. Harlow, Esq., for his very able and interesting address delivered Aug. 8th, for the benefit of the Public Library. Voted that a copy of the same be published in the Palmer Journal.

O. P. ALLEN, Sec'y.

THAT iron is valuable as a medicine has long been known, but it is only since its preparation in the particular form of Ferrous Syrup that its full power over disease has been brought to light. Its effect in cases of dyspepsia and debility is most salutary.

OFFICERS and soldiers who served in the army, physicians, surgeons, and eminent men and women everywhere, join in recommending Johnson's Anodyne Liniment to be the best internal and external family medicine ever invented. That's our experience.

UNLESS you wish a premature death you will let all the *poisonous* liver preparations alone. Nature's *HEALTH RESTORATIVE* is perfectly harmless, as any druggist will tell you. See advertisement.

ALL the year round, Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders should be given to horses that are "kept up." To horses and cattle that graze in the summer, they should only be given in winter and spring.

MORE than 500,000 people bear testimony to the wonderful curative effects of Dr. Pierce's Alt. Ext. or Golden Medical Discovery. It cures Bronchitis, and the most lingering coughs. As an anti-bilious medicine for "Liver Complaint," it has no equal. It permanently cures constipation of the bowels, cleanses and purifies the blood, and thereby cures Scrofulous and Syphilitic taints, and all diseases of the skin, as Pimples, Blisters, Rash, and eruptions. Sold by druggists.

Piles! Piles! Piles! Piles!—Outward applications are useless. The only permanent cure is **DR. HARRISON'S PERISTALTIC LOZENGES**. They strike at the cause. They are pleasant, not like all pills, and enable him to guarantee a speedy and permanent cure in the worst cases. They are the cause of ill health. For sale at No. 1 Tremont Temple, Boston, by E. A. HARRISON & CO., Proprietors, by Woods & Allen, Palmer, and by all druggists. Mailed for 60 cents. 31

Twenty-seven Years' Practice in the Treatment of Diseases incident to Females, has placed DR. DOW at the head of all physicians making such practice a specialty, and enables him to guarantee a speedy and permanent cure in the worst cases of *Suppression* and all other *Menstrual Derangements*, from whatever cause. All letters for advice must contain \$1. Office, No. 9 Endicott St., Boston.

N. B.—Board furnished to those desiring to remain under treatment. Boston, July 1, 1870. sp ny 1

Coughs, Influenza, SORE THROAT, COLDS, Whooping-Cough, Croup, Liver Complaint, Bronchitis, Asthma, Bleeding of the Lungs, and every affection of the Throat, Lungs and Chest, are speedily and permanently cured by the use of WISTAR'S HAWTHORN CURE.

This well-known preparation does not dry up a cough and leave the cause behind, as is the case with most medicines, but it loosens and cleanses the lungs and allays irritation, thus removing the cause of the complaint.

CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED by a timely resort to this standard remedy, as is proved by hundreds of testimonials received by the proprietors. Prepared by SETH W. FOWLE & SON, Boston, and sold by druggists generally.

Caution to Females in Delicate Health.—Dr. Dow, Physician and Surgeon, No. 7 Endicott street, Boston, is consulted daily for all diseases incident to the female system: Prolapsus Uteri or Floppy Albus, Suppression and other menstrual derangements, are all treated on new pathological principles, and speedily relieved in a very few days. So invariably certain is this new mode of treatment, that most obstinate complaints yield under it, and the afflicted person soon rejoices in perfect health.

Dr. Dow has no doubt, had greater experience in the cure of diseases of women than any other physician in Boston.

Boarding accommodations for patients who may wish to stay in Boston a few days under his treatment.

Dr. Dow, since 1845, having confined his whole attention to an elaborate study of the cure of Private Diseases and Female Complaints, acknowledges no superior in the United States.

N. B.—All letters must contain one dollar, or they will not be answered.

Office hours from 8 A. M. to 9 P. M. Boston, Aug. 1, 1870. 1y

Job Moses' Sir James Clarke's Female Pills.—These invaluable Pills are infallible in the cure of all those painful and dangerous diseases to which the female constitution is subject. They moderate all excesses and remove all obstructions, from whatever cause.

TO MARRIED LADIES. They are particularly suited. They will, in a short time, bring on the monthly period with regularity, and although very powerful, contain nothing hurtful to the constitution. In all cases of Nervous and Spinal Affections, Pains in the Back and Limbs, Fatigue on slight exertion, Palpitation of the Heart, Headache and Whites, they will effect a cure when all other means have failed. The pamphlet around each package has full directions and advice, and will be sent free to all writing for it, sealed from observation.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Job Moses' Sir James Clarke's Female Pills are extensively counterfeited. The genuine have the name of "JOB MOSES" on each package. All others are worthless.

N. B.—In all cases where the GENUINE cannot be obtained, One Dollar, with fifteen cents for postage, enclosed to the sole proprietor, JOB MOSES, 18 Cortlandt St., New York, will insure a bottle of the genuine, containing Fifty Pills, by return mail, securely sealed from any knowledge of its contents. may 1y

Consumption.—The three remedies "SCHENCK'S PULMONIC SYRUP," for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, and every form of Consumption. The peculiar action of this medicine is to reach the lungs, purify the place of the discharge of the corrupt matter by expectoration, purifies the blood, and thus cures Consumption, when every other remedy fails.

"SCHENCK'S SEA-WEED TONIC," for the cure of Dyspepsia or Indigestion, and all diseases arising from debility. This medicine cleanses the digestive organs, supplies the place of the gastric juice when that is deficient, and then enables the patient to digest the most nutritious food. It is a sovereign remedy for all cases of indigestion.

"SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS," one of the most valuable remedies ever discovered, being a vegetable substitute for calomel, and having all the useful properties ascribed to that mineral, without producing any of its injurious effects.

To these three medicines Dr. J. H. Schenck, of Philadelphia, owes his unrivaled success in the treatment of Pulmonic Consumption. The Pulmonic Syrup ripens the morbid matter, discharges it, and purifies the blood. The Mandrake Pills act upon the liver, remove all obstructions therefrom, give the organ a healthy tone, and cure Liver Complaint, which is one of the most prominent causes of Consumption. The Sea-Weed Tonic invigorates the powers of the stomach, and by strengthening the digestion and bringing it to a normal and healthy condition improves the quality of the blood, by which means the formation of ulcers or tubercles in the lungs become impossible. The combined action of these medicines, as thus explained, will cure every case of Consumption, the remedies are used in time, and the use of them is persevered in sufficiently to bring the case to a favorable termination.

Dr. Schenck's Almanac, containing a full treatise on the various forms of disease, his mode of treatment, and general directions how to use his medicine, can be had gratis or sent by mail by addressing his principal office, No. 15 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Price of the Pulmonic Syrup and Sea-Weed Tonic, each \$1.50 per bottle, or \$7.50 a half dozen. Mandrake Pills, 25 cents per box. For sale by all druggists and dealers.

BORN.

At Palmer, 10th, a daughter to JOHN C. BROWN. At Waco, 6th, a son to FREDERICK E. ELLIS. At Waco, 6th, a son to E. E. COX.

MARRIED.

At Palmer, April 21, by Rev. Wm. P. Blackmer, AMOS L. WHITE and STRAY CAPEN, both of Belchertown; 4th, EMORY PIERCE, Jr., of Stafford, Ct., and ABIGAIL J. THOMPSON of Palmer.

At Ludlow, 4th, GEORGE P. DAVIS and MAYDELL JACKSON, both of Belchertown.

At Watertown, 6th, N. B. CHADSEY of Warten, and M. THERESA W. WILSON of Belchertown.

At Ware, 8th, by Rev. G. F. Eaton, AUSTIN S. CLOUGH of Chicopee and KATIE L. BROWN of Windsor, Ct.

DIED.

At Brimfield, 4th, ALURED HOBBS, 74. At Monson, 6th, JOSEPH GROUT, 65. At Waco, 6th, EUDOCIA M., widow of R. P. Wales.

At Brimfield, 29th ult., SARAH J., 41, wife of George S. Allen, and daughter of Alfred Blandfield.

\$16,500 WORTH SOLD BY ONE AGENT IN FOUR MONTHS. Agents wanted for

MEN OF PROGRESS. By James Parton, Greeley, and other prominent writers. It is the most complete and comprehensive literary and artistic work ever published. It contains sketches of Charles Dickens, Thackeray, and 30 other prominent Americans. LONDON: NEW YORK, AND HARTFORD PUBLISHING CO., 250 to 275 East 11th Street, N. Y. 2d 1w

THE LEADING CHURCH MUSIC BOOK OF THE SEASON! THE CHORAL TRIBUTE. BY L. O. EMERSON. The best Sacred Music Book ever written by the author. Entirely new. Chords and Congregations are delighted with it. Price \$1.50; \$13.50 per doz. Sample copies sent postpaid on receipt of price. OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston. CHAS. H. DITSON & CO., New York.

FOR SALE.—In Three Rivers, a House with all the conveniences of any country residence. Well stocked with fruit and shade trees. Within four minutes' walk of the New London Northern Railroad depot, and two of the Post-Office. Supplied with aqueduct and well water. Adjoining is a barn 25x30, harness shop 15x22, and store and wagon house, situated on the main road. Ten rods front and deep. Also, land containing about 9 acres, with twelve rods of the house. And the following personal property, viz: 1 cow, 1 horse, 20 new driving and team harnesses, 4 Wagons, 1 sleigh, farming tools, and household furniture. For information, apply to the subscriber on the premises. JOHN E. CRANE, 3V Three Rivers, Aug. 13, 1870.

FLORENCE SEWING MACHINES! REASONS WHY THEY ARE BETTER THAN ANY OTHER FOR FAMILY WORK:

1. They have the *Reversible Feed*, by means of which the ends of all seams may be fastened securely without stopping the machine, a feature possessed by no other.
2. They are more quiet than any other shuttle machine.
3. They run lighter than any other.
4. They have a self-adjusting tension, both in the shuttle and on the upper thread, and consequently will make a more even stitch on fine work.
5. Every kind of sewing required in a family can be done with them. They will sew from sheet and tissue paper without change of needle, thread or tension.
6. The attachments are better than any other. They will do every kind of fancy work which can be done on any machine in the market.
Many more equally good reasons might be named in favor of them, but it is unnecessary. These machines will make a more monthly installment, if desired, delivered free, and instructions given at the residences of purchasers.

Address orders to O. GRISWOLD, Gen. Agent, C. A. PRATT, Traveling Agent. Springfield, Mass. 2d 1w

TREMENDOUS EXCITEMENT—AT—No. 5 STATE ST., SPRINGFIELD.

THE OLD FOGIES MUST LOOK OUT, FOR SHAW is bound to smash things in the way of

BOOTS AND SHOES.

This stock is one of the LARGEST outside of Boston, comprising a full and complete assortment of every style of Boots and Shoes, and the LATEST STYLES.

Next comes the MEDIUM GRADES of Goods. LADIES' LARGE CONGRESS, with heels, from \$1.50 to \$2.50. Ladies' Large Plain Button Boots, from \$1.75 to \$2.75. In all widths. LADIES' KID and GOAT SEWED BUSKINS, hand-made, and WALKERS' NEW YORK CITY WORK—the finest made, and the LATEST STYLES.

Next comes the MEN'S GOODS: A Man's Calf Boot, in 3 widths, all varnished custom-made, for \$3.50; also, a fair one for \$3.00. In connection with these, I have the FINEST BOOTS made in the State. FINE FRENCH CALF, all hand-made, and of Fairstitch, in 3 widths, that defy competition. Men's Thick Broguees, from \$1.00 to \$2. Also, Men's Congress, in 3 widths, of the finest stock and work to be found.

Remember the place—NO. 5 STATE ST. H. A. SHAW. Springfield, June 25, 1870. 1f

GRAND OPENING!

The subscriber has rented the store of GAMLIEL COLLINS, in Thorndike, and has

JUST RETURNED FROM MARKET

LARGE AND VARIED ASSORTMENT

DRY GOODS,

GROCERIES,

CROCKERY,

HARDWARE.

BOOTS AND SHOES,

FANCY GOODS, &c., &c.,

WHICH HE NOW OFFERS FOR SALE

AT THE VERY LOWEST PRICES.

QUICK SALES!

AND SMALL PROFITS!

HE WOULD LIKE TO SEE ALL OF HIS OLD

FRIENDS,

AND HOPES BY

LOW PRICES

FAIR DEALING

TO MERIT THEIR PATRONAGE.

PLEASE CALL BEFORE PURCHASING

ELSEWHERE.

FRANK M. MERRICK.

Thorndike, Aug. 1, 1870. 13

H. H. BARTLETT & CO'S COLUMN.

DOWN! DOWN!! DOWN!!!

BRAKES.

STAND FROM UNDER! GENERAL

SLAUGHTER for the next 30 DAYS!

PREVIOUS TO FILLING UP FOR FALL TRADE!

SEE HERE!

Crash 60 per yard, Bleached cottons 8c, Good Hose 8 pairs for \$1.00; Striped Shirts, same as, now have been selling for \$1.50, now for \$1.00; Good 200 yd. Spool Cotton for 3 cents,

ONLY A FEW MORE SUMMER DRESS PAT-

TERNS LEFT, AND GOING LIKE

HOT CAKES

AT CATTLE SHOW. Black Alpacas 25 cents per yard, and no end to Prints—some beauties at 7 cents.

A GOOD HOOP SKIRT FOR 45c.

Don't know as can get any more of them.

COTTONS ARE LOWER—Yard wide as

low as 10c a yard; Heavy at 12½c; fresh lot just in.

COFFEE AND TEAS.

Bought before the rise, and can sell them less than

FLOUR

Is firm, but we are still selling at old prices.

GROCERIES.

WE NEVER HAD A NICER STOCK THAN AT

PRESENT.

FISH—ALL KINDS.

COD, MACKEREL, SWORD, BLUE, SMOKED

HALIBUT and HERRING,

All healthy food for this season of the year.

15 Bars Soap for \$1 00

Good Molasses, 40c per Gal.

Crystal Drip Syrup, 90c

Kerosene Oil, 115 Fire Test, 34c per Gal.

14 lbs. Good Crackers for 1 00

6 lbs. Seedless Raisins for 1 00

W. H. CLARK'S,

If you want your Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired in the BEST manner, and at the Shortest Notice.

PARASOLS REPAIRED.

GEO. R. SPOONER, M. D.,

HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,

Sandford's Block, WARE, MASS.

Office Hours, till 9 a. m., 1—3 p. m., 7—8 p. m. August 6th, 1870. 1y

A WATER POWER FOR SALE OR

EXCHANGE IN SILVER ST., MONSON.

Also, 15 acres of Land, 100 Fruit Trees, 14 acres of Wood Land, and a nearly new House and Barn, to be sold for what it is worth, the dam being washed away by flood. P. O. address

July 23, 1870. J. W. AVERY, Holyoke, Mass. 4m

REMOVAL.

The subscribers, having moved their stock of goods to the new store south side of the river, will be pleased to see all their former customers, and thankful for past favors, hope by Good Bargains, Fair Dealing, and close Attention to Business, to merit a large share of their trade.

Gilbertville, July 19th, 1870. 23 1f

NOTICE.—I hereby forbid all persons

harboring or trusting my wife, GEORGE J. BURGESS, on any account, I shall pay no debts of her contracting from this date.

CHARLES C. BURGESS, Palmer, Aug. 5th, 1870. 3w

MONSON ACADEMY.

The Fall Term begins Wednesday, Aug. 17th. Catalogues sent to those who apply.

Monson, Aug. 6th, 1870. 2w

TOWN REPORTS AND SCHOOL RE-

ports printed at this office.

MONSON HOUSE, WARE, MASS.

PIERCE, Proprietor.

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A WATER POWER FOR SALE OR

INDIAN CURE FOR CATARRH AND DEAFNESS.

I will send the receipt by which I was cured of Catarrh and Deafness, free. Address Mrs. M. C. Leggett, Hoboken, N. J. 2d 4w

LIFE IN UTAH, OR THE MYSTERIES OF MORMONISM.

By J. H. Beadle, Editor of the Salt Lake Reporter. BEING AN EXPOSE OF THEIR SECRET RITES, CEREMONIES AND CHIMES, With a full and authentic history of POLYGAMY and the Mormon Sect, from its origin to the present time.

Agents are meeting with unprecedented success. One reports 180 subscribers in four days another 71 in two days. AGENTS WANTED. Send for circulars. Address NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., BOSTON, MASS. 2d 4w

WELL'S CARBOLIC TABLETS.

An infallible remedy for all Bronchial Difficulties, Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Asthma, Diphtheria, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, and all Catarrhal Diseases.

The wonderful modern discovery of Carbolic Acid, deemed to become one of the greatest blessings to mankind in its application to the diseases of the Human Race, and its great curative qualities in all affections of the CHEST, LUNGS AND STOMACH.

DR. WELL'S CARBOLIC TABLETS. Besides the great remedial agent, Carbolic Acid, contain other ingredients universally recommended, which chemically combine, producing a Tablet more highly medicinal and better adapted for diseases of the Human Race, than any preparation ever before offered to the public.

FOR WORMS IN CHILDREN.

No more efficacious remedy can be found; in fact, these TABLETS, *Specific*, and should be promptly given for this painful suffering of our little ones. In all cases where the kidneys do not perform their functions properly they should be given. They are infallible as a preventive of all diseases of a Contagious nature, and no family should be without them.

DR. WELL'S CARBOLIC TABLETS. Price 25 cents per box. Sent by mail on receipt of the price, by JOHN C. KELLOGG, 34 Platt St., N. Y., sole agent for the United States. 2d 4w

L. S. COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.—To James Griffin, of Palmer, in the county of Hampden, one of any and all other persons claiming any interest in about three quarts of Wine, in three bottles, and about ten gallons of Beer, in two barrels, which were taken from a warehouse, and by virtue of a warrant issued by me, have been seized at the store of said James Griffin, in said Palmer, on the twentieth day of July, in the year one thousand eight hundred and seventy, the value of which liquors, with the vessels containing them, does not, in my opinion, exceed twenty dollars.

You are hereby required to appear before me, at my office in said Palmer, at 10 o'clock a. m., on the twenty-seventh day of August, in the year one thousand eight hundred and seventy, to answer to the complaint against said liquors and the vessels containing them, and for trial, and to show cause, if any you have, why said liquors and the vessels containing them should not be forfeited for being kept for sale by said James Griffin, in violation of the laws of this Commonwealth.

Witness my hand and seal, at Palmer, this twenty-first day of July, in the year one thousand eight hundred and seventy. CHARLES L. GARDNER, Esquire, (my hand and seal), Trial Justice.

A true copy. Attest: HARVEY H. BILLINGS, Deputy State Constable. 2d 4w

L. S. COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.—To Marshall Fox of Palmer, in the county of Hampden, one of any and all other persons claiming any interest in about forty gallons of strong beer, in two barrels, which, by virtue of a warrant issued by me, have been seized at the house of said William Chesney, in said Palmer, on the twentieth day of July, in the year one thousand eight hundred and seventy, the value of which liquors, with the vessels containing them, does not, in my opinion, exceed twenty dollars.

You are hereby required to appear before me, at my office in said Palmer, at 10 o'clock a. m., on the twenty-seventh day of August, in the year one thousand eight hundred and seventy, to answer to the complaint against said liquors and the vessels containing them, and for trial, and to show cause, if any you have, why said liquors and the vessels containing them should not be forfeited for being kept for sale by said William Chesney, in violation of the laws of this Commonwealth.

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MONSON HOUSE, WARE, MASS.

DOING WELL.—The Pig Tails on the Louisiana plantations are reported to be working very well. It is thought their employment will tend to stir up the indolent dorkies to emulate the Chinaman's industry. One old auntie is reported to say that they "very good people; don't do nuffin to nobody; mind der own business."

A SAD END.—One of Omaha's frail daughters of sin declared on her death bed last week that her own father seduced her when she was only fifteen years old. The poor girl took poison to end her miserable existence.

A pleasant talking woman is one of the best parlor organs yet invented.

LOCAL BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

PALMER.

ALBERT BURLING, Carpenter and Joiner, and dealer in Lumber, Doors, Windows, &c. ALLEN & GARDNER, Counselors and Attorneys at Law, Notary Public, and Insurance Agents. ANTIQUE HOUSE, by E. B. Shaw, east of Railroad Bridge. BROWN & ROBINSON, Dealers in Hardware, Iron, Steel, Paints, Oils, and Glass. H. H. JOHNSON, Carpenter and Joiner, and Dealer in Building. CYRUS KNOX, News Room and Stationery, at the Post Office. CALVIN HITCHCOCK, Boot and Shoemaker, and Repairer, two doors east of Journal Block. DRESSMAKING, by Miss S. A. Graves. Trimmings furnished. E. S. BROOKS, Watch Repairer, Cross' Block. Work done promptly and in the best manner. E. L. DAVIS, Dealer in Fancy Goods, Yankee Notions, Laces, Hosiery, Hosiery, &c. F. DODGE & CO., Dealers in all kinds of Fresh and Salt Meat, Hams, Sausages, Lard, &c. F. J. WASSER, Groceries, Tailor, and Dealer in Gentlemen's Goods. G. M. FISK & CO., Job Printers, and Agents for Book-Binding, Lithography, Engraving, &c. H. G. CROSS, Microscope and Photograph Rooms, Cross' Block. HENRY JONES, Barber and Hair-Dresser, opposite the Depot. H. W. NUNGER, Merchant Tailor, and Manufacturer of Custom Clothing. JOHN C. BROWN, Billiard Rooms, Cross' Block. JOHN SHAW, Brick Mason and Plasterer. Residence at the Antique House. J. S. LOOMIS, Dealer in all kinds of House Furniture, Coffins, and Burial Caskets. J. E. KELLOGG, Auctioneer. Office—H. H. Bartlett & Co.'s Store. C. PAGE, Carriage-Maker and Repairer, at the old stand of N. Smith & Co. MRS. S. WHITMAN, Dress and Cloak Maker, Milliner, and dealer in Fancy Goods, opposite Antique House. KASSOWANNO HOUSE, by J. W. Weeks, opposite the Depot. S. W. SMITH, Dealer in Groceries, Provisions, Flour, &c. S. R. LAWRENCE will pay the highest cash price for Hides and Pelts. SOUTER & WOOD, Iron Founders, and Dealers in Anthracite and Bituminous Coals, Furnace St. T. H. REED & CO., Dealers in Stores, Tinware, Lamps, &c. W. H. CLARK, Watchmaker and Engraver, Shop in Ferry's Block, South Main Street. WOOD & ALLEN, Dealers in Hardware and Medicines, Books, Fancy Articles, &c. WILLIS BROS., Dealers in Dry Goods, Millinery, Carpets, and Crochery Ware.

WARE.

ALMER F. RICHARDSON, Licensed Auctioneer, with C. Hitchcock. C. HITCHCOCK, Groceries, Dry Goods, Flour, &c. CHAS. M. WETHERELL, Paper Box manufacturer. All orders faithfully executed. C. S. KNIGHT, Life, Accident, and Fire Insurance Agent. CHARLES S. ROBINSON—Every line of Goods found in a general first-class store. CHAS. PHIPPS, Agent for Florence Sewing Machine and Musical Instruments. E. C. & J. T. STEVENS, authorized agents for the Anchor, Human, Canard, Tapscott's and Williams' lines of Steamers. E. C. MERRILL, Agent for the Canard, Inman and Anchor lines of steamers from N. Y. to Liverpool and return via Boston. Office at Geo. H. Gilbert & Co.'s. F. D. RICHARDS, Attorney and Counselor at Law. G. K. CUTLER, Bookseller and Stationer, and dealer in Paper Hangings, Musical Instruments, and Sheet Music. GEORGE W. GOODALE, dealer in Beef, Pork, Lamb, Mutton, Tripe, Poultry, Provisions, &c. H. P. PAGE, Fancy and Sign Painter, at Zenas Marsh's. H. M. CONEY & CO., dealers in Hardware, Agricultural and Mechanic Tools, Paints, Oils, and Glass, Furniture and Wooden Ware. Special attention given to Framing Pictures. HARTWELL HOUSE—P. S. Crosby, Proprietor. First-class in its appointments, and a comfortable home for the travelling public. J. HENBERT, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, South Main Street. JERRY BYRNS, Ware Bakery—Bread, Croakers, Cakes, etc., supplied to families and the trade. J. M. ALLEN, Photographer and Dealer in Rustic and Oval Frames, Albums, &c., Ely's Block. JOHN E. PRICE, Horse and Ox shoeing; Blacksmithing and General Jobbing. JOHN W. CUMMINGS, at the Post Office, dealer in Fancy Goods, Stationery, Confectionery, &c. JAMES KELSEY, Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, Flour, Fish, Crochery, &c. L. C. WHITE & CO., Manufacturers of and Dealers in every variety of American and Foreign Marble, Church and Domestic. L. HILTON, Dealer in Ready-Made and Trimmings, Cuffs, Caskets, and Cottage Coffins, Prospect St. MRS. F. WATROUS, Dress and Cloak Maker, Ware. MRS. S. HAYLAND, Dealer in Dry Goods, Cloaks, Shawls, &c., opposite School House, North Street. MICHAEL CLAVIN, Merchant Tailor, Over Child's Store, Main Street. P. McMAHON, Jr., Dealer in Cigars, Tobacco, &c. PETER MULLIGAN, Merchant Tailor and Manufacturer of custom clothing, opposite the Bank. P. H. SAGENDORF, Dealer in Fine Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, and Fancy Goods; also, Boots, Shoes, Trunks, Bags, &c. PATRICK J. CROW, Dealer in Cigars, Tobacco, Confectionery, &c. T. MURPHY, Repairs Boots and Shoes in the best style, Ware. WARE CORNET BAND—Music for all occasions. Apply to J. J. McEvoy, Leader, or A. Warburton, Sec'y. WM. KURTZ, Harness Maker and Carriage Trimmer. W. J. NEWCOMB, House, Carriage, and Sign Painter. Paper Hanging, Upholstering, &c. WARE HOTEL LIVERY—Virgil Bates, Prop'r. Good Teams to let at fair prices. WM. F. CONEY, Manufacturer and Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Cigars and Tobacco. WM. J. McEVY, Auctioneer. Special attention paid to sales of Furniture. ZENAS MARSH, Painter, Glazier, Paper Hangar, Sign Painter, and Dealer in Shades and Blinds, Bank Street.

MONSON.

E. E. TOWNE, Dealer in Flour, Fish, Salt, Lime, Fertilizers, Groceries, Nails, Farming Tools, Hardware, Bowls, Shoes, Paints, and Medicines, &c. L. G. CUSHMAN'S Livery Stable, opp. Monson Bank. Single and Double Teams furnished for Wedding Parties, Parties, Excursions, Funerals, &c.

BARRE.

MASSAHOIT HOUSE, Barre, Mass. J. F. Brooks Proprietor.

GILBERTVILLE.

C. F. HITCHCOCK & CO., Groceries, Dry Goods, Boots, Shoes, &c. F. HAWLEY, Dry Goods, Millinery, Groceries, &c. Shoes, &c.

NEW SALEM.

NEW SALEM HOUSE, New Salem, Mass.: A. W. Oldman, Proprietor. Also, deputy sheriff for Franklin county.

WINCHENDON.

E. W. WARR, Livery and Boarding Stables, Winchendon, Mass.

WARREN.

D. W. SHEPARD & CO.—Every line of Goods kept in a first-class country store. FAIRBANKS & NEWTON, Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, &c.

SPRINGFIELD.

PYNCHON HOUSE, on the European Plan. N. S. Chandler, Proprietor.

LADIES, TAKE NOTICE!

HERMAN BERGER IS COMING!

Such a variety of styles as I will bring with me this time never was seen in a country town before.

SUCH RICH AND ELEGANT STYLES

As my Bazaar will contain this time! No matter how extravagant, how fastidious, or how particular your taste is. Ladies, my

LARGE STOCK OF GOODS

Warrant me to say, with confidence, I CAN SUIT YOU THIS TIME, IF NEVER BEFORE!

I call your attention to my Large Stock of

SILKS!

For SUITS and JACKETS. Very few ladies are judges of a Black Silk. Consequently, you should buy your Silks of a man who is a judge, and whom you can rely upon.

If you want to be sure, Ladies, to get a Good Silk which will wear well and will not crack,

WAIT FOR ME,

And you will get a good article, and later than you can buy it in Springfield or Worcester.

MY ADVICE TO YOU, LADIES, if you want to buy the right kind of goods, be it SHAWLS or DRESSES, is to patronize the man who has got the assortment and good styles.

Any Lady wishing to purchase a nice READY-MADE SILK GARMENT should surely wait and examine my large stock.

In WHITE Piques I will have an immense assortment. In fact, you will find as good an assortment in my cart as you would in any first-class city store.

WAIT! WAIT! DO WAIT!

HERMAN BERGER.

NATURE'S

HAIR RESTORATIVE.

Contains No LAC SULPHUR—No SUGAR OF LEAD—No LITHARGE—No NITRATE OF SILVER, and is entirely free from poisonous and health-destroying drugs used in other Hair Preparations.

Transparent and clear as crystal, it will not soil the finest fabric—perfectly SAFE, CLEAN, and EFFICIENT—desires LONG SOUGHT FOR, and FOUND AT LAST!

It restores and prevents the hair from becoming gray, imparts a soft, glossy appearance, removes dandruff, is cool and refreshing to the head, checks the hair from falling out, and restores it to a great extent when prematurely lost, prevents headaches, cures all humors, cutaneous eruptions, and all natural hair.

DR. G. SMITH, Patentee, Groton Junction, Mass. Prepared only by PROCTOR BROTHERS, Gloucester, Mass. The Genuine is put in a name of the bottle blown in the glass. Ask your druggist for Nature's Hair Restorative, and take no other.

For sale by WOOD & ALLEN, Palmer.

MONEY CANNOT BUY IT!

FOR SIGHT IS PRICELESS!

BUT THE DIAMOND SPECTACLES WILL PRESERVE IT.

THE DIAMOND SPECTACLES

Manufactured by J. E. SPENCER & CO., N. Y., which are now offered to the public, are pronounced by all the celebrated Opticians in the world to be the MOST PERFECT, Natural, Artificial help to the human eye ever known.

They are ground under their own supervision, from minute Crystal Pebbles, melted together, and derive their name, "Diamond," on account of their hardness and brilliancy.

THE SCIENTIFIC PRINCIPLE

On which they are constructed brings the core or centre of the lens directly in front of the eye, producing a clear and distinct vision, as in the natural, healthy sight, and preventing all unpleasant sensations, such as glimmering, and wavering of sight, dizziness, &c., peculiar to all others in use.

THEY ARE MOUNTED IN THE FINEST MANNER

In frames of the best quality, of all materials used for that purpose. Their FINISH and DURABILITY CANNOT BE SURPASSED.

W. H. CLARK, PALMER, MASS.,

And GEO. E. GRANT, Monson, Mass.,

Jewellers and Opticians, are Sole Agents for the above. These goods are not supplied to peddlers, at any price.

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THE AMERICAN BUTTON-HOLE, OVERSEAMING SEWING MACHINE

Has taken premiums in Europe and America sufficient to sustain its claims as the

BEST SEWING MACHINE EVER INVENTED.

WHAT IT CAN DO:

It will do the finest of sewing, hemming, felling, cording, tucking, braiding, binding, gathering, quilting, &c.

It can work a beautiful button-hole, making a fine pearl, as by hand.

It will work a beautiful eyelet hole.

It will embroider over the edge, making a neat and beautiful border on any garment.

It is two machines in one—A Button-Hole Working and Sewing Machine combined.

Parties using a Family Sewing Machine want a whole machine—one with all the improvements, &c. combined can do several kinds of sewing not done on any other machine, besides doing every kind all others can do.

It took the GOLD MEDAL at the late Mechanics' Fair at Boston, and always takes the HIGHEST PRIZE wherever exhibited.

For sale in PALMER by MRS. S. WHITMAN, Milliner and Dressmaker.

A Good Assortment of MILLINERY and FANCY GOODS always on hand.

DRESSMAKING in the latest fashion, at short notice. South side of the railroad bridge, nearly opposite Antique House.

Parties in want of a machine will do well to call before purchasing.

Machines sold on MONTHLY PAYMENTS.

MILLINERY!

Having decided to remain in PALMER another season, I take this occasion to return my acknowledgments to the public for the liberal encouragement hitherto received; and having just returned from New York with all the

NEW AND DESIRABLE STYLES!

would respectfully call their attention to my stock of

BONNETS AND HATS

OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS!

AT PRICES WHICH MUST SUIT.

RIBBONS, LACES, FLOWERS, &c.,

AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES! A full line of

FANCY GOODS!

COLLARS AND CUFFS,

LACE AND MUSLIN EDGING,

CAMBRIC BANDS,

BUTTONS, BRAIDS, VELVET RIBBONS, ATRONS, CORSETS, &c., &c.

MRS. S. WHITMAN, Palmer, May 7th, 1870.

JUST RECEIVED!

At BALDWIN & VAUGHAN'S

NEW YORK CLOTHING HOUSE,

A new line of the following Goods, viz:

GENTS BLUE TRICOT SUITS,

of superior quality and style,

LIGHT AND DARK SCOTCH SUITS,

Very desirable, beautiful styles of light colored Pants and Vests, adapted for the present season.

YOUTH'S FINE BLUE TRICOT FROCK SUITS.

Splendid Youth's Suits in Scotch and other styles of goods. Also,

THE BEST STOCK OF BOYS' SUITS

and nobby that we have ever had on hand. Springfield, May 21, 1870.

PALMER SAVINGS BANK,

PALMER, MASS.

DEPOSITS received at any time and put on interest on the first day of succeeding month.

GEORGE T. HILL, President.

VICE PRESIDENT.

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JAMES G. ALLEN, Secretary.

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CIVIL AND MECHANICAL ENGINEERS.

Builders of TRUSSELL'S PATENT TRUSS BRIDGE, and other Iron Bridges, Roofs and Turn-Tables.

Also, Howe's Patent Truss Bridge and Roof, and other Timber Bridges and Turn-Tables.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

May 21, 1870.

AN APPETITE.

If one can't eat, to do his best.

If nothing else the hunger rouses, What gives him not a moment's rest Till he's devoured the widow's houses?

DODD'S NERVINE.

For sale by all druggists. Price One Dollar.

J. K. WARE, M. D.,

HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,

At JAMES GARNWELL'S,

PALMER, MASS.

April 30th, 1870.

NEW FISH MARKET.—Joshua Lewis

has opened the fish market under Sheldon's

and will serve to order all varieties of Fresh, Dried and Shell Fish, in season. Families supplied from boat, which will take orders and deliver. A share of patronage is solicited.

Ware, June 4, 1870.

DENNISON'S PATENT TAGS AND

SHIPPING CARDS.

BLANK OR PRINTED TO ORDER.

The Best thing out.

AT THIS OFFICE.

AGENTS WANTED.—(\$10 PER DAY)

by the AMERICAN KNITTING MACHINE

CO., Boston, Mass., or St. Louis, Mo.

June 15th, 1870.

WOOD & ALLEN'S COLUMN.

IMPORTANT TO ALL.

READ THIS!

We manufacture and sell at wholesale and

retail, Dr. Higgins' celebrated

Medicines, as follows:

1. THE ANTALGICA. This Medicine is unrivalled as a Pain Reliever, and has won favor wherever it has been used. It should be kept in every house, for it comes the nearest to a universal remedial agent of any medicine known.

2. SCROFUL AND CANCER STYUP. For cleansing the system of all kinds of humors, there is no better remedy.

3. KIDNEY COUGH BALSAM. Good for Coughs, Croup, and all affections of the Lungs.

4. AROMATIC CHERRY BITTERS. For the cure of Dyspepsia, Loss of Appetite, General Debility, &c.

5. CANKER STYUP. For Canker, Sore Mouth, &c., it has no equal.

6. CHOLERA AND DYSENTERY BALM. A Sure remedy for Cholera and Dysentery, and Summer Complaints.

7. NEUTRALIZING MIXTURE. To neutralize the acids of the stomach, and regulate the action of the bowels. Good for Headache, Nausea, Sour Stomach, &c.

8. VERMIFUGE. A Sure and Safe Remedy for Worms.

9. EYE WATER. There is no better preparation for Sore Eyes, or any irritating disease of the Eyes.

10. ANTI-BILIOUS PILLS. An excellent Cathartic, being gentle and free from pain in its operation, yet thorough in effect.

11. GASTRO-HEPATIC PILLS. These are not Cathartic but Diaphoretic and Sudorific. They are used with unfailing success in Affections of the Lungs, for Coughs, Asthma, &c.; seldom fail to break up fevers in the first stage—always safe and pleasant to use.

12. LIVER AND HEADACHE PILLS. Especially adapted for all Liver Complaints, Headache, Dizziness, &c.

13. HEALING OINTMENT. Equal to any Salve in the market.

14. STRENGTHENING PLASTER. These troubled with Lameness in the Back, or Pain in the Side use this and be free from pain.

15. GOLDEN DROPS. A pleasant remedy for Internal Pain.

16. NEURITIC OR ANODYNE DROPS. A valuable remedy for Nervous Pain, Nervous Headache, &c. It soothes the system, and restores the system to its normal state, and free from opiate.

17. ROSA MUSCOVA HAIR TONIC. A pleasant and useful preparation for the hair.

18. COMPOSITION POWDERS, IMPROVED. Too well known to need a description.

19. ROSA MUSCOVA HAIR TONIC. A pleasant and useful preparation for the hair.

20. TOOTHACHE DROPS. An instantaneous relief for toothache.

21. Besides the above, other kinds, with essences, are prepared by us. Agents wanted to sell them to whom liberal terms will be offered.

DRUG DEPARTMENT.

We keep a full assortment of

BOTANIC, HOMEOPATHIC, and ALLOPATHIC

DRUGS AND PREPARATIONS.

Fresh and selected with care. Physicians and others in this and adjoining towns will find it to their advantage to buy of us, as we buy in the cheapest market and sell at low rates of profit. All articles sold to Physicians at a discount from regular prices. Prescriptions carefully prepared.

PATENT MEDICINE DEPARTMENT.

We take special care to have a supply of all kinds of PATENT MEDICINES on hand that are called for in this vicinity. And any kind that can be procured, that we may not have, will be ordered at short notice. We also keep a nice variety of

PERFUMERY, SOAPS, COSMETICS,

HAIR, TOOTH, NAIL and CLOTH

BRUSHES, HAND MIRRORS, COMBS,

MINERAL SPRING WATERS,

All kinds—Saratoga, Congress, Gettysburg, Middletown, &c.

MISCELLANEOUS DEPARTMENT.

We also sell the following goods:

KEROSENE, POTASH, TAR, RESIN,

SPIRITS TURPENTINE,

Benzine, Sal Soda, Cooking Soda, Royal

Baking Powders, Pure Cream Tartar,

Prunes, Figs, Tamarinds, Pure Spices (all kinds), Starch, Corn Starch,

Farena, Maizeana, Oat Meal,

BROMA, COCOA, CHOCOLATE,

FLAVORING EXTRACTS, of all kinds,

The Palmer Journal.

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BY
GORDON M. FISK & CO.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—Two Dollars a year in advance. Six months, \$1.00; three months, 50 cents. Single copies, 5 cents.
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JOB PRINTING of all kinds executed in the best style, and at short notice.
G. M. FISK. C. B. FISK.

Dead in the Street.

Under the lamp lights, dead in the street,
Delicate, fair, and only twenty,
There she lies,
Face to the skies,
Starved to death in a city of plenty,
Spurred by all that is pure and sweet,
Passed by busy and careless feet—
Hundreds bent upon folly and pleasure,
Hundreds with plenty of time, and yet
Leisure to speed Christ's mission below,
To teach the erring and raise the lowly—
Plenty in charity's name to show
That life has something divine and holy.
Boasted charms—classical brow,
Delicate features—look at them now!
Look at her lips—once they could smile;
Eyes—well, never more shall they beguile;
Never more, never more words of hers;
A bluish shall bring to the faintest face;
She has found, let us hope and trust,
Peace in a higher and better place.
And yet, despite all, still, I ween,
Joy of some heart she must have been;
Some fond mother, proud of her sweet task,
Has stooped to finger the dainty curl;
Some proud father has bowed to ask
A blessing for her, his darling girl.
Hark! to think as we look at her there,
Of all the tenderness, love and care,
Lonely watching and heart-ache,
All the agony burning tears,
Joys and sorrows, and hopes and fears,
Breathed and sighed for her sweet sake,
Fancy will picture a home and a hearth,
Out where the daisies and buttercups are,
Out where the life-giving breezes blow,
Far from these sordid streets, foul and low;
Fancy will picture a lonely hearth,
And an aged couple dead to mirth,
Knocking heads and hearts in vain,
Or lying awake 'neath a starry sky,
For a thing that may come in the rain and dark,
A hollow-eyed woman, with weary feet,
Better they never know
The one they cherished so,
Lies this night lone and low,
Dead in the street.

THE LAST PINCH OF THE GAME.

"Take a pinch, sir?"
The querist was a hearty old man, with whom time had dealt very gently, counting his ravages to the silvering of the hair, leaving the ruddy cheeks without a furrow to betray his footsteps. We found ourselves a companion with the old gentleman some years since in a stage coach, and rarely have we fallen in with a more agreeable one. He was very communicative—had an inexhaustible fund of anecdote to draw upon—was a keen observer of men and things, and had experienced largely of the vicissitudes of life.
"Take a pinch, sir?" and he tapped the highly burnished lid of his golden snuff-box with the peculiar graceful tap of a veteran snuff taker.
"Prince Maccaboy—a choice article!"
"I thank you, sir, I do not use snuff."
"No? Well, some call it a bad habit, but I must confess I have a strong love for it"—and to prove the truth of the assertion, the old gentleman took a bountiful pinch of the titillating dust. "I love it, sir."
"So I perceive."
"You do not understand me, sir; my regard for it springs not merely from its nuzzling to my gratification."
I could not repress a smile at the enthusiastic tone in which he spoke of his favorite luxury.
"You smile, sir, when I tell you that to my much abused article, I am indebted for this life. Yes, sir, I should have been a dead man long ago, had it not been for snuff, and such a death," said he, in a most emphatic manner.
"You have good reason, then, for regarding it favorably. What was the nature of the complaint, sir?"
"Wrong again, my dear sir; I never was sick a day in my life—do I look like an ailing man? No, sir, though I owe my life to snuff—here he took a huge pinch—"I am not the least indebted to its medicinal properties."
"That is singular."
"Not so singular as you may suppose."
"But you shall hear my story and judge for yourself."

Sitting down easily in our seats, (we were the only passengers, by the way) the old gentleman, fondling the richly chased, though somewhat smoothly worn box, and fortifying himself with a capacious thumb and finger full of his greatly prized maccaboy, commenced his story:
"Some thirty years ago I was traveling in the upper part of Vermont, near the Canada line. It was in the early spring, and I was on horseback. Just at dusk, one evening, I arrived at a small cabin, in an out of the way place, where I concluded to stop and get something to eat, if possible, for I was sharp set, having traveled a pretty good spell that day. Well, I dismounted at the door, and taking my saddle-bags on my arm, entered the house. The appearance of things was not very prepossessing, I assure you. However, I asked the man of the house—a dark browed fellow with a sullen aspect—if he could furnish me with a supper. He very freely offered to give me what the house afforded, and ere long his wife, a considerable tidy

looking woman, invited me to partake of her hospitality.

After I had done ample justice to her really good fare, and paid my shot, which the host at first refused, I made preparations to continue my journey. The man advised me to stay all night, stating that the road was very lonesome, and that a patch of woods through which it ran for eight or nine miles, was infested with wolves. They were very ferocious, he told me, and but a short time ago had attacked a man, who owed his escape chiefly to the fleetness of his steed. I was perfectly welcome to remain if I chose, as he could accommodate me with a spare bed. He pressed me so strongly, and painted the dangers to which I should be exposed in my journey through the woods in such vivid colors, I was more than half disposed to accept his offer.

Stepping out of the door, I found the moon had risen, and her beams, resting on a recent fall of snow, made it nearly as light as day, which served in a great measure to dispel the feelings of gloom which began to creep over me. The atmosphere was calm and bracing, and as I was somewhat in a hurry to reach the next village, I declined the urgent solicitations of the man, which were seconded by his wife, and mounting my horse, I proceeded on my way.

To tell the truth, I did not fancy the appearance of that couple. The man was highly inquisitive about my business—no more, perhaps, than Yankees generally are—and then there was a cast of his features I did not like. Besides these, he seemed to eye my saddle-bags in a very suspicious manner, and I imagined I detected two or three glances of doubtful meaning exchanged between the man and woman.

I am not suspicious in my nature, but hang me if I could shake off the impression that the dangers to be apprehended from the wolves were less than those I had to fear from passing a night in that house. There had been a number of flying reports of travelers being made way with in such solitary places, and this appeared to be the place of all others for such kind of work. So bidding good bye to my entertainers, I put spurs to my horse and was soon out of sight.

Well, sir, I jogged along at a middling brisk pace, the road being tolerably good, thinking more of the cabin that I had just left, than of the road before me. I may have wronged its inhabitants—I trust I did—in allowing myself to indulge in such unfavorable surmises in regard to them. They might have been the most worthy couple in the world, for aught I know; still I could not get the idea out of my head that they were no better than they should be; and as my memory called up the many instances of lonely travelers being murdered at these stopping places, imagination converted this man and woman into those heartless wretches whose trade is blood. I shuddered at the thought of the fate that might have overtaken me, had I yielded to their importunate request to tarry with them that night. Right glad was I to be well clear of them.

"Wolves, tut!" said I; "they only tried to excite my apprehensions, to induce me to remain with them. That story might do very well to frighten children with, but they should have hatched up something more plausible than that to gull a man like me."

By this time I had got over the open road and was entering the woods. The path was hemmed in on every side by tall trees, spruce, pine and hemlock, with no undergrowth, leaving a narrow passage. However, a full moon threw its unbroken light along the path that stretched before me, save where an overhanging tree obstructed its rays. It was a still, calm night, as I have said, and no sound broke the silence, save the monotonous clatter of my horse, as he went along on an easy trot. I was settling down in a very comfortable frame of mind, indulging in those fanciful reveries so natural to youth, and which the quiet and lonely scene around me was so calculated to inspire, when my attention was aroused by a faint, distinct cry, coming, as it seemed, from the depth of the forest. I listened intently for a few minutes, and presently a prolonged howl, still faint in the distance, followed. The attention of my horse was evidently attracted by it, for he pricked up his ears and gave a low snort.

Finding, after listening awhile, that the cry was not repeated, I gave no heed to the circumstance, presuming it to be some roving wild creature in the woods. Presently, however, the cry was repeated, and an answering cry appeared in another direction, each one apparently nearer than the one that attracted my attention first. My horse began to show evident signs of uneasiness, pricking up his ears and tossing his head wildly from side to side, snorting occasionally and quickening his pace. Again came that howl, still more distinct, and this time it was repeated in different quarters, principally in my rear. Turning in my saddle, I saw in the road behind me what appeared to be a dark speck. At first I concluded it was the shadow of a branch of a tree; but presently I detected two or three others which seemed to spring directly from the woods. Could they be wolves?

Had the man then deceived me in regard to their attack on a traveler? A feeling of alarm began to creep over me, which was soon painfully increased and all my doubts resolved, by a fierce yell, which rose in my rear, as if the whole pack had opened upon me.

As those unearthly yells swelled on the night air and echoed through the forest, my poor beast shook in every limb, and a cold shudder ran through my frame. I put spurs to my horse, who bounded onward to the utmost of his speed.

Casting a hurried glance behind, the whole road seemed filled with the troop of demons whose ferocious howls swelled louder and louder every moment. To my dismay the distance was considerably lessened. What would I not have given at that moment to have been safely back in the cabin again!

Vainly did I implore my folly in giving no heed to the warning I had received. As yell after yell pealed upon my ears, every moment drawing nearer and nearer, horror for a while overpowered me, and I did nothing but plunge my spurs into the panting sides of my horse, madly shouting to urge him forward. The poor animal, nearly knocked up by a long day's journey, dashed on at the top of his speed, flinging the froth from his mouth, while his neck and flanks were covered with foam; and even at the tremendous rate he was going, at every fresh yell of the fiends I could feel him tremble in every limb. Ah, sir, that was an agonizing moment to me! Collecting my senses, I calculated the distance before me and the possibility of outriding my pursuers. There was some four miles before me, and if my jaded horse could but hold out—but I felt that would be impossible. His violent panting and drooping head too plainly told that he was nearly used up.

I could now hear the rush of the ferocious troop behind me, and at times imagined I could feel their foul breath behind me. What harrowing thoughts flashed through my brain! I recalled many instances I had read of travelers similarly situated, and the vain efforts they had made to avert their terrible fate. I tried to disengage my saddle-bags, in the hope that they might for a moment check pursuit by diverting the attention of the wolves, but was unable to do so. I threw my cap in the road for the same purpose, but an angry howl almost at the heels of my horse told that it had availed nothing. I now bethought myself of my pistols. Hastily cocking one, I turned and deliberately fired at a large black wolf which was within a few feet of me. I kept my eyes in the direction after the discharge. Thank God, the shot took effect, and the nearest animal dropped dead in the road. In a moment the entire pack was upon him—the entire path behind me was piled up with a stack of wolves, each one striving to gorge himself on the fallen wolf. A moment more and they were in full pursuit, their appetites whetted with blood, and each one striving with more eagerness to outdo the other.

I had prepared my other pistol and waited to be sure of my shot. With a calmness I can now hardly account for, I selected the foremost pursuer and gave him the contents of the second pistol. This time unfortunately I was not successful; I only wounded him, and I saw him limping off into the woods, beside three or four companions, but the remainder kept on after me.

I thought then my moments were numbered, for although we were nearly out of the woods, I could feel the poor beast reel and stagger under me, and every moment I was dreading his fall, in which case I knew my fate would be sealed. A cold, clammy sweat stole over me, and a prayer involuntarily rose to my lips—for Omnipotence alone I felt could save me.

In the hour of danger, with a dreadful death staring him in the face, man instinctively turns to his Maker for relief. If even, who denies the existence of a God, involuntarily acknowledges his error—the last struggle brings a cry for mercy from his lips!

I prayed, sir—not for rescue from devouring beasts—that I did not look for—but in the near prospect of death I asked for forgiveness. With lightning-like rapidity my thoughts sped through the past—every incident of my life crowded on my mind—the evil done and the good left undone. Busy in these reflections, I forgot the perils which surrounded me, and was only called to a sense of my situation by a sharp growl at my side. Turning my head I observed an unusually large wolf snapping at my legs, while others were leaping at the haunches of my horse.

I well knew that wolves preferred the flesh of man to any other animal, and finding myself in this extremity, every hope of escape cut off—feeling, moreover, an affection for the beast I bestrode, for he was an old family favorite, I was on the point of springing among the pack, trusting that while engaged in devouring the poor horse would get out of harm's way. Believing, too, that my case was entirely hopeless, I made up my mind that it would be as well to meet my fate at once.

I grew desperately calm. I even counted the time I should live after the first attack

—how long sensation would continue in my mangled limbs. In fact, a kind of delirium seized upon me, my mind wandered strangely, and I have a faint recollection of looking back upon the hungry pack, and giving utterance to a loud hal hal hal a wild laugh of derision. This was of but a moment's duration, however. At the end of that brief period, a sudden thought struck me—a faint hope struck me. A grocer in the village to which I was bound had commissioned me to purchase a couple of pounds of Scotch snuff (take a pinch, sir?) which I had done up in a paper-bundle in my saddle-bags. With trembling hands I took out the bundle, tore open the parcel, and grasping a handful of the subtle powder, I dashed it into the face of the ferocious animal at my side. Without stopping to witness its effect, I turned and threw a cloud of it by a sort of scattering fire, into the gaping mouths and glaring eyes of those in my rear.

Sir, the effect was beyond my hopes—it was decisive. You should have heard the unearthly howls that arose, as, blinded and maddened with pain, they rushed on one another, snapping and biting at each other in their rage! They were rolling over in their fury, a regular wolf fight, all too much engaged in the battle to heed me. Well, sir, I kept along apace, and then drew up my horse, who could hardly stand upright. He was completely blown, and seeing that all danger was over, I dismounted and led the panting animal by the bridle, smoothing him by the way, for the fearful howls and maddening yells of the infuriated wolves made him shake in every limb. Hurrying along as fast as we were able, in the course of half an hour we reached a house in the outskirts, where I applied for admittance, which was freely granted me. First seeing my horse taken care of—the poor creature absolutely neighed with delight as I led him into the stable—I detailed to the astonished residents my hair-breadth escape. They had heard the howls, and had got their dogs ready for the attack, little dreaming that a human being was being exposed to such imminent danger.

Sir, if ever there existed a grateful man, I was one that night! With my whole heart, could I echo the thanksgiving of the Psalms: "Blessed be the Lord, who has not given us a prey to their teeth. Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowler: the snare is broken and we are escaped." Worn out as I was with fatigue, yet little rest could I obtain. If for a moment I lost myself, I was transported immediately to the scenes in which I was so lately engaged. Again was I in the midst of the howling wolves, flying for my life, and when on the point of falling a victim to them, I would spring up in terror, my forehead beaded with sweat and every limb quaking with fear. I could see the hungry eyes gleaming with that terrible light, glaring at my bedside—and that horrid howl would ring in my ears, even after I awoke. With difficulty could I persuade myself that it was but a frightful dream—that I was indeed sheltered beneath a friendly roof. It was long ere these fearful phantasies ceased to trouble my sleeping hours.

The next morning we visited the scene of action. Signs of conflict could be traced all around. The snow was trodden down in all directions, and stained with gore, and by the side of the road we found the mangled carcasses of three of my over-night enemies, one of which was the veritable wolf I have no doubt that received my first charge, for his muzzle was all begrimed with snuff, and it seems the rascal had completely bitten his tongue off in his agony.

"Well, sir, that adventure taught me a lesson, never to travel through such a patch of woods in the night time again, and always to keep a good supply of the article which saved my life about me. Won't you take a pinch now, sir?"

So saying, the gentleman tendered his box to me, and out of respect for the good service it had performed for him, I ventured to comply with the invitation, and soon gave a sneezing proof of my regard for his favorite Maccaboy.

A hanging plant at a window is a sign of gentleness and grace inside. No bad people hang plants in their windows. Beauty never assimilates with badness. No evil spirit can go through a window where there is a flower. They avoid flowers as Satan does the form of a cross. Show me the poorest hotel with a plant in its window, and I will show you inside of that hotel goodness and gentleness, although elated in the rags of poverty.

To one who is living right no death can be sudden and no place unfavorable. Whether one goes up out of a banquet, or from among innocent amusements, or from his couch, it matters little if only he has the passport of faith. One step, and all roads meet; and the great host of departing spirits, forgetful of limitations, of earthly conditions, feel the great attraction and fly upward, to be forever with the Lord!

About ninety thousand sheep are to be killed on the California coast below Santa Cruz for their hides, on account of scarcity of pasture.

To a Friend.

Wilt thou not within thy heart
Find for me some tiny part
Some little nook, unknown to all,
Where memory with her magic pall
Can lift for thee the vapory screen
That shadows forth each cherished scene,
Each little look and act of mine
That proves my love is truly thine?

I love thee—yes, I'll own it now,
Dearest to me is thy sunny brow,
More precious than the gems of sea
Is every glance thou givest me;
And every tone of thy mellow voice
Bids all my heart for thee rejoice.
And every hand clasp warm and true
Thrills all my being thro' and thro'.

LOST STARS.

Like drooping, dying stars, our loved ones go away from our sight. The stars of our hopes, our ambitions, our prayers, whose light ever shines before us, leading on and up, they suddenly fade from the firmament of our hearts, and their place is left empty, cold and dark. A mother's steady, soft and earnest light, that beamed through all our wants and sorrows; a father's strong, quick light, that kept our feet from stumbling in the dark and treacherous ways; a sister's light, so mild, so pure, so constant and so firm, shining upon us from gentle, loving eyes, and persuading us to grace and goodness; a brother's light, bright and bold and honest; a lover's light, forever sleeping in our souls, and illuminating our goings and comings; a friend's light, true and trusty—gone out—forever! No! The light has not gone out. It is shining beyond the stars, where there is no light and no darkness forever and forever.

Never call a man a lost man until he is buried in a hopeless grave. No man is lost upon whom any influence can be exerted; no man is lost to whom the offer of the gospel may be brought. It is but a few weeks since I sat by one of the purest and loveliest of females, who was once degraded, but who is now at the head of a family, highly respected and beloved. We are never to be discouraged. There is no man or woman so vile but God may bring them washed and saved to his kingdom.

He who rears up one child to Christian virtue, or reconverts one fellow creature to God, builds a temple more precious than Solomon's or St. Peter's, more enduring than the earth or the heavens. It is not the painting, gilding and carving that makes a good ship; but if she be a nimble sailer, tight and strong to endure the seas, that is her excellence. It is the edge and temper of the blade that makes a good sword, not the richness of the scabbard; and so it is not money or possessions that make a man considerable, but his virtue.—Theodore Parker.

SLEEP.—Every man must sleep according to his temperament. But eight hours is the average. If one requires a little more or a little less, he will find it for himself. Whoever, by work, pleasure, sorrow, or from any other cause, is regularly diminishing his sleep, is destroying his life. A man may hold out for a time, but nature keeps close accounts, and no man can dodge her settlements. We have seen impoverished railroads that could not keep the track in order, nor spare the engines to be thoroughly repaired. Every year, track and equipment deteriorated. By-and-by comes a crash, and the road is a heap of confusion and destruction. So it is with men. They cannot spare time to sleep enough. They slowly run behind. Symptoms of general waste appear. Premature wrinkles, weak eyes, depression of spirits, failure of digestion, feebleness in the morning, and overwhelming melancholy; these and other signs show a general dilapidation. If now sudden calamity causes an extraordinary pressure, they go down under it. They have no resources to draw upon. They have been living up to the verge of their whole vitality every day.—E. E. Hale.

Etiquette is the art of behaving yourself. Manners not only make the man, but the woman, too, what they ought to be—ladies and gentlemen—whether they roll through life in their carriage, or trudge along the pavement in the lowly Blucher. True gentility is the exercise of a due regard for the feelings of your neighbors, and etiquette is the essence of gentility.

There is said to be an old lady in Portsmouth, living next door to the Navy Yard, who is very hard of hearing. Last Fourth of July she sat in her parlor while the boys of the Navy Yard fired a salute of thirty-six guns. As the last sixty-eight powder went off the old lady started up in her chair and called out, "Come in."

Word was sent to the City Marshal of Augusta, Maine, a few weeks ago, that a fellow was selling tickets from a wagon in Market Square. He went to arrest him and confiscate his stock, and found himself the victim of an atrocious pun. The man had been peddling horse-whips.

The word "heart" is named 800 times in the Bible, the word "soul" 440 times, and the word "head" only 80 times.

When you receive a kindness, remember it; when you do one, forget it.

The ties that connect business men with the public—Advertise.

A GRADUATE'S EDITORIAL.

An editor gives his experience with a Harvard graduate who "had made up his mind to be an editor."

Editor—"We are in want of help, just now; there are pens and paper, let us see what you can do."

Creamcheese—"Upon what subject, sir, would you prefer me to write? Theology, chemistry, metaphysics, the philosophy of history, or anything of that sort?"

Editor—"Never mind the theology, chemistry or the metaphysics. Give us an item on the weather."

He sat down, and after endguling his poor brain for a mortal hour, and referring to his dictionaries half a dozen times or more, produced the following paragraph on the weather:

"On yesternight, toward the midnight hour, it being dark as Erebus, the Pluvius was pleased to visit this mundane sphere in a spasm of ungovernable wrath. The aqueous elements thereupon experienced a fierce perturbation, and for a protracted space the rains fell and floods descended in a mode that was absolutely appalling to gods and men. Anon, the fury of Jupiter was spent, good Aquarius put up his watering pots, the dark clouds dispersed, and instead of Old Boreas domineering the heavens, Aurora, the daughter of the dawn, came tripping forth, hand in hand with Old Sol, making the heart of mortals glad, and lighting up the face of Nature with an avalanche of smiles."

The editor took the item, read it, then advised the Harvard graduate that if he intended to earn his bread by making newspapers, he had better go to work and get rid of his collegiate education, and in its place obtain a little common sense. An emetic, to get rid of the big words and the classical nonsense, would be a good beginning, if accompanied by an honest effort to obtain the faculty of expressing plain ideas in plain English.

A NEW USE FOR PETROLEUM.—One Samuel Bryant, of Carrollton, Mississippi, has discovered that petroleum will make the hair grow. The way he found out this new property of coal oil was simply this: He had a large boil on the bald place on his head, which gave him much pain, and in the absence of anything else he rubbed coal oil on it. He says it relieved the pain almost instantly, so he continued to rub on the oil until the boil was entirely well, when, to his surprise, he found a thin coating of hair coming out over the bald place. He continued the use of the oil for a month or two, and now has a heavy coat of hair on his head.

A VARIETY OF COLORS.—The residence of Mr. George Jennings, a citizen of Newton, is painted white, with blue trimmings and white stars in the trimmings; blue blinds with red window sashes. The barn immediately adjoining is painted pink, with white trimmings and blue door. An adjacent fence is painted green.

WELL PROVIDED.—Three young navigators have sailed from Elmira, N. Y., for Baltimore, in a skiff. They took along three baskets of champagne, a keg of lager, three demijohns of whiskey and a loaf of bread. The Elmira folks don't see what they wanted of so much bread.

GRASSHOPPERS.—The lively grasshoppers have taken possession of the fields in Piscataquis County, Me., in the ratio of about 10,000 to the square rod, and are also devouring the beans and other crops, to the infinite disgust of the farmers.

BRUTALITY.—A young colored girl, named Ida Moore, was almost kicked to death a few evenings since, at Albany, by a man named Harrison, for the reason, as he declared, that she had made faces at his wife.

WHERE ARE THE TAILORS?—A patriotic German woman of Pittsfield declares her intention to go straight to Germany and fight with the Prussians, as soon as she can find a pair of pants that will fit her!

DEATH.—When Socrates was told by a friend that his judges had sentenced him to death—"And has not Nature," he said, "passed the same sentence upon them?"

A STUBBORN CHAP.—Among the prisoners of the York (Pa.) Jail is a man who has been confined for over nine years for refusing to answer a question in court.

THE CHINESE.—The Northampton Free Press has taken up the cudgel against the Chinese—the horrible creatures.

FAST TIME.—Dexter, Bunker's fast horse, made a half mile the other day in 1.06 1/2 to road wagon.

"Talk of climate!" says a perspiring punster, "the thermometer has got so high that it's impossible to climb it."

"No, I am not lazy," said a vagabond on a hot day; "but, you see, I was born tired."

The surest way to lose your health is to keep drinking other people's.

Code to my washerwoman—22 1/2

Twenty-seven Years' Practice in the Treatment of Diseases incident to Females, has placed Dr. DOW at the head of all physicians making such practice a specialty, and enables him to give a speedy and permanent cure in the worst cases of Suppression and all other Menstrual Disorders, from whatever cause. All letters for advice must contain \$1. Office, No. 9 Edinboro St., Boston.

S. B.—Board furnished to those desiring to remain under treatment.

Boston, July 1, 1870.

Cautions to Females in Delicate Health.—Dr. Dow, Physician and Surgeon, No. 7 Edinboro street, Boston, is consulted daily for all diseases incident to the female system. Prolapsus Uteri, or Falling of the Womb, and other Menstrual Disorders, are all treated on new pathological principles, and speedily relieved in a very few days. So invariably certain is this new mode of treatment, that most obstinate complaints yield under it, and the afflicted person soon rejoices in perfect health.

Dr. Dow has, no doubt, had greater experience in the cure of diseases of women than any other physician in Boston.

Boarding accommodations for patients who wish to stay in Boston a few days under his treatment.

Dr. Dow, since 1845, having confined his whole attention to an office practice for the cure of Private Diseases and Female Complaints, acknowledges no superior in the United States.

N. B.—All letters must contain one dollar, or they will not be answered.

Office hours from 8 A. M. to 9 P. M.

Boston, Aug. 1, 1870.

Job Moses' Sir James Clarke's Female Pills.—These invaluable Pills are unfailing in the cure of all those painful and dangerous diseases to which the female constitution is subject. They moderate all excesses and remove all obstructions, from whatever cause.

TO MARRIED LADIES.

They are particularly suited. They will, in a short time, bring on the monthly period with regularity, and although very powerful, contain nothing hurtful to the constitution. In all cases of Nervous and Spinal Affections, Pains in the Back and Limbs, Fatigue on slight exertion, Palpitation of the Heart, Hysterics and Whites, they will effect a cure when all other means have failed. The package when all other means have failed. The package when all other means have failed. The package when all other means have failed.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Job Moses' Sir James Clarke's Female Pills are extensively counterfeited. The genuine have the name of "JOB MOSES" on each package. All others are worthless.

N. B.—In all cases where the expense cannot be obtained, One Dollar, with fifteen cents for postage, enclosed to the sole proprietor, JOB MOSES, 13 Cornhill St., New York, will insure a bottle of the genuine, containing Fifty Pills, by return mail, securely sealed from any knowledge of its contents.

Consumption.—The three remedies "SCHENCK'S PULMONIC SYRUP" for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, and every form of Consumption. The peculiar action of this medicine cures the lungs, promotes the expectoration, discharges the corrupt matter, and thus cures Consumption, when every other remedy fails.

"SCHENCK'S SEED-WEED TONIC," for the cure of Dyspepsia or Indigestion, and all diseases arising from debility. This tonic invigorates the digestive organs, supplies the place of the gastric juice when that is deficient, and then enables the patient to digest the most nutritious food. It is a sovereign remedy for all cases of Indigestion.

"SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS," one of the most valuable remedies ever discovered, being a vegetable substitute for opium, and having all the useful properties ascribed to that mineral, without producing any of its injurious effects.

To these three medicines Dr. J. H. Schenck, of Philadelphia, owes his unrivaled success in the treatment of Pulmonic Consumption. The Pulmonic Syrup ripens the morbid matter, discharges it, and purifies the blood. The Mandrake Pills act upon the liver, remove all obstructions therefrom, give the organs a healthy tone, and cure Liver Complaint, which is one of the most prominent causes of Consumption. The Seed-Weed Tonic invigorates the powers of the stomach, and by strengthening the digestion and bringing it to a normal and healthy condition, improves the quality of the blood, by which means the formation of mucus or phlegm in the lungs becomes impossible. The combined action of these medicines, as thus explained, will cure every case of Consumption, if remedied in sufficiently to bring the case to a favorable termination.

Dr. Schenck's Almanac, containing a full treatise on the various forms of disease, his mode of treatment, and general directions how to use his medicines, can be had gratis or sent by mail by address, giving his principal office, No. 15 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Price of the Pulmonic Syrup and Seaweed Tonic, each \$1.50 per bottle, or \$7.50 a half dozen. Mandrake Pills, 25 cents per box. For sale by all druggists and dealers.

BORN.

At Palmer, 13th, a son to E. S. BROOKS.

At Palmer, 14th, a son to JOSEPH H. KEITH.

At South Wilbraham, a female, to son to JACK ROSE.

MARRIED.

At Ware, 18th, by Rev. G. F. Eaton, ALONZO JUD and Miss JENNIE L. BALLARD.

DIED.

At Thorndike, 18th, LOIS S., 74, wife of A. R. MURDOCK.

At Randolph 12th LARSEN H. POTTER, 22.

At West Brookfield, 9th, ANSON GIFFIN, 82.

At Warren, 11th, WILLIE COCKING, 10 months, infant son of W. H. Shepard.

At West Warren, 10th, JENNIE MAY, 7 months, only daughter of G. F. Merrick.

At Brimfield, 8th, FANNIE M., 31, wife of Ezra B. Wells, and only child of Capt. Wm. J. Sherman.

At Stafford, 11th, HELDA NORRIS, 66.

At Minneapolis, Minn., 11th, BERTHA HARTWELL, 1 year and 4 months, daughter of A. W. and Nellie G. Briggs, formerly of Palmer.

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Administrator.

Brimfield, Aug. 10th, 1870.

TREMENDOUS EXCITEMENT

—AT—

No. 5 STATE ST., SPRINGFIELD.

THE OLD FOGIES MUST

LOOK OUT, FOR SHAW

is bound to smash things in the way of

BOOTS AND SHOES.

This stock is one of the LARGEST outside of Boston, comprising a full and complete assortment of all the latest styles of Boots, Shoes, and Children's New York City Work—the finest made, and the LATEST STYLES.

Next comes the MEN'S GRADES of Goods. LADIES' LARGE CONGRESS, with heels, from 75c to \$2.50. Ladies' Large Plain Button Boots, from \$1.75 to \$3.75, in all widths. Ladies' KID and GOAT SEWED BUSKINS, hand-made, and WAXED. Ladies' Kid Slippers, in 5 widths, with or without heels, from 50c to \$2.50. Misses' and Children's Shoes, by the millions, in all Styles, Colors and Widths.

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Remember the place—NO. 5 STATE ST.

Springfield, June 25, 1870.

DOWN! DOWN!! DOWN!!!

BRACKES.

WAR IN FRANCE!

WAR IN PRUSSIA!

WAR IN THORNDIKE!

WE HAVE, THIS DAY,

RAISED THE BLACK FLAG!

WE GIVE NO QUARTER!

WE ASK NO QUARTER!

BUT WE ARE BOUND

TO SELL GOODS CHEAPER

Than ANY OTHER STORE IN PALMER!

LOOK! LOOK! LOOK!

EVER

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FOR \$1.00?

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DOWN WITH YOUR

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Downer's Kerosene Oil, 30 cts. per gal.

15 lbs. Crackers, \$1.00.

Best Prints, 11 cts. per yd.

NICE TEAS, WORTH \$1.25.

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MARKED DOWN 10 PER CENT.

WE NOW BUY THESE GOODS FOR CASH!

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NOW FROM 90 CTS. TO \$1.00.

BOOTS AND SHOES!

MARKED DOWN 10 PER CENT.

WE NOW BUY THESE GOODS FOR CASH!

And shall give our customers the benefit of it.

ALL KINDS OF

FARMERS' PRODUCE!

TAKEN IN EXCHANGE FOR GOODS.

At W. O. HILL'S.

Thorndike, Aug. 20, 1870.

NOTICE.—The School Committee are requested to meet at the Nassau House, Monday, Aug. 22d, at 2 P. M.

Palmer, August 19, 1870.

NOTICE.—This is to forbid all persons trusting Sarah L. Morrison, as I shall pay no bills of her contracting after this date.

J. E. MORRISON,

Guardian of said Sarah L. Morrison (a minor).

Monson, Aug. 17, 1870.

NOTICE is hereby given that the subscriber has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of Hiram Marsh, late of Brimfield, in the county of Hampshire, deceased, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bonds as the law directs. And all persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same, and all persons indebted to the said estate are called upon to make payment to

WILLIAM H. SHERMAN,

Administrator.

Brimfield, Aug. 10th, 1870.

TREMENDOUS EXCITEMENT

—AT—

No. 5 STATE ST., SPRINGFIELD.

THE OLD FOGIES MUST

LOOK OUT, FOR SHAW

is bound to smash things in the way of

BOOTS AND SHOES.

This stock is one of the LARGEST outside of Boston, comprising a full and complete assortment of all the latest styles of Boots, Shoes, and Children's New York City Work—the finest made, and the LATEST STYLES.

Next comes the MEN'S GRADES of Goods. LADIES' LARGE CONGRESS, with heels, from 75c to \$2.50. Ladies' Large Plain Button Boots, from \$1.75 to \$3.75, in all widths. Ladies' KID and GOAT SEWED BUSKINS, hand-made, and WAXED. Ladies' Kid Slippers, in 5 widths, with or without heels, from 50c to \$2.50. Misses' and Children's Shoes, by the millions, in all Styles, Colors and Widths.

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Remember the place—NO. 5 STATE ST.

Springfield, June 25, 1870.

DOWN! DOWN!! DOWN!!!

BRACKES.

WAR IN FRANCE!

WAR IN PRUSSIA!

WAR IN THORNDIKE!

WE HAVE, THIS DAY,

RAISED THE BLACK FLAG!

WE GIVE NO QUARTER!

WE ASK NO QUARTER!

BUT WE ARE BOUND

TO SELL GOODS CHEAPER

Than ANY OTHER STORE IN PALMER!

LOOK! LOOK! LOOK!

EVER

HEARD

OF

15 POUNDS

NICE CRACKERS!

FOR \$1.00?

YOU CAN BUY THEM

—AT—

HILL'S.

DOWN WITH YOUR

CUT-THROAT PRICES!

Downer's Kerosene Oil, 30 cts. per gal.

15 lbs. Crackers, \$1.00.

Best Prints, 11 cts. per yd.

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The Palmer Journal.

VOLUME XXI.

PALMER, MASS., SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1870.

NUMBER 25.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

GORDON M. FISK & CO.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—Two Dollars a year. A discount of 25 cents made to those who pay in advance. Six months, \$1.00; three months, 50 cents. Single copies, 5 cents.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at the following rates: One square, one week, \$1.00; 25 cents per square for each week after the first. One square, one year, \$7.00. Legal advertising, \$1.75 per square for three insertions. Notices in editorial columns, 20 cents per line; no charge less than \$1.00. Ordinary notices, 6 cents per line; no charge less than 25 cents. Notices of funerals (under the head of deaths), 25 cents each. Special Notices (before marriages and deaths), 33 1/2 per cent. advance of regular rates. The space occupied by twelve solid nonpareil lines constitutes a square. A liberal discount to merchants advertising largely by and by the year.

FOR THE PUBLICATION OF ALL KINDS EXECUTED IN THE BEST STYLE, AND AT LOW PRICES.

G. M. FISK. C. B. FISK.

"Going Alone."

With curls in the sunny air tossing,
With light in the merry blue eyes,
With laughter so clearly ringing,
A laugh of delight and surprise,
All friendly assistance declining,
And trusting no strength but his own,
The past fears and trials forgotten,
The baby is "going alone."

What woeful mishaps have preceded
This day of rejoicing and pride!
How often the help that he needed
Has carelessly gone from his side!
He has fallen while reaching for sunbeams,
Which just as he grasped them have flown,
And the tears of vexation have followed,
But now he is "going alone."

And through all his life he will study
This lesson again and again:
He will carefully shut out shadows,
He will fall and weep over the pain.
The hand whose fond clasp was the surest,
Which just as he grasped from his own,
The sunbeams' eyes will be clouded,
And he will be walking alone!

He will learn what a stern world we live in,
And he may grow cold like the rest;
And just keep a warm, sunny welcome,
For those who seem true and best;
Yet chastened and taught by just sorrow,
And stronger and manlier grown,
Not trusting his all in their keeping,
He learns to walk bravely alone.

And yet not alone, for our Father,
The Father whose steps will guide,
Through all the dark mazes of earth-life,
And "over the deep" deep tide,
Oh! here is a Helper unailing,
A strength we can never tire trust,
When all human aid seems failing,
"The dust shall return unto dust."

JANET'S FORTUNE.

"And when I die, I shall leave my fortune to the one who will use it to the best advantage," said Grandma Leeds, smiling from behind her spectacles to the young girls around her.

"Your fortune, Grandma? What will it be? That old basket with its horrid yarn and needles, and the never-ending knitting work. If so, you need not leave it with me. Janet will use it to a far better advantage than I could."

"Yes, Lettie, you are right; and I am sure I don't want it, either. It's what a fortune to be sure!"

"I'll accept it, grandma, and prize it, if you will only add your sweet, contented disposition. It would be a fortune which none of us need despise."

Janet Leeds was the youngest of the family, and the plainest. She had a sweet, fresh face, and tender eyes; but these paled into ugliness before Lettie's black orbes and shining curls, and the loveliness of belle Margaret. So she settled back like a modest violet in the chimney corner, and waited on grandma, or assisted the maid in the housework.

Once in a while she ventured out to a party in the village, but so seldom, that people never observed her. That made it unpleasant, and she staid at home still closer.

But on that morning, while they sat chatting with grandma, she felt a deal of real discontentment for the first time in several months.

Clara Bosworth, her bosom friend, was to give a party that evening, and she could not go. For weeks preparations had been going on in their quiet family. She had given up the money saved for a new winter cloak; that Lettie's green silk might be re-trimmed for the occasion, and the best dress she had in the world was a plain, garnet colored poplin with black velvet trimming.

She had faintly suggested that she might wear that, but the cry of dismay from her sisters silenced her.

"Go and wear that old poplin!" cried Lettie, from the clouds of white billowy lace that was to adorn the green silk.

"You must be crazy!"

"I should think so," chimed Margaret, who was fitting a lace berthe over the waist of the delicate lilac satin. "Do you want Austin Bosworth to think us a family of paupers? It is to be a grand affair, and Clara expects all who honor it with their presence to pay her respect enough to dress respectably. It is Austin's first appearance after the European tour, and surely you do not want him to think meanly of us?"

The tears came up, but Janet was brave, and no one saw them.

"That night, when the two girls—the one in her dark beauty and wonderfully becoming array, the other all delicacy, her fair, pearl loveliness enhanced by the pale purple color of her splendid dress—came laughing into grandma's room, a little shadow darkened her face, and she found it very hard to keep back the tears.

"Fine feathers make fine birds, but fine birds do not always sing the sweetest, Janet," said grandma, after they were gone. "I know you is the true one in this family. I know my little singing bird, Janet, and

she is dearer than a dozen fine ladies. Austin and Clara will come to-morrow, and he will tell us about his travels in foreign lands, and you will be far happier than you would be up at the house to-night, with dancing and confusion.

"I suppose so, grandma," and Janet took her seat by the fire and went on knitting with a peaceful smile.

The elder sisters came home with rumpled plumage, but in high spirits.

Austin Bosworth had returned, a handsome, polished gentleman, and had flirted desperately with Lettie.

"Why, Grandma, he almost proposed to her!" laughed Margaret, who was engaged to Judge Leonard's hopeful son, and therefore had no place for jealousy. "More than one of the company predicted that it would be a match."

"Don't count your chickens before they are hatched," called grandma from her pillow. "Mr. Austin Bosworth is no fool, I can tell you!"

"What an old croaker!"

They were entering their chamber across the hall, but grandma's ears were not dulled by age, and she clearly heard them.

"Don't mind them, Grandma," whispered Janet, who had waited to help them lay aside their finery.

"Mind them! Do you think I shall, Janet Leeds?"

Next day Austin Bosworth came. He was too familiar with the old house to stop for bell ringing, and he entered, crossing the hall directly past the parlor door, where Margaret and Lettie waited in their tasteful afternoon costumes, and walked straight on to Grandma Leeds's room.

She was there with her work, her placid face beaming beneath the white lace-bordered cap.

A graceful, girlish figure half knelt beside her, wreathing with deft fingers a bunch of evergreens into a frame for a mantel ornament, and her eyes were lifted smilingly into the old lady's face.

He entered and closed the door, before either saw him.

"Grandma Leeds!"

"Why, bless my heart, it is Austin! Come here, my boy!"

And the fine gentleman came and gave both hands to her in delight.

"Janet, my little playmate, too! What a happy meeting! Clara came down, dressed for a call, and declared she would come, but I told her no! I knew the amount of gallantry I should feel obliged to use, and I preferred that my first visit should be like the old ones."

"You are right. We are better pleased to have it so, are we not Janet?"

His cell lengthened itself into two hours, and during that time he told the pleasant stories and chatted like the boy of by-gone days, but not once did Margaret's or Lettie's name pass his lips.

When he went away he met them coming with disappointed faces from the parlor, where they had been waiting for him; but he only lifted his hat and passed out. Then grandma and Janet received a sound scolding, such as only these two knew how to give, and the shadows of discontentment again fell on Janet's spirit.

Ah, that long, cheerless winter! What a story Janet could tell you of disappointments, of happy parties of which she had no share, of moonlight rides, of joy and merriment! She had only that one comforter, kind parent grandma; for now that Austin Bosworth had come, the way was harder than before.

He came and escorted Lettie to parties, and sometimes chatted with grandma, but nothing more. She saw nothing more—she did not catch the good-natured smiles he gave her from the sleigh as he rode away—and Lettie never told her how often he asked for her.

Alone with grandma, Janet wished for better things, and wondered why she was so harshly dealt with.

At last even the society of her aged comforter was denied her, and in her bed the old lady gradually faded away. Day and night, Janet sat beside her, with the knowledge that she was beyond earthly help—waiting upon her, yielding to the childish whims, and shutting out everything youthful and beautiful from her sight.

"Playing household angel!" Margaret said.

"Working for grandma's fortune of old shoes and worsted stockings," Lettie cruelly added.

"Doing her duty by the faithful woman who had taken the three motherless children into her heart, and filled the lost one's place so far as God permitted," her own heart said, and steadily she worked on.

The first of May brought invitations to the last ball at the Bosworth house, and while the two elder sisters laid out their finery, Janet folded her tiny missive, and laid it away next to her heart as a sacred bit of paper, bearing Austin's firm, broad chirography upon it.

That night grandma was very ill, and when Margaret and Lettie fluttered in with their gay dresses, Janet met them, and almost forcibly put them out of the room.

"For you, girls, to have a little respect for poor grandma, she is very ill to-night."

"Nonsense! Don't be a fool, Janet—anybody would think she was dying."

"I believe she is."

Their reply came in a violent slam of the door, and Janet was left alone with her patient.

The hours dragged wearily, and overcame her long, sleepless watches, Janet fell fast asleep.

Two hours later she awoke with a start, and in an instant she saw the dreaded change visible in grandma's face.

Like one in a dream she walked to her father's door, and awakened him.

"Father, grandma is worse. I believe her dying. You must go to Dr. Berne. You will find him at the hall. Go quickly!"

She went back, and sat there wearily waiting for something—for a sound, a sign from the dying woman; but none came.

Slowly, but perceptibly, the lines settled around the pleasant mouth, and the dark shadows crept over the pallid face, but no sound issued from the pale lips.

Janet bent her head. There was a faint flutter—no more, and she clasped her hands. Would grandma die there before her eyes, and never speak a word?

She caught the cold hand in her own, and cried aloud:

"Grandma! speak to me! speak to your little Janet! Don't you heed me, grandma—"

But grandma heard nothing. The chilliness of death had settled down, and even as she knelt there, the breath fled, and Janet was alone.

She understood it all when she arose, and she sank back half-fainting in the arm chair near the bed.

"Janet, my poor darling!"

She lifted her head. Austin Bosworth was leaning over her.

"My little girl! Why did you not send word to-night, and let me share your sorrow?"

"You, Austin?"

"Yes, I have not—Ah, forgive me? This is no time or place. I missed you as I have always missed you, but thought it was your pleasure to remain at home. When your father came in with a white, frightened face, and whispered to Dr. Berne, I knew you were in trouble. I came at once, and Janet, I shall not again leave you."

She knew his meaning, and did not put him away, when he held her close in his arms, and drew her into the parlor.

Margaret and Lettie, coming in with their faces horror-stricken, saw him holding her in his arms, her head resting wearily upon his shoulder, and the proud Lettie said:

"Mr. Bosworth—I am surprised!"

"You need not be. This is my privilege, now and forever."

Three days after they gathered in that same parlor to hear grandma's last will and testament read. After some little directions, it said:

"And to my beloved grand-daughter, Janet Leeds, I bequeath the Holmes estate, together with my entire stock of furniture and money, amounting to ten thousand dollars."

Janet's father smiled upon his astonished and crest-fallen daughters.

"It was mother's whim! She never desired it to be known. Therefore you were ignorant of the fact that she had a dollar beyond the annuity I held for her."

When, six months later, Austin and Janet were married, her elder sisters dared to say that he married her for her money. He knew better, and so did I.

A JOKER.—Hon. Isaac O. Barnes, late of Boston, was known as a very eccentric person. He was a great joker and his "ruling passion" was strong in death. As illustrations of this characteristic, the following anecdotes are related of him.

In a severe sickness he believed himself at the door of death and sent for the doctor, who hastening to his bedside, examined him carefully and told him there was no immediate danger. The patient insisted that he was then dying. The doctor felt of his patient's feet and assured him again that there was no danger, saying, "your feet are warm, Mr. Barnes. Did you ever know a man to die with warm feet?"

After a moment's reflection Mr. Barnes answered: "Yes, I did know of one man who died with warm feet." "Who was it?" asked the doctor. It was John Rogers," replied Mr. Barnes.

At another time two ministers visited him expressing the desire to be of service to him in his spiritual wants. Mr. Barnes gave them a cordial welcome in the following language: "I am glad you called. I want one of you to stand on one side of the bed and the other on the other. I want to die as much like Jesus Christ as I can. He died between two thieves."

An Indiana maiden was arrested a few days back, by her wrathful parent, for horse stealing. She took the animal to elope with her lover, and as she was beyond the age for parental control, he caused her to be locked up on the criminal charge.

The salary of the Prime Minister of England is to be raised to \$40,000. Won't he be a Gladstone?

A SPANISH TRAGEDY.

A shocking story is told by a Spanish correspondent of the London Standard. On the outskirts of the Castille de las Guardias, a village some eight leagues from Seville, stands a small unpretending farmhouse, tenanted by a hitherto thriving and industrious laboring man and his wife. They had not been married very long, and a baby had just arrived to complete their domestic happiness. Among the acquaintances of this young couple were a gipsy and his wife, with whom they were on friendly terms, the gipsy being employed as an agent in the disposal of the farm produce and purchase and sale of animals, etc. On the birth of the child therefore, the gipsy couple wished to be its sponsors, and the request was readily granted.

The baptismal day having arrived, the whole household, with the exception of the mother and woman, who remained in attendance, proceeded to the church, a distance of two miles. After everybody had left, and sufficient time had been given for the party to get well out of hearing, the gipsy woman, armed with a pistol, approached the bedside of the invalid, and threatening her with death in case of refusal, demanded of her all the money that was in the house. The poor woman without a moment's hesitation indicated that all their small fortune was in a drawer in the lower part of a chest in an adjoining room.

No sooner had the gipsy entered this room to obtain the cash than the invalid jumped out of bed, ran to the door, secured the woman inside, and seizing her husband's trousers or blunderbuss, rushed outside of the house to the window by which the gipsy might escape, and presenting the gun threatened her with instant death if she moved, at the same time raising loud cries for help, which, unhappily, no one appears to have heard. In the meanwhile the christening party were on their return. Meeting two of the guardia civile, mutual compliments passed, and the soldiers were asked to come to the farmhouse and partake of the modest festa prepared for the occasion.

The proposal and its ready acceptance must have somewhat disconcerted the gipsy man for he now proposed to run on before to see that everything was ready, and begged to be allowed to carry the child.

On reaching the house he immediately perceived that his design had in some way miscarried. Approaching the woman at the window, he desired her to let his wife go free or otherwise he would kill her child. Disbelieving the threat she declined, and without another word the man whipped out his knife, and with a blow nearly severed the little innocent's head from its body, tossing the quivering corpse upon its mother. Maddened by this horrible act, the woman turned her gun upon the man, and laid him dead at her feet.

The explosion and screams brought the guardia civile almost instantaneously to the house, one of whom, rushing in and unlocking the door where the gipsy was confined, was at once shot through the heart by that woman. The second guardia civile hearing this second explosion hurriedly entered the house, and seeing his comrade dead on the floor and the woman with the still smoking pistol in her hand, raised his carbine and killed her where she stood.

MISS GREEN AT A PARTY.—A verdant young woman once went to the city to pay a visit to one of her old and best friends; this friend was married to a rich city merchant, and was a leader of fashion. In city etiquette, of course, the visitor was verdant and made numerous mistakes. Her friend wished to initiate her fully into the "mysteries," and as they were going to a large ball, gave her the following instructions, viz:—"Eat only one small cake, and one saucer of ice cream, and when your attendant presses you to take more, answer that you have masticated a sufficiency, and more would be a superfluity." Things went on smoothly until her attendant, when to the horror of her friend and amusement of the company, she answered in a loud voice: "I have evaporated insufferably; any more would go dip-dip-dip-dip."

THE DEVIL ABOUT RIGHT.—A proxy lay member of the church rose in meeting and said: "My friends, the devil and I have been fighting for more than twenty minutes. He told me not to speak to-night, but I determined that I would. He even whispered that I spoke too often, and that nobody wanted to hear me; but I was not to be put down that way, and now that I have gained the victory, I must tell you all that I have in my heart." Then followed a tedious harangue. Coming out of the session-room, the good pastor inquired his head so that his mouth approached the ear of the brilliant member, and whispered: "Brother, I think the devil was right."

A man noted for his calmness and a scolding wife, was one night "stopped" in the woods by a pretended ghost.

"I can't stop my friend," said he. "If you are a man, I must request you to get out of the way and let me pass. If you are the devil, come along and take supper, for I have waited your sister."

The Engineer.

Ah! whoever think of the bold engineer,
As he stands by his throttle of steel,
And spurs on his steed to his maddened career,
In its thundering and ponderous roar,
Like a soldier beginning in battle's dark strife,
And brave to the cannon's hot breath,
He, too, plunges on with his long train of life,
Unmindful of danger or death!

Thro' the daylight,
Into the night,
Dark, dark,
He knows no alight,
Over bridges,
And bridges,
Decayed or strong,
Like a mythic god he rushes along!

Who thinks of the bold engineer?
So true to his post, like a statue he stands,
With his eyes fixed fast on afar,
Our own precious lives he holds in his hands,
Our wealth we give to his care,
For good must be by the bold engineer,
As he dashes from village to town,
And brings us all safe, midst a smile or a tear,
To the forms so dearly our own.

Over the hills,
His whistle he blows—
Deep, deep,
Two hundred and twenty,
With crossings,
And crossings,
In heat and in rain,
O'er the glittering rail he pulls the long train!

All hail to the bold engineer.

A SHOCKING SCENE.

A most horrible scene at an execution in Dublin, about a fortnight since, affords the advocates of the abolition of capital punishment another example to sustain their arguments. The criminal was one Andrew Carr, a man who had served in the army both at home and in India, and who had been sentenced to death for the murder of a woman in Dublin. Carr showed unusual hardness and self-control from first to last, attending to his religious duties with composure, and walking to the scaffold without emotion. The masked executioner did his duty quietly and dexterously, launching the unfortunate man into the air with all the skill of Calcraft himself. But as the body fell the small number of spectators were petrified with horror to see the headless body tumble to the ground, and the severed head, hanging for an instant in the noose, drop and roll away on the other side. The neck had been wrenched asunder by the fall and the man's head literally torn from his body. The inquest was unusually strict on account of the strong public feeling excited, but no blame was attached to any one. The singular point in the arrangement of the gallows, as contrasted with such machinery in this country, was that a drop of fourteen feet was allowed. This was based on a close mathematical calculation, and said to be correct according to the formula. It was certainly too much on this occasion, although the result was much more merciful to the victim than the slow strangulation which so often takes place under our system. While declaiming against the moral effect of such a shocking spectacle, it should be remembered that many a "decent hanging" is in itself much more cruel and torturing than this terrible decapitation.

STRIPPING THE WIDOW.—Some years ago, in the New Hampshire Legislature, a new member, somewhat noted for "pumping thunder," made a speech upon a bill taxing bank dividends, in which he attempted to be very pathetic in favor of widows who owned bank stock.

"Yes, Mr. Speaker," he exclaimed with indignant energy, "the gentleman who introduced this bill, deaf to the cries of the orphan children, would strip the widow—"

But before he could conclude the sentence he was interrupted by a laugh. Astonished but undaunted, he exclaimed with a profound feeling:

"Gentlemen, this is not the subject of deliberation. I appeal to you in all candor to say if it is not worse than stripping. Put on this and you will drive the widow to her last shift."

Shouts of laughter here petrified him in his place, and he spoke no more during the session.

RECIPE.—Buy a bean, bathe it well, put in twelve quarts of river water, (if you haven't a river buy one, as they are handy to have,) boil it six hours by an avoirdupois clock, take it out and wipe it thoroughly dry with a soft towel, lay it on its North-west side, about two degrees South-westwardly; bore a hole gently in each end, abstract the "juvards" very quietly, without musing very much; then stuff one end with soft-boiled rice and the other end with rice boiled soft: the end that points toward the North should, in all instances, except in cases of extreme hemorrhage, be stuffed first; then take the South side of the shell off gently; then the East carefully, then sweeten with salt, and it will taste so much like rice you'd never dream that it was a bean.

A young Scotchman, named McCall, turned up recently at the mines near Virginia, Nevada, and declared that he had escaped from Salt Lake City, in consequence of having been advised into the marrying of his own sister by Brigham Young. He emigrated to Salt Lake a few years ago, after having embraced the Mormon religion, and continued to be true to the faith until his sister insisted on marrying him, and then he thought it high time to make himself scarce.

"How do you define black as you have?" said a schoolmaster to one of his pupils. "Darkness that may be 'felt,'" replied the youthful wit.

DROLL RUSSIAN PROVERBS.

Every fox praises his own tail.
Go after two wolves, and you will not even catch one.

A good beginning is half the work.
Trust in God, but do not stumble yourself.

With God, even across the sea; without Him, not even to the threshold.
Money is not God, but it shows great mercy.

The deeper you hide anything the sooner you find it.
If God don't forsake us, the pigs will not take us.

A debt is adorned by payment.
Roguary is the last of trades.
Never take a crooked path while you can see a straight one.

Fear not the threats of the great, but rather the tears of the poor.
Ask a pig to dinner and he will put his feet on the table.

Disease comes in by hundred weights and goes out by ounces.
Every little frog is great in his own bog.

An old friend is worth two new ones.
Be praised not for your ancestors, but for your virtues.
When fish are rare even a crab is a fish.

A father's blessing cannot be drowned in water nor consumed by fire.

SIGNIFICANT WORDS.—Warden Haynes of the Massachusetts State Prison, lately uttered these emphatic and significant words, which are worthy to be written in letters of gold: "Eight out of every ten come here by liquor and a great cause is not learning a trade. Young men get the notion that it is not gentled to learn a trade; they leave away their time, get into saloons, acquire the habit of drinking, and then gambling, and then they are ready for any crime."

How many young men! we see every day, who are in the pathway to this end. Fathers and mothers who hold the dangerous view that it is not gentled for their children to learn a trade, can see where such ideas lead. The words of wisdom quoted above are full of weighty import for both parents and children.

TENDER-HEARTED SUICIDES.—James Richards, aged 15, committed suicide by hanging at Cordova, Illinois, the other day, in consequence of receiving a reprimand at the tea-table. Edward Malbie, a young man thirteen years old, committed suicide at his father's house in Hartford, last week, being depressed in mind at his failure recently to pass examination at a West Point exam.

SHORT O' PERMANENT.—At a hotel in Portsmouth four boarders are boarding, and have continuously boarded, it is said, one forty-eight years, one forty-five years, one thirty-seven years, and the fourth twenty-eight. Fodder is very good there, or the boarders easily satisfied.

LYNCH LAW IN MISSISSIPPI.—Beck, the murderer of the Good family, on Favorite Island, near Austin, Miss., was taken from the jail at that place last Wednesday, by a mob of citizens, and hanged to a tree over the spot where he had buried "Mrs. Good." Beck acknowledged the murder.

POOR GIRL.—A young woman named Elizabeth Hawley, committed suicide recently at Toledo, Ohio. She had been charged with unfaithfulness by her intended husband, and destroyed her life, as she had, to desire to retain the good opinion of any other person in the world.

RATHER DRY.—A letter from Claremont, N. H., says: "Such a dry time has not been known here since John W. Wardland edited the Claremont Eagle, some twenty-five years ago, when he said it was so dry that he had to soak his pig to 'make him hold swill.'"

A little girl in Quincy had a needle stuck in her breast while at play a few days since. The physician broke it off in endeavoring to extract it, and the point worked through into a vital part and killed the girl.

Susan A. King, a member of a New York woman firm, which has a capital of about \$1,000,000 in the wholesale tea trade, sailed from San Francisco the other day on her way to China and Japan.

St. Louis is going to build a house to occupy four blocks. It will be twenty-one stories high, above ground; the lower stories deep under ground, and everything correspond.

The second-hand clothing of New Haven, Conn., publicly announces that he has "left off clothing of every description," and yet has not been interfered with by the police.

A man lives in Brooklyn, rich and generally respected, whose profession is to plan burglaries, although he himself never took an active part in cracking a safe.

A giddy student having got his skull fractured, was told by the doctor that the brain was visible, on which he remarked: "Do write and tell father, for he always said I had a head."

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MAIN STREET, UNDER HAYNES' HOTEL
Springfield, Mass., July 10, 1870. Sms

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HITCHCOCK & BREWSTER'S,
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Railroad depot, and two of the Post-Office.
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is a barn 25x30, harness shop 15x22, and store
wagon house, situated on the main road.
rods front and 3 deep. Also, land containing a
9 acres, within twelve rods of the house. And
following personal property, viz: 1 cow, 1 horse,
1 pig, and four harnesses, 4 Wagon

For information, apply to the subscriber on premises.
Three Rivers, Aug. 13, 1870.

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has taken upon himself that trust by giving us the law directs. And all persons have demands upon the estate of said deceased required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to the said estate are called upon to make payment to

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